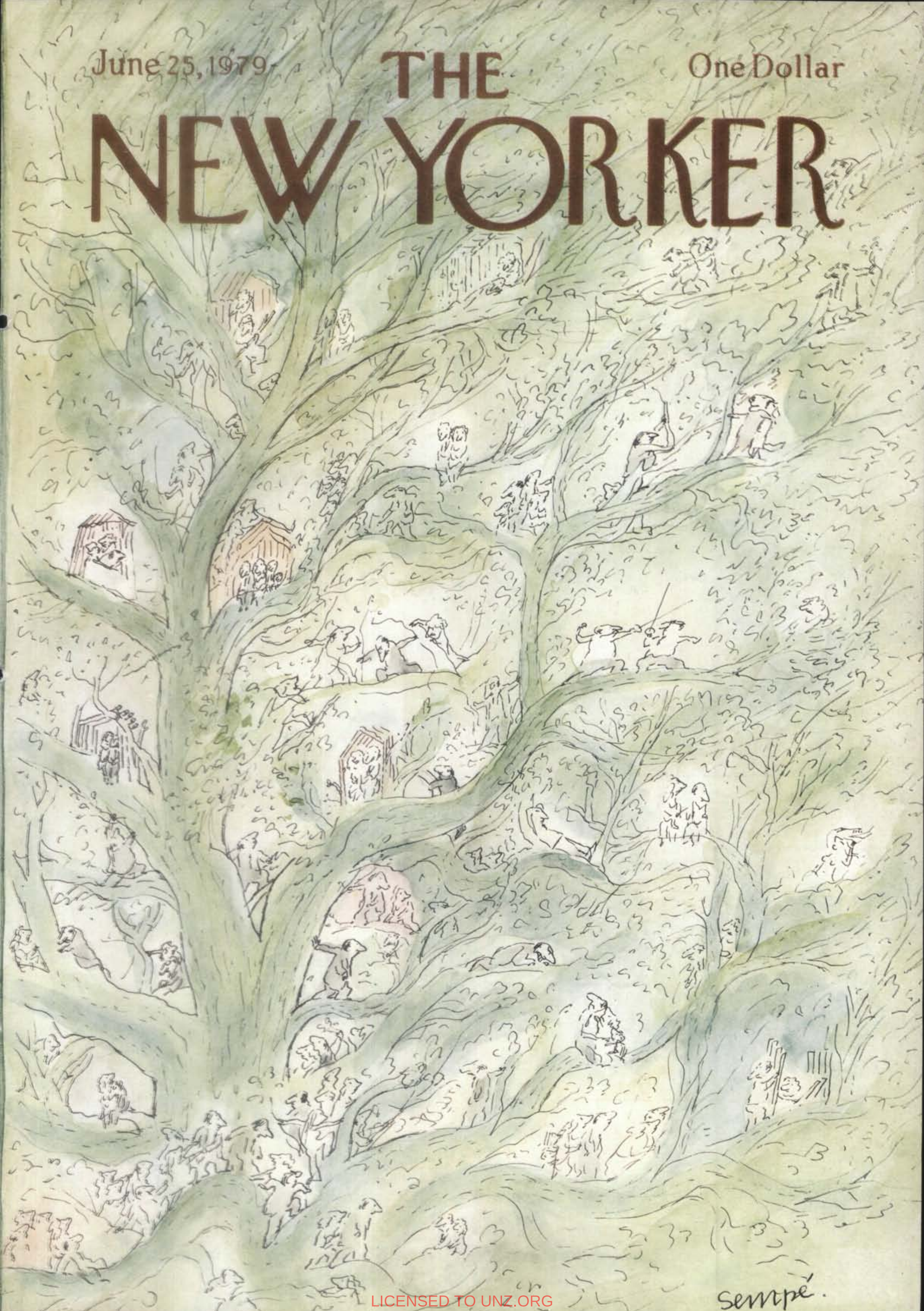
June 25, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

One Dollar

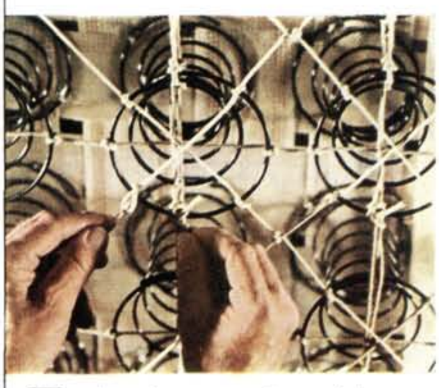


Elegance is: Upholstery by Heritage.

For those who desire more personalized features than offered in our regular Heritage upholstery collection, we present the Custom Design Program.

Highlighting the wealth of custom features is a breathtaking array of nearly 1000 fabrics. From regal silks and damasks to fine imported English prints, like the one featured.

Painstaking detail is essential to Heritage style and comfort. Notice how this intricate pattern is matched to flow perfectly from the arm and cushion to the skirt.



For long-lasting comfort and shapeliness your Heritage upholstery is constructed using tempered steel springs and tightly woven webbing. Each coil is hand-tied and knotted eight ways.

© Drexel Heritage Furnishings Inc., 1979

The graceful contours of a finely crafted frame. The marvelous comfort of luxury cushioning. The perfectly matched patterns of masterful hand tailoring. These are among many lasting pleasures you and your family will enjoy with our distinctive Heritage custom design upholstery program.

The choices are impressive. Seven frame styles in five lengths. One dozen pillow and cushion options. And *nearly 1000 fabrics*. Combined with outstanding Heritage craftsmanship, this assures you a wise and beautiful investment that will preserve its value for years to come.

For your nearest Drexel Heritage dealer, call toll free 800-243-6000 (in Connecticut 1-800-882-6500). For Heritage brochures and a room-planning kit, send $1 to: Drexel Heritage Furnishings Inc., Dept. 25-6-79 Drexel, N.C. 28619.

Heritage®

Craftsmanship in the grand tradition

BONWIT TELLER

THE CHANGE
IN KNITS
IS MOST REVEALING.

Shown to best advantage in
Christine Von Lumbe's
shadow-stripe chenille.
Full-bodied grape, for Kristen.
Rayon, 4 to 12, 115.00
Add 1.85 outside delivery area
and sales tax where applicable.
Miss Bonwit Dresses

CHICAGO OAKBROOK PHILADELPHIA WYNNEWOOD JENKINTOWN BOSTON TROY PALM BEACH BEVERLY HILLS MANHASSET SCARSDALE SHORT HILLS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bedroom Farce—Four married couples collide in and out of bed like electric cars at an amusement park, with much bumpy violence and no harm done to anyone. Mildred Natwick now heads the English and American cast of Alan Ayckbourn's exceptionally clever play. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, is the author of a comic horror play, **buried child,** which was seen earlier this year at the Theatre de Lys. The setting is a blighted farm in Illinois, and the performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) Reopens Wednesday, June 20. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:15.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79 and 4/30/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Father's Day—Tammy Grimes, Mary Beth Hurt, and Susan Tyrrell in a comedy by Oliver Hailey, directed by Rae Allen. Previews Wednesday, June 20. Opens officially on Thursday, June 21. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 921-9877. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Getting Out—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. They are very well acted by Susan Kingsley and Pamela Reed, under the direction of Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Got Tu Go Disco—A musical with a book by John Zodrow and music and lyrics by, among others, Kenny Lehman, Ray Chew, and John Davis. The cast, including Irene Cara, Patti Karr, Joe Masiell, and Charles Serrano, is directed by Larry Forde. Previews through Sunday, June 24. Opens officially on Monday, June 25. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Happy Days—Irene Worth is a humorous and intelligent, if somewhat disembodied, Winnie in Samuel Beckett's great play about a woman half buried in a mound of earth, and George Voskovec does well as the husband who sporadically interrupts her monologue. Andrei Serban directed this only partially successful production. (6/18/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

I Remember Mama—Mother Machree with a Swedish accent in this play about a Norwegian immigrant family in San Francisco. The accent belongs to Liv Ullmann, and the musical in which she stars belongs on the shelf. (6/11/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Knockout—A play by Louis La Russo II about some sad residents of Hoboken. Evil is everywhere, but virtue triumphs. Danny Aiello is the hero, and Edward O'Neill is the villain; both do well. (5/14/79) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; on Friday and Saturday, June 29-30, at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesday, June 20, and Saturday, June 23, at 2, and Sunday, June 24, at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting **ten nights in a barroom,** a musical adapted by Philip Mathias from the play by William W. Pratt. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, July 1.)

Lone Star and **Pvt. Wars**—Two funny one-act plays by James McLure, an actor-playwright from Texas. The five actors who make up the casts of the plays are exceptionally gifted; Mr. McLure has been well served at the beginning of what promises to be a distinguished career. (6/18/79) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Loose Ends—Michael Weller casts a cold eye on young folk striving to make good in the seventies. Roxanne Hart and Kevin Kline are first-rate in the leading roles. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

El Macho—A domestic farce about a Puerto Rican woman in this city who is brought dismaying news by friends and neighbors about the private life of her husband, lying in a coma in a local hospital as they slowly chip away his reputation. Joseph Lizardi, the playwright, shows considerable comic ingenuity; although the first act gets a bit lumpy, the second takes off and stays aloft. The acting, under Harold Scott's skillful direction, is always credible, and often better than that. Teresa Yenque is the woman, Ricardo Matamoros is her grown son, and Martha de la Cruz is very funny as a blind neighbor somewhat the worse for rum. Performances in English Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; in Spanish on Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30, and

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 21
"THE GHOST WRITER" (PART ONE) . . . . *Philip Roth* 26
"THE GUTTURAL MUSE" (POEM) . . . . *Seamus Heaney* 28
"WAR CRIMES" (POEM) . . . . *Carol Muske* 38
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 57
A REPORTER AT LARGE (SOUTH-WEST AFRICA) . . . . *E. J. Kahn, Jr.* 60
JAZZ . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 91
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *B.G.* 94
"THE TURNER" (POEM) . . . . *Alex Stevens* 95
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 96
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 98
BOOKS . . . . *George Steiner* 101
BRIEFLY NOTED 105

COVER: *J. J. Sempé*

DRAWINGS: *Warren Miller, William Steig, Lee Lorenz, Al Ross, Arnie Levin, Whitney Darrow, Robert Weber, David Pascal, Charles Addams, Charles Saxon, Charles Barsotti, Barney Tobey, Jack Ziegler, Stan Hunt, Mischa Richter, Edward Frascino, Roz Chast, George Booth, Ed Fisher, Ed Arno, John Corcoran, Boris Drucker, Vahan Shirvanian, Edward Koren, James Stevenson, Dana Fradon, Bill Woodman, William Hamilton, Dean Victor, Nurit Karlin*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) 840-3800
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) 840-3700

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LV, No. 19, June 25, 1979. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1979 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $24.00; two years, $40.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $28.00. Other foreign, $32.00.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

AFTER DEVELOPING THE WORLD'S MOST PRECISE METERING SYSTEM, SUCCESS WENT TO OUR HEADS.

Most any audio manufacturer today would be completely content with a cassette deck that offered the incredible Fluroscan metering system found in Pioneer's CT-F950.

But Pioneer isn't just any audio manufacturer. And the CT-F950 isn't just any cassette deck.

Instead of slow-to-react VU meters that give you limited resolution, the CT-F950 has a Fluroscan metering system that gives you a far more accurate picture of what you're listening to. It even has Peak, Peak Hold, and Average Buttons that let you record without fear of overload.

The first cassette deck with Fluroscan metering *and* an erase head for metal tape.

But our meter is only a small measure of our worth.

If you examine our heads you'll find the CT-F950 is different from most cassette decks. Instead of record and playback heads made of permalloy or ordinary ferrite, our heads are made of a newly developed Uni-Crystal Ferrite composition that gives you greater frequency response, lower distortion, and better wear-resistance.

METAL TAPE CAPABILITY FOR HIGHER HIGH FIDELITY.

But it's our third head that keeps us further ahead of the competition. This new Alfex/ferrite erase head permits the CT-F950 to accept one of today's great audio advancements. Metal tape. Though its technology is incredibly complicated, its benefit is incredibly simple. More music. More clarity. Less distortion.

A DIGITAL BRAIN WITH AN ELECTRONIC MEMORY.

Pioneer's CT-F950 has a digital brain with a memory that performs four different functions. Memory Stop. Memory Play. Counter Repeat. And End Repeat.

And while many cassette decks let you monitor during recording, what they don't let you do is control what you monitor.

The CT-F950 allows you to bias by ear. So you have as much control over your tape deck as you would over any musical instrument.

Of course, these are just a few of the virtues of the CT-F950. But there are also features like a Double Dolby noise reduction system. And direct function switching.

Obviously, all that went into Pioneer's CT-F950 sounds impressive. But it's not half as impressive as what comes out of it.

So we suggest you go to your Pioneer dealer and listen to it. You'll hear what's really made the CT-F950 an instant success.

PIONEER®
We bring it back alive.

©1979 U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 85 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, NJ 07074.

Rack mounting handles optional.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sunday at 3 and 7:30. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes Sunday, June 24.)

The Madwoman of Central Park West—Phyllis Newman struts her stuff in what is billed as a musical comedy. The rest of the large cast is imaginary. (Reviewed in this issue.) (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Price—This revival of Arthur Miller's play, which has moved from Off Broadway to Broadway, is far better than the original 1968 production. Fritz Weaver, Joseph Buloff, Mitchell Ryan, and Scotty Bloch are the distinguished performers; John Stix directed. (4/30/79) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Richard III—Al Pacino makes a marvellously villainous king in this rousing, pleasantly old-fashioned production of Shakespeare's surefire melodrama. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Scrambled Feet—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Strider: The Story of a Horse—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and, needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

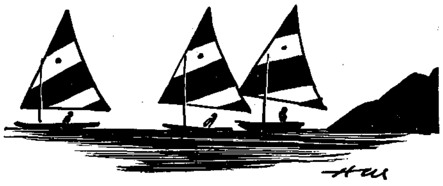
Sweeney Todd—A musical with book by Hugh Wheeler and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, taken from a nineteenth-century melodrama that has frightened and amused generations of impressionable theatregoers. Twenty-odd Sondheim songs, superlative performances by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, and expert direction by the young old fox, Harold Prince. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

They're Playing Our Song—A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Up in One—The cabaret singer Peter Allen in a parade of songs that demonstrate what an expert cabaret singer he is. Broadway is not his natural home, but he is evidently happy to be there. (6/4/79) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Whoopee!—Eddie Cantor starred in this preposterous musical some fifty years ago. Charles Repole plays the Cantor role, feverishly, and some of the old songs are still worth listening to. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—The question posed in the title is asked by a brilliant young man who, paralyzed from the neck down, is eager to be allowed to die. An extraordinary performance by Tom Conti in a play by Brian Clark that is much warmer-hearted and more high-spirited than you might suppose. (4/30/79) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Wine Untouched—A Norwegian play by Bjorg Vik, translated by Erle Bjornstad. In the cast are Susan Slavin, Glenn Close, Patricia Elliott, Donna McKechnie, and Swoosie Kurtz. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **ANNIE**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)...**CHAPTER TWO**: Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, June 21, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DEATHTRAP**: A stunning cast, headed by Stacy Keach, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DRACULA**: The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Jean LeClerc heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **EUBIE!**: A revue filled with marvellous singing and dancing by a large assortment of gifted young people, all working in the happy shadow of the composer of the music, Eubie Blake, who is ninety-six and merry as a grig. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **FAMILY BUSINESS**: A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, June 24.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,960 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A nightclub singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA**: An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

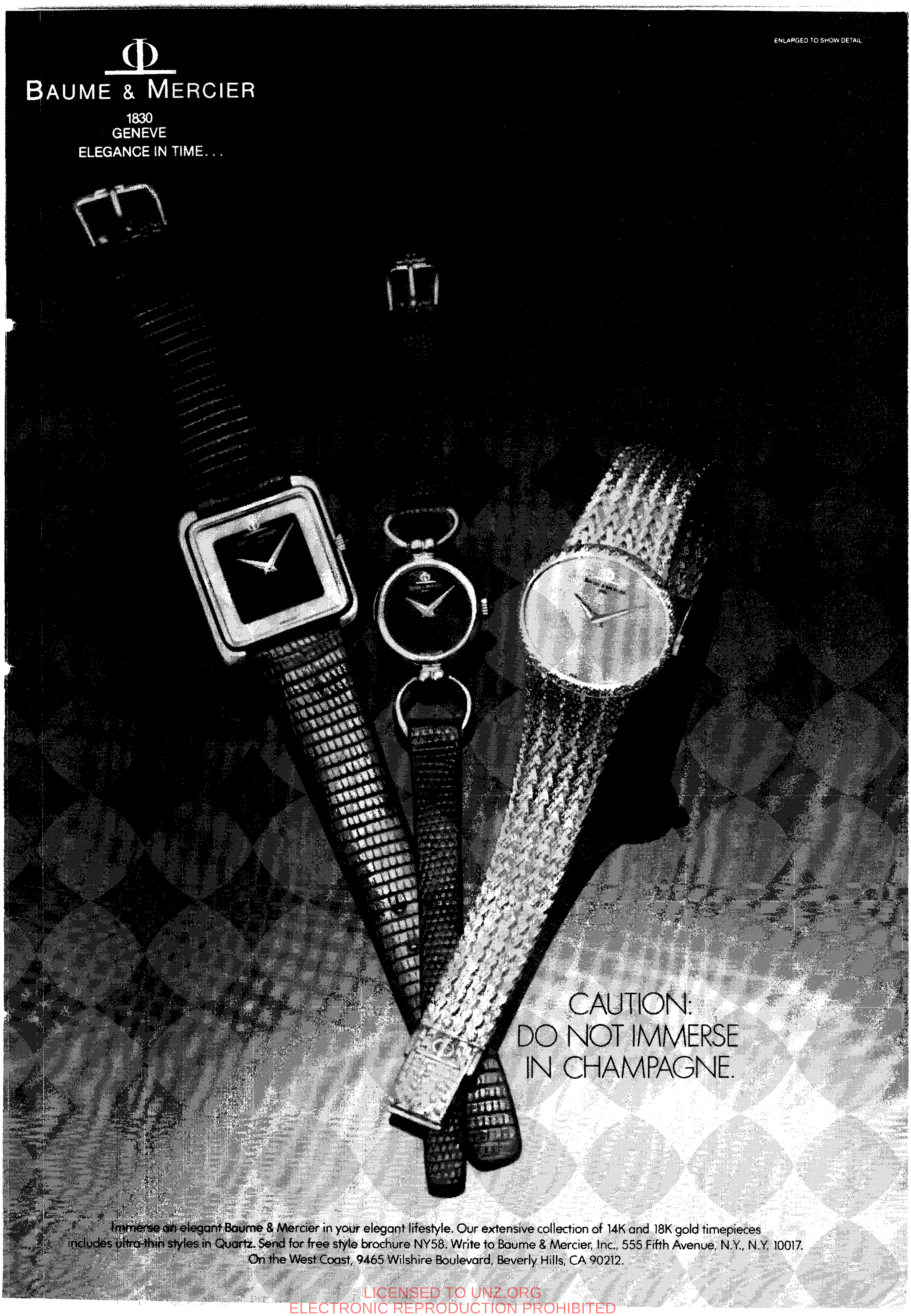
MISCELLANY

A New York Summer—A show designed to fill the immense stage of the Radio City Music Hall with wonders, and so fill the six thousand seats with contented tourists. The thirty-six Rockettes are as fascinatingly adroit and as sexless as ever. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, June 20: "Square Dance," "La Sonnambula," and "Chaconne." ... ¶ Thursday evening, June 21: "Coppélia." ... ¶ Friday evening, June 22: "Dances at a Gathering," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and



BAUME & MERCIER

1830
GENEVE
ELEGANCE IN TIME...

CAUTION:
DO NOT IMMERSE
IN CHAMPAGNE.

Immerse an elegant Baume & Mercier in your elegant lifestyle. Our extensive collection of 14K and 18K gold timepieces includes ultra-thin styles in Quartz. Send for free style brochure NY58. Write to Baume & Mercier, Inc., 555 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017. On the West Coast, 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90212.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

"La Valse."... ¶ Saturday matinée, June 23: "Prodigal Son," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "The Four Temperaments."... ¶ Saturday evening, June 23: "Chaconne," "La Sonnambula," and "The Concert."... ¶ Sunday matinée, June 24: "Divertimento No. 15," "Opus 19," and "La Valse."... ¶ Sunday evening, June 24: "Coppélia."... ¶ Tuesday evening, June 26: "Ballo della Regina," "Prodigal Son," and "La Valse."... ¶ Wednesday evening, June 27: "Square Dance," "Opus 19," and "The Four Temperaments."... ¶ Thursday evening, June 28: "Coppélia."... ¶ Friday evening, June 29: "Square Dance," "La Sonnambula," and "The Concert."... ¶ Saturday *matinée, June 30*: "Ballo della Regina," "La Sonnambula," and "The Four Temperaments."... ¶ Saturday evening, June 30: "Coppélia." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, July 1.)

Stuttgart Ballet—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 20, and Saturday matinée, June 30: "Lady of the Camellias."... ¶ Thursday evening, June 21, and Tuesday evening, June 26: "Handel Concerti" and "Return to the Strange Land" (both New York premières) and "Initials R.B.M.E."... ¶ Friday evening, June 22, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 23: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ *Monday* evening, June 25, and Thursday and Friday evenings, June 28-29: "Orpheus" (New York première).... ¶ Wednesday matinée and evening, June 27: "The Taming of the Shrew."... ¶ Saturday evening, June 30: "Concerto for Flute and Harp," "Return to the Strange Land," and "Initials R.B.M.E." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 7.)

Soloists of the Royal Danish Ballet—A two-week engagement by eleven current and three former members of the company. They are dancing four all-Bournonville programs (of slight variation), and each program includes "Jockeydans," "Polka Militaire," "La Lithuanienne," and excerpts from Act III of "Napoli." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays and Wednesday, June 20, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, July 1.)

Trisha Brown Dance Company—"Glacial Decoy" (New York première), "Planes," and "Accumulation." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 924-5451. Wednesday, June 20, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, June 21-22, at 8; Saturday, June 23, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, June 24, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark, large room in an enlightened branch of a steakhouse chain. It's enlightened because the management lures in some of the best jazz players around New York: pianist **HAL GALPER** on Wednesday, June 20; Cosmology, a quintet, on Thursday and Friday, June 21-22; saxophonist Bob Mintzer's quintet on Saturday and Sunday, June 23-24; pianist Armen Donelian on Wednesday and Thursday, June 27-28; and guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** on Friday and Saturday, June 29-30. Sets begin Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: on Thursday, June 21, singer Henry Paul will be onstage; on Friday, June 22, a youthful, reverential blues band called Roomful of Blues will trade sets with the genuine article, Kansas City blues pianist **JAY MCSHANN**; Saturday and Sunday, June 23-24, will belong to slide guitarist Lowell George; on Monday, June 25, the Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin big band will perform; on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 26-27, guitarist John Hall will sing with his rock band; and on Friday and Saturday, June 29-30, Kingfish, a West Coast rock septet, will be present. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The music is nearly always fine, but sometimes it's so crowded here that it's hard to get close enough to hear it. **MIKE ABENE** is at the piano through Saturday, June 23. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of authentic Brazilian pop music, which is very good pop music indeed, performed by a trio and vocalist, after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** is back in the Café Carlyle with his sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE.** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.... ¶ Pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** works in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-forty-five to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and dignified, **ELLIS LARKINS**, in tuxedo and ruffled shirt, slips onto the bench behind a highly polished August Förster piano at about eight and commandeers the instrument in his delicate, understated way. Mr. Larkins may dress up, but his audiences don't have to—they are only requested to whisper during his sets. Nightly, except Sundays, until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—One of the clubs that gave the initial momentum to the reënergized New York rock scene. The audiences get preppier and preppier every week. The bands: Voo Doo Shoes and the Ants, on Wednesday, June 20; and Thursday through Saturday, June 21-23, Richard Hell and the Voidoids. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The legendary blues singer and composer **ALBERTA HUNTER** isn't merely good for someone in her eighties; she's good, period. Pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis assist her. Miss Hunter and her trio go on Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays and Mondays are given over to bebopper Joe Albany, who plays piano from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place. Clarinettist and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and his trio concentrate on Ellington and Strayhorn compositions Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, holds forth Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

Downey's, 705 Eighth Ave., at 44th St. (757-0186)—Singer and pianist **DARDANELLE**, who comes from Greenwood, Mississippi—one can catch the remnants of a full-blown Southern accent in her speaking voice—has taken over the back room of this restaurant. She's a confident, swinging pianist, but it's really her clear, effortless, diction-perfect singing that is so striking. She goes on nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, carpeted alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand most nights. Beginning Monday, June 25, cornettist **WILD BILL DAVISON** will ride herd on a sextet. Music from nine-thirty every night but Sunday, when it starts at eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A new velvet-and-mirror-walled, below-stairs jazz room. Two of the best New York-based guitarists, **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** and **JACK WILKINS**, form a unit through Saturday, June 23; Tuesday through Saturday, June 26-30, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** will be leading a quintet. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays; sets at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-fifteen. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays are allotted to **ATTILA ZOLLER**, a neglected guitarist and one of the best-kept secrets in jazz, and two other fine players, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ.** They play from ten to three. On Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten. On Sundays, O'Brien and Sherman get a head start at seven. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **DILL JONES** plays piano and leads a trio that supplies music for listening, dancing, and looking for tugboats from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Emme Kemp alternates with them after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—This second-floor loft space—next door to a jazz-dance studio—used to be a disco as in disco music, but now it's a disco as in new-wave rock. It is also one of the best places to hear new-wave bands performing live. The new wave: The A's and Bloodless Pharaohs, on Wednesday, June 20; Nervous Rex, on Thursday, June 21; Judy Nylon and Sylvain Sylvain, on Friday, June 22; The Reds and the Speedies, on Saturday, June 23; and the Damned, on Monday and Tuesday, June 25-26. Music nightly after eleven. Dancing. (Sneakers welcome.)

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Various jazz players turn up to jam in this jazz loft. Friday and Saturday, June 22-23, will belong to a Brazilian-inspired band called Guana Bara; and on Friday and Saturday, June 29-30, pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.**, and saxophonist **RICKY FORD** will participate in a musical offering that concentrates on Billie Holiday. Music from nine. Snacks and soft drinks.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. Trumpeter **ROY ELDRIDGE** is usually on the stand supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen, Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—**ROLAND HANNA**, a lush, stamping, vigorous pianist, works with bassist **SAM JONES** Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A loud, laid-back (only Texans can be loud and laid back at the same time) bar and restaurant that has done at least as much for blues music as it has for Texas chic. Here's part of the schedule: on Wednesday, June 20, Hank Williams, Jr., will sing; on Thursday, June 21, rock singer Elliott Murphy will drop by with his group; Sunday, June 24, has been reserved for pre-new-wave-rock pioneer **JOHN CALE**; and on Monday and Tuesday, June 25-26, **SAM AND DAVE**, one of the slickest soul duos to come out of the sixties, will perform their hits "Soul Man" and "Hold On, I'm Coming." Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. **HELEN FORREST** is singing here Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; and Saturdays at eleven-thirty and one. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. The groups: the Rousers and Rosie & the Shadows, Wednesday, June 20; the Kieran Lisco Rhythm Band and Johnny French & Belle de Jour, Thursday, June 21; Victims and Vengeance, Friday, June 22; the Fleshtones and Revelons, Saturday, June 23; Cheetah Chrome and Destroy All Monsters, Sunday, June 24; Panic Squad, Burnt Offerings, and the Lubricants, Monday, June 25; and Melt Down and Dark Day, Tuesday, June 26. New-wave rock nightly after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—George Melly, an English television critic, has moved in to sing traditional jazz and music-hall numbers with trumpeter John Chilton's Feetwarmers. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight. Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Just a little neighborhood place where one can see singer and songwriter **OSCAR BROWN, JR.,** performing Wednesdays through Sundays. Music from ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—**AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed since the sixties, when the place was known as the Bitter End. **THE PERSUASIONS,** an impressive a-cappella soul, rhythm-and-blues quintet, perform here through Saturday, June 23; and Wednesday through Sunday, June 27-July 1, rural bluesmen **SONNY TERRY** and **BROWNIE MCGHEE** will take over the stage. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. **SY OLIVER** is in charge of the music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be too put off by the shiny, electric-disco-blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. Annie Ross, who is still singing some of the scat-song numbers she made famous more than a decade and a half ago with her partners Dave Lambert and Jon Hendricks, is here through Saturday, June 23, at nine and eleven-thirty. Singer Karen Akers will perform Monday through Wednesday, June 25-27, at nine; and on Thursday, June 28, Barbara Cook will become the resident summer singer. Mondays are usually showcase nights. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz club owned by jazz-rock stars and studio players Mike and Randy Brecker. The 24th Street Band performs Thursday through Saturday, June 21-23; on Sunday, June 24, guitarist Ryo Kawasaki will head up a quartet; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 26-27, will belong to bassist Dave Friesen's trio; and on Thursday, June 28, the **HEATH BROTHERS**—saxophonist **JIMMY,** bassist **PERCY,** pianist **STANLEY COWELL** (a family friend), guitarist **TONY PURRONE,** and drummer **KEITH COPELAND**—will move in. Music from ten to two. Dining.

SHERATON CENTRE, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—Live music in a deep-red turn-of-the-century-flavored lounge entitled the French Quarter. Singer and pianist Freddy Cole has moved in with his quartet, and they perform nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Bassist **RED MITCHELL** and pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** work together through Saturday, June 23; Sunday and Monday, June 24-25, pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** will lead a trio; and on Tuesday, June 26, guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who seems to have broken out of the hotel-lounge circuit and, to the relief of jazz-guitar admirers, into the jazz circuit (see also Fat Tuesday's, above), will take over five nights. Music from ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed room that is a hangout for musicians (and listeners). Tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** is in charge of a quartet on Wednesday and Thursday, June 20-21, and Saturday and Sunday, June 23-24; on Monday, June 25, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** will perform with their quartet; Tuesday, June 26, will belong to flutist **JAMES NEWTON** and pianist **ANTHONY DAVIS;** on Thursday, June 28, guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER** will work with saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY;** and Friday and Saturday, June 29-30, will be claimed by alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE.** Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. Music every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—**MC COY TYNER,** the intense, vertiginous pianist, will lead his sextet in the large, downstairs room every night but Monday, June 25, starting on Friday, June 22, and ending Sunday, July 1. Sets begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Pianist **BILL EVANS** leads his trio through Sunday, June 24; on Tuesday, June 26, alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** will bop in with his quartet. Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts forth. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who can coast like a cocktail pianist, noodle like Keith Jarrett, or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is usually here Mondays through Wednesdays; Sadik Hakim, who also knows what he's doing, is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing musicians; enthusiastic students. Some of the musicians: trumpeter Franc Williams, through Saturday, June 23; on Sunday, June 24, guitarist Snags Allen; on Monday and Tuesday, June 25-26, blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE;** and beginning Wednesday, June 27, saxophonist George Kelly. Music every night from nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL—Herewith an abridged schedule of ten days of concerts that will be taking place in various halls around the city; on a Staten Island ferry; in Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.; and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga. Stanhope is a fifty-five-minute drive from New York: Exit 25 from Route 80. Forget about Saratoga unless you're already there. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate on Friday, June 22, at 5: Al Haig, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.)... ¶ Friday, June 22, at 8: "Dizzy Presents: Unity with Diversity," with Dizzy Gillespie, Art Blakey, Roy Haynes, J. C. Heard, Jo Jones, Luis Peralta, Tito Puente, Bernard (Pretty) Purdie, Grady Tate, and Carlos (Patato) Valdez. (Carnegie Hall.)... ¶ Friday, June 22, at 8: Cecil Taylor Unit and Sun Ra & His Arkestra. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St.)... ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 5: "Swing'n Pianos," with Dick Hyman, Tommy Flanagan, Sammy Price, Jimmy Rowles, Dick Wellstood, Mousey Alexander, Bobby Rosengarden, Ruby Braff, Zoot Sims, Bob Wilber, and others. (Waterloo Village.)... ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 8: Pat Metheny quartet and solo bass by Jaco Pastorius. (Avery Fisher Hall.)... ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 8: Betty Carter and her trio, George Adams, the Dorothy Donegan trio, Charles Sullivan, and others. (Carnegie Hall.)... ¶ Sunday, June 24, at 11: The Max Roach Jazz Group and the J.C. White Singers. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St.)... ¶ Sunday, June 24, at noon: Doc Cheatham's Hot Six; Jim Cullum's Happy Jazz Band; the Al Grey-Jimmy Forrest quintet; Warren Vaché's Syncopatin' Six, with Wild Bill Davison, Bob Smith, and others; the Kings of Jazz, with Kenny Davern, Pee Wee Erwin, Ed Hubble, Bobby Rosengarden, Warren Vaché, Jr., Bob Wilber, and others; Bucky Pizzarelli and Bucky Pizzarelli, Jr.; and others. (Waterloo Village.)... ¶ Sunday, June 24, at 7:30: Benny Goodman and his sextet and Marian McPartland's trio. (Carnegie Hall.)... ¶ Sunday, June 24, at 8: "Schlitz Salutes Black Broadway 1900-45," with Bobby Short, Eubie Blake, Mabel Mercer, Nell Carter, John W. Bubbles, Honi Coles, Betty Allen, Diahann Carroll, the Dick Hyman orchestra (including Eddie Barefield, Panama Francis, Milt Hinton, Jimmy Maxwell, Frank Wess, and Benny Morton), and others. (Avery Fisher Hall.)... ¶ Sunday, June 24, at 11:30: The Sonny Rollins and Gato Barbieri quintets. (Carnegie Hall.)... ¶ Monday, June 25, at 5: Roland Hanna, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.)... ¶ Monday, June 25, at 8: "Jazz on Film"—Louis Armstrong, Sidney Bechet, the John Coltrane quartet, Miles Davis with the Gil Evans Big Band, Billie Holiday, and others. (Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St.)... ¶ Monday, June 25, at 8: "New Hope Jazz Mass," composed by Heikki Sarmanto and dedicated to Duke Ellington and John Coltrane, performed by the Sarmanto Ensemble, the Gregg Smith Vocal Quartet, the Long Island Symphonic Choral Association, and Maija Hapuoja, soprano. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St.)... ¶ Monday, June 25, at 9: "Disco Dance Party at the Jazz Festival," with Chic and another group to be announced. (Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St.)... ¶ Tuesday, June 26, at 5: Muhal Richard Abrams, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.)... ¶ Tuesday, June 26, at 8: Earl Klugh and Michael Franks and Friends. (Avery Fisher Hall.)... ¶ Tuesday, June 26, at 8: Count Basie and his orchestra, with Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Sweets Edison, Joe Newman, and Joe Williams. (Carnegie Hall.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

THE ULTIMATE JAM SESSION—Jay McShann, Herbie Mann, John Scofield, Milt Hinton, Doc Cheatham, Earle Warren, and Connie Kay. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, June 21, at 8.)

RIVBEA ORCHESTRA—Sam Rivers and thirty musicians. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, June 22-23, at 8:30 and 11:30.)

FANIA ALL-STARS—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, June 23, at 8.

VILLAGE PEOPLE and **SISTER SLEDGE**—Madison Square Garden. Sunday and Monday, June 24-25, at 8.

LEON THOMAS AND FULL CIRCLE—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Monday, June 25, at

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7:30. For information about tickets, call 866-9000.

Second Annual Salute to Women in Jazz—Tuesday, June 26, at noon: Atsuko, Evelyn Blakey, Clare Johnson, Carline Ray, and others. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center.)... ¶ Wednesday, June 27, at 8:30: Evelyn Blakey, Janet Lawson, and Nina Sheldon.... Thursday, June 28, at 8:30: Jill McManus, the Sheila Jordan-Steve Kuhn trio, and the Sharon Freeman-Janice Robinson trio.... Friday, June 29, at 8:30: Julie Gardner, Jay Clayton, and Jane Ira Bloom.... Saturday, June 30, at 8:30: Sarah McLawler, Joanne Brackeen, and Melba Liston. (Upstairs at the Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St.)... ¶ Sunday, July 1, at 8: Amina Claudine Myers' "Improvisational Suite for Pipe Organ, Chorus, and Percussion." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St.) For information about tickets, call 924-5026.

Carla Bley Band and **Michael Mantler's Movies**—Public Theatre. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 26-27, at 8:30 and 11:30.

Teddy Pendergrass—Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, June 27, at 8.

Ian Hunter and **Granati Brothers**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday, June 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Peggy Lee and **the Buddy Rich Band**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, June 28, at 8:30.

Ralph Towner and **the Bennie Wallace Trio**—Public Theatre. Thursday, June 28, at 8:30 and 11:30.

Bad Company—Madison Square Garden. Friday, June 29, at 8.

Don Cherry's Organic Music Theatre—Public Theatre. Friday, June 29, at 8:30 and 11:30.

Jackie McLean Quartet and **Jaki Byard**—Public Theatre. Saturday and Sunday, June 30-July 1, at 8:30 and 11:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—This artist's distinctive, incisive line is seen at its best in the thirty drawings and watercolors in this exhibit, and especially in his portrayal of yachts gliding along in the distance under a towering Cubist arrangement of sail. Through July 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Bernard Karfiol (1886-1952) and **Ben Benn**—Still-life paintings. Through Friday, June 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Hayley Lever (1876-1958)—Impressionist paintings and pastels, mainly of sailing craft in waters off France, Britain, and New England, and of harbor towns in those countries. Through Friday, June 22. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Works on paper from his entire career: watercolors, gouaches, drawings, and prints. A larger retrospective is currently on view at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Aug. 12. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Randall Timmons—Complicated devices (consisting of wood, plastic, metal, and string) that look like linear descendants of the apparatuses we send out in space, plus paintings of similar devices, shown in bright colors against a stygian ground. Through Saturday, June 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: A scallop shell eight feet tall, made of laminated mahogany, a lifelike marble robe hanging on a rack, and a gigantic mahogany bug, all by Peter Robbie, dominate this show, which also offers large oils that look like abstract needlepoint by Mark Schlesinger, and colorful abstract collages on rice paper by Catharine Warren. Through Aug. 31. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by William Tucker, Stephen Buckley, David Roth, and others.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Through July 13. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **ingber**, 3 E. 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by contemporary American artists, among them Louis Finkelstein, Rosemary Cove, and Modris Ramans. Through Saturday, June 30.... **lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: Outsize paintings, in acrylics on rice paper, of Chinese girls in gaily colored costumes, by Walasse Ting, dominate this group of gallery regulars, among them Alechinsky, Antes, and Segui. Through Friday, June 29. (Closed Saturdays.)... **saidenberg**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Tiny lyrical abstractions based on nature and done in watercolor by Victor Elmaleh; mildly surrealist works by André Masson ("Métamorphose de Hamlet," for instance); small abstracts by Erik Koch; and sombre paintings done in oil mixed with sand by György Kepes. Through July 27. (Closed Saturdays.)... **schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by minor American exponents of Impressionism, including Ernest Lawson and Gertrude Fiske. Through July 13. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Thirty-seven artists are participating in the current show, among them Dean Howell, who has carved a life-size farmer out of wood, and John Kahn, whose flying machine, on a tricycle frame ten feet tall, is a marvel of paddles and pulleys and propellers. Through Friday, June 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

John Ferren (1905-70)—A dual showing of Abstract Expressionist paintings. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Through July 12.... ¶ City University Graduate Center, grand-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Through Friday, June 22.)

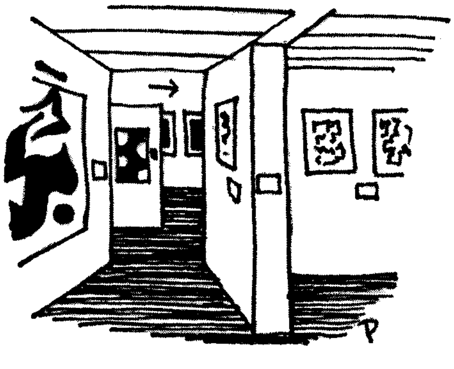
Barbara Hepworth (1903-75)—Thirty-five pieces of sculpture done by this English artist during the last fifteen years of her life—bronzes and carvings in marble and wood. Through Friday, June 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Irving Kriesberg and George McNeil—A joint exhibition of post-Abstract Expressionist works by two senior painters who have just joined the gallery. Through Friday, June 22. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

George Rhodes—Complicated kinetic sculptures, mostly in the form of towers, that are Rube Goldberg in principle but a great deal more graceful in operation. Steel balls make their way up and down three constructions with hypnotic effect on the viewer. Through Saturday, June 30. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

René Schumacher—These paintings, called maps of distant worlds, consist of bright-colored jigsaw-like pieces laid out on a dark ground. Through Saturday, June 23. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Peter Vogel / William P. Gottlieb—Delicate wire constructions strung with electronic components that sound off musically when a viewer draws near enough to cast a shadow on them. Some are wall pieces and others are mounted on pedestals. / Photographs of most of the leading figures in the golden age of jazz—Armstrong, Ellington, Calloway, Billie Holiday, Dizzy Gillespie, and so on. Through Saturday, June 30. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)



Robert Wilbert—Oil paintings, including a couple of portraits and some floral still-lifes. Through Saturday, June 23. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

American Abstract Artists—A two-gallery exhibit that traces the course of this group (whose early members included Albers, Bolotowsky, and Lassaw) from its inception, in 1936, to the present: Works in various mediums executed in the thirties and forties by George L. K. Morris, Charmion von Wiegand, and others at the Pearl, 29 W. 57th St. (open Mondays); and works by the entire current membership, including Judith Rothschild, Will Barnet, and Robert Ryman at the Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Both shows through Aug. 3.

Works on Paper—Fernand Léger and Jean Arp are represented by colorful drawings and collages (Arp has a marble carving, too), and Henri Laurens by some unusual Cubist drawings and later life-studies. Through Saturday, June 23. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **alonzo**, 30 W. 57th St.: Nonobjective paintings by seven artists, including Shozo Nagano and Ruth Eckstein. Through Friday, June 29. (Closed Saturdays.)... **esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: A three-part summer show consisting of collages by Sol LeWitt; new works by gallery associates Ed Kerns, Susan Wilmarth, and others; and drawings, paintings, and sculptures by Avery, Noguchi, and others. Through July 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: A summer show, revised every two weeks, in which all the works must be on paper and must measure at least thirty by forty inches. Included with gallery standbys are invited artists Theodore Manolides, James Valerio, and James Pernotto. Through Aug. 17. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **gladstone-villani**, 38 E. 57th St.: Watercolor still-lifes by Sondra Freckelton, Jon Carsman, and ten other artists. Through Friday, June 22.... **hamilton**, 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists Louise Bourgeois, Ron Gorchov, Joan Snyder, John Willenbecher, and others. Through July 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **kennedy**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures from the gallery's collections, by John Marin, Andrew Wyeth, Lorrie Goulet, and others. Through Aug. 17. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **multiples-goodman**, 38 E. 57th St.: A show of humorous drawings, sculptures, and photographs by Saul Steinberg, Claes Oldenburg, Roberta Allen, and others. Through Saturday, June 30. (Open Mondays.)... **pace**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Jim Dine, Brice Marden, Agnes Martin, Louise Nevelson, and others. Through Sept. 14. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **alex rosenberg**, 20 W. 57th St.: Works by nine artists relatively unfamiliar in this city: canvases by Faiya Fredman on which the edge of a tide has left its mark, reinforced by the artist with a bit of sand and graphite; allover patterns made up of sewn letters and numbers by Russell Forester; posterlike portraits of women in nineteenth-century dress by Barbara Sandler; and others. Through Saturday, June 23.... **summit**, 101 W. 57th St.: Portrait drawings and paintings by Byron Browne, acrylics by Judith Shahn, lithographs of the twenties by Louis Lozowick, and other works. Through Friday, June 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 12:30 to 5:30.)

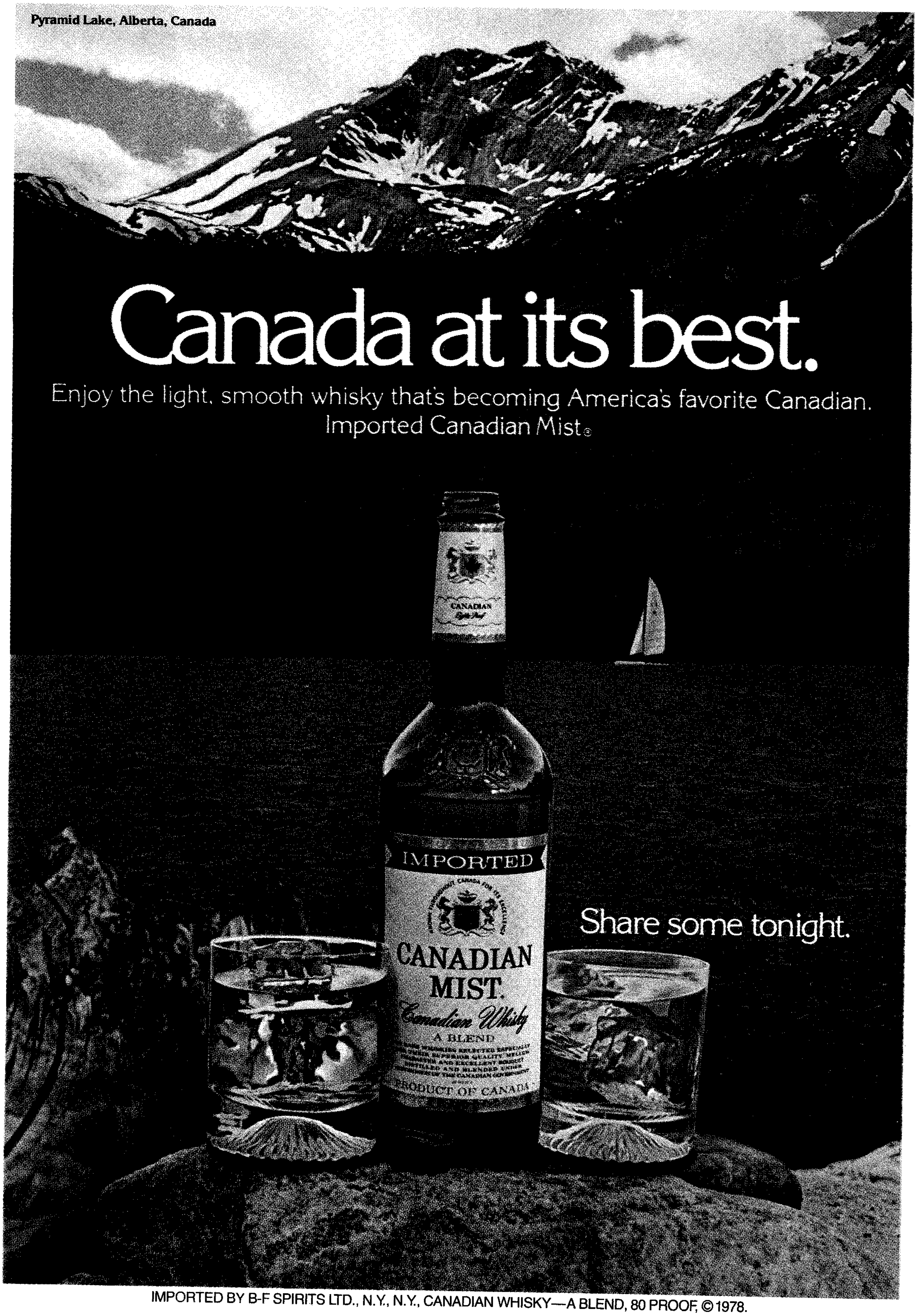
GALLERIES—SoHo

Walter De Maria—Sculptures. Through Saturday, June 30. (Lone Star, 393 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Louise Fishman / Stephanie Brody Lederman—Abstract paintings with impastoed surfaces. / Drawings: epigrams and the illustrations for them. Through Saturday, June 30. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Joan Glueckman (1940-78)—A retrospective of drawings, watercolors, illustrated journals, and embroidered wall hangings—all using the human body as the subject—by a founding member of SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Through July 7. (Opens at noon.)

Fumio Yoshimura—A sculptor who delights in

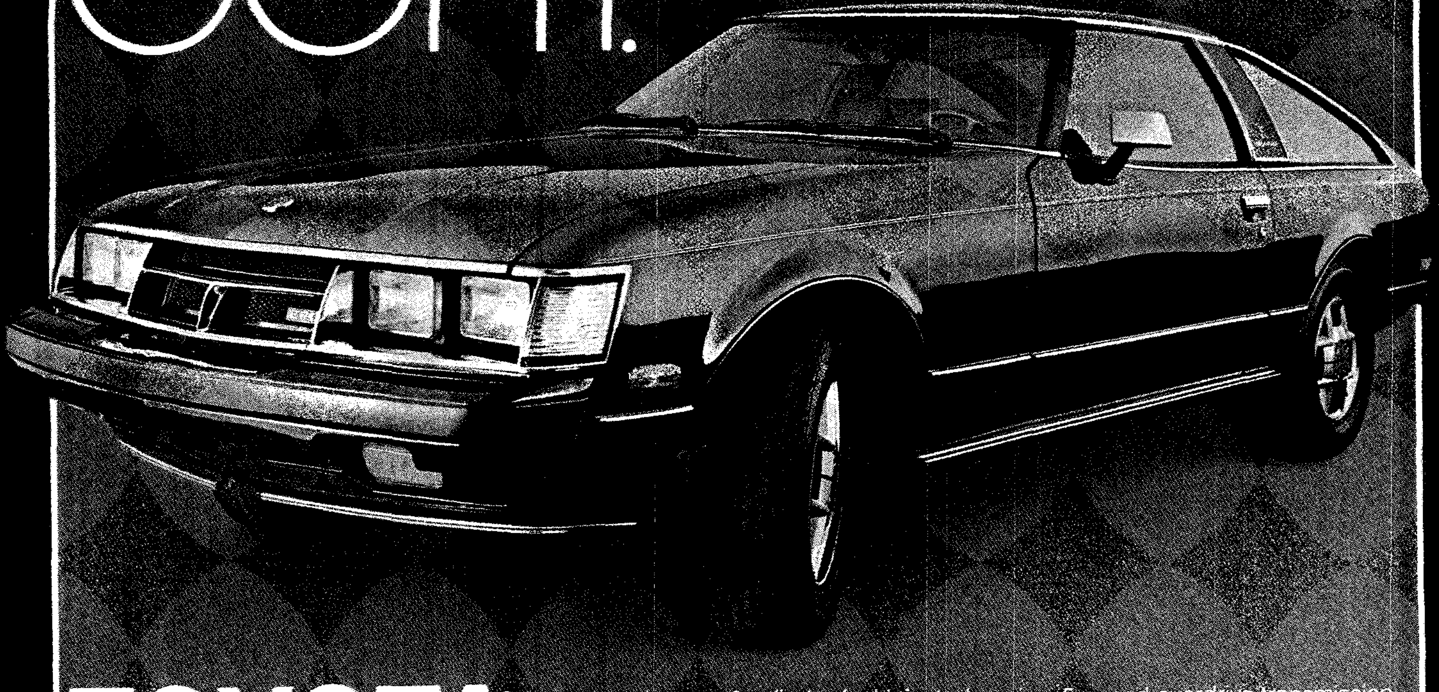

Pyramid Lake, Alberta, Canada
Canada at its best.
Enjoy the light, smooth whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.
Imported Canadian Mist®
IMPORTED
CANADIAN MIST
Canadian Whisky
A BLEND
PRODUCT OF CANADA
Share some tonight.

IMPORTED BY B-F SPIRITS LTD., N.Y., N.Y., CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80 PROOF, ©1978.

INTRODUCING
THE NEW FUEL-INJECTED, SIX CYLINDER,
PLUSH, LUSH, CELICA SUPRA.

THE POWERFUL PLEASURE.

YOU
GOT IT.



TOYOTA Standard equipment: 6 cylinder, fuel-injected engine, 5-speed overdrive transmission, air conditioning, power assisted 4-wheel disc brakes, and power windows. Also available with 4-speed, overdrive automatic transmission, cruise control, and sunroof.

© 1979 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

difficult tasks. This time his lindenwood carvings re-create a Sabrett hot dog stand, in toto, as well as a bicycle chained to a parking meter; a bunch of sunflowers in a vase; a gauzy brassiere dangling from the back of a chair. Through July 7. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **boone**, 420 West Broadway: Abstract paintings by Ross Bleckner, Stephen Mueller, and Carl Palazzolo. Through Saturday, June 30. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: A refreshing new group of seventy-six works chosen from hundreds screened by this facility. Through July 21. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **meisel**, 141 Prince St.: The current exhibit includes paintings of rumpled cloth by Paul Kane; of a tablecloth stretched over something boxlike by Chris Britz; and of overlapping rows of what look like linoleum mill ends by George Green. Through July 27. . . . **sperone westwater fischer**, 142 Greene St.: Included are two floor pieces by Carl Andre; a thirty-four-foot row of jagged chunks of Texas corkstone by Richard Long; and a six-foot-tall latticework wall piece by Don Gummer. Through July 27. . . . **thorp**, 419 West Broadway: The summer show here includes a lawn painting by Eric Fischl; a dramatic red-and-black abstract by Guy Goodwin; and an evanescent reclining nude by John Lees. Through Aug. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 6.) . . . **weber**, 420 West Broadway: This gallery's fourth invitational for artists who haven't had a solo show in New York includes works by Loren Calaway, Melvin Charney, and Marcia Weese. Through Saturday, June 23.

Sculpture—A group show includes a small, quirky neon wall piece by Stephen Antonakos; an eight-foot-tall tower of open cubes by Sol LeWitt; and a massive block of solid oak hewn from a fallen tree and preserved from cracking in a mahogany crate by David Nash. Through Saturday, June 30. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Carl Andre—Two installations: one a solid square made up of a hundred and twenty-one Douglas fir timbers a foot square and three feet tall, and the other two widely separated rows of thirty similar timbers each. They are juxtaposed on different levels of the Hammarskjöld Plaza, at Second Avenue and Forty-seventh Street. Through July 28.

Paul Rudolph—A survey of the architect's conceptual sketches and large-scale drawings for projects ranging from his earliest houses in Sarasota to a work-in-progress on Beekman Place. Through July 28. (Spaced, 165 W. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Sustained Visions—Works by three individualistic artists: Gaylen Hansen, who paints characters from his own mythology; Claire Moore, who writes on her canvases as much as she draws on them; and Salvatore Scarpitta, who makes things out of wood (full-scale racing cars, sleds, and abstract collages). Through Saturday, June 23. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Folk Art—A two-part show: patriotic quilts that were made between 1866 and 1945, generally with a flag motif; and nautical collage paintings that were done by R. Johnson, who is thought to have worked from the thirties through the fifties. Through Sunday, June 24. (Seaport Gallery, 215 Water St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Group Show—"Art from the British Left" offers documentary-style works that reflect the social concerns of seven artists. Through July 13. (Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Mary Lloyd Estrin—Black-and-white photographs of a number of men and women, none of them identified and all of them obviously rich. Through Saturday, June 30. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Philippe Halsman—A hundred and fifty portraits—Alfred Hitchcock, Louis Armstrong, Woody Allen, Pablo Casals, Marlon Brando. Through July 22. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Gertrude Käsebier (1852-1934)—A hundred prints, most of them platinum portraits, by the renowned Pictorialist are on exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Fred Picker—New England landscapes. Through July 13. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 9; closed Saturdays.)

David Plowden / Marion Post Wolcott—American landscapes: row houses in Massachusetts, wheat fields in Montana, a bridge reflected in the Susquehanna River. / Farm Security Administration photographs, together with color prints taken in California in the sixties and seventies. Through July 20. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Eva Rubinstein / J. Seeley—Portraits, interiors, and landscapes. / Abstractions. Through Saturday, June 23. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

James Van DerZee—Studio portraits of women dating from 1925 to 1945. Through July 31. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Peter and Bernis von zur Muehlen—His are SX-70 Polaroid prints, and hers are black-and-white photographs of male nudes. Through July 27. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Saturdays.)

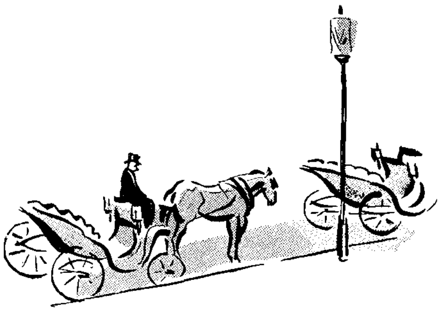
Garry Winogrand / Thomas Barrow—Recent photographs of Greece. / Works that combine several photographs, reproduced on a single sheet and then gone over with stencils and spray paint. Through Saturday, June 30. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **grey art gallery**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: Two hundred photographs made in the thirties and forties and culled from the archives of *Life*. With examples by Bourke-White, Halsman, Munkacsi, and sixty-seven others. Through Aug. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7.) . . . **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Nineteenth-century photographs by Hill and Adamson, Talbot, Hippolyte Bayard, and others. Through July 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Note—On Tuesday, June 26, from 7 P.M. to 9 P.M., nine museums and galleries on upper Fifth Avenue will be open to the public free of charge and will offer, in addition to their current exhibits, brief outdoor musical programs. The nine are the Metropolitan Museum, 82nd St. . . . ¶ Goethe House, 83rd St. . . . ¶ Guggenheim Museum, 89th St. . . . ¶ National Academy of Design, 89th St. . . . ¶ Cooper-Hewitt Museum, 91st St. . . . ¶ Jewish Museum, 92nd St. . . . ¶ International Center of Photography, 94th St. . . . ¶ Museum of the City of New York, 104th St. . . . ¶ Museo del Barrio, 104th St. Further, no cars or buses on the avenue for the two-hour period.

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Treasures from the Kremlin," an exhibit of about a hundred objects made by Russian craftsmen from the twelfth century to the twentieth. Among the works are icons, arms and armor, and coronation regalia; one highlight is Fabergé's fourteen-inch-high stylized representation of the Kremlin, in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A show of Ellsworth Kelly's recent works, including eight monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases, a series of black-and-white paintings, and wall and floor sculptures. Through Sunday, June 24. . . . ¶ About fifty Old Master and modern prints from the museum's collection, by Callot, Tiepolo, Redon, and others. Through Aug. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of sculptures from the museum's own collection which date back no further than fifteen years. Either in the galleries or in the garden are examples by Chamberlain, Judd, LeWitt, Caro, Serra, Hesse, Aycock, Shapiro, Dubuffet, Beuys, Christo, and many others. Through Aug. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **note**: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts Fridays and Saturdays at 8: jazz, new musical compositions, and so forth.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Rufino Tamayo. (Also on view are some pre-Columbian and popular Mexican works that served as inspiration to him.) Through Aug. 12. A complementary show is at the Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings by artists who worked in France in the first half of this century, among them Matisse, Gris, Villon, and Picabia. Through Aug. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A survey of the sculptures of George Segal, ranging from early life-size white-plaster figures to the more recent solid-color pieces. Also early pastels. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ An acquisitions show of thirty per cent of the paintings, sculptures, photographs, and works on paper that were added to the collections in the seventies. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A bequest of Reginald Marsh works has provided a show of early paintings not previously exhibited and of works on paper, including some done with Chinese inks. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Dada and New York," a show of works that reflect the spirit of Dada, by artists who were not necessarily associated with the movement. The paintings, drawings, photographs, sculptures, and publications (dated 1915 to 1930) are by Stuart Davis, Arthur G. Dove, Beatrice Wood, Man Ray, and others. Through July 6. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of nearly ninety works (paintings, drawings, and a room-size installation) by seven Israeli artists. Starts Saturday, June 23. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the nineteenth-century artist Elihu Vedder. Through July 8. . . . **photography**: Works by Gertrude Käsebier. Through July 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of art and artifacts from Pompeii. Through July 31. For information about tickets and hours, call 999-7777.

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—"New Handmade Furniture," an exhibit of more than forty chairs, tables, and some less conventional objects, made from a variety of woods. Through July 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of architectural drawings by Alvar Aalto (1898-1976), along with furniture, glassware, fabrics, and other items designed by him. Through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ "Fantastic Illustration and Design in Britain, 1850-1930," a loan show of more than two hundred items, about half of them book illustrations (Rossetti, Beardsley, Arthur Rackham, Beatrix Potter), and the other half of them decorative objects, such as a christening set (a silver knife, fork, and spoon) which Kate Greenaway adapted from her illustrations for "Under the Window." Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and sculptures—with motifs based on Jewish mysticism—by David Aronson. Further works, these taken from New Testament subjects, are at the National Academy of Design (see listing below). Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Michelangelo and His World," a show of forty-one drawings by the artist on loan from the British Museum. Also, Renaissance drawings and documents, among them letters by Michelangelo and drawings by Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and Parmigianino. Through July 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of paintings and frakturs that date from 1773 to 1894. Through Sunday, June 24. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of eighty eighteenth-century French drawings on loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through July 8. . . . ¶ Nineteen paintings by David Aronson. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of Hale Woodruff's paintings, ranging from early landscapes of Paris to recent abstract works. . . . ¶ Abstract drawings, paintings, constructions, and prints by, among others, Howardena Pindell, Al Loving, and William T. Williams. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Sunday, June 24.

MUSIC

MUSICA SACRA "BASICALLY BACH"—Richard Westenburg directing the orchestra and chorus in the last two in a series of all-Bach concerts. Wednesday, June 20, at 8: With John Wion, flute; Martin Berinbaum, trumpet; and Thomas Paul, bass. . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 8: A performance of the B-Minor Mass, with Faye Robinson, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; James Hoback, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

SUSAN GREGORY—Soprano, in a program of art songs and arias. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Friday, June 22, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

TANGLEWOOD FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 26—Saturday, June 23, at 7: Harry Chapin and Leo Kottke. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 24, at 7: Joan Baez and Livingston Taylor. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28, at 8:30: The Vermeer Quartet, with Harold Wright, clarinet. . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, the Vermeer Quartet, and Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with Mr. Kalish. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 1, at 2:30: Gunther Schuller conducting the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra. (Lenox Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Friday and Saturday, June 22-23, at 8:30: Laszlo Heltay conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in repeat performances of a Respighi double bill, the opera "Lucrezia" (with Eleanor Bergquist, soprano; Diane Curry, mezzo-soprano; James McCray, tenor; Carlos Serrano, baritone; and others) and "Gli Uccelli," danced to by Kay Mazzo and Robert Weiss with other members of the New York City Ballet. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 24, at 5 30: Lili Kraus, piano, in a Mozart-Beethoven-Schubert recital. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 8 30: The New York Chamber Soloists performing the complete Bach Brandenburg Concertos in the original orchestration. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 1, at 5:30: The Guarneri Quartet. (Katonah, N.Y. On Friday, June 22, and all Saturdays, buses will leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Friday, June 22, at 8:15: Frank Sinatra. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 24, at 7: Waylon Jennings. . . . ¶ Monday, June 25, at 8:15: Joan Baez. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 26, at 7: America and McGuinn, Clark & Hillman. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28, at 7: Stephen Stills and Orleans. . . . ¶ Two twelve-hour offerings of the Newport Jazz Festival—Saturday, June 30, at noon: Grover Washington, Jr., the Muddy Waters Blues Band (with Johnny Winter), the Fats Domino band, Dave Brubeck's quartet, Carmen McRae and her trio, Lonnie Liston Smith & the Cosmic Echoes, Machito and his Afro-Cuban Band, the Battle of the Saxophones (with Eddie [Lockjaw] Davis, Johnny Griffin, Illinois Jacquet, and the Art Blakey trio), and Charles Rouse and Dom Salvadore (with Cinnamon Flower). . . . Sunday, July 1, at noon: Lionel Hampton and his All-Star Orchestra; the Festival Jam Session, with George Benson, Jon Faddis, David Friesen, Dizzy Gillespie, Wilton Gites, Roland Hanna, Eddie Harris, Roy Haynes, Freddie Hubbard, Hubert Laws, Ronnie Laws, and Gerry Mulligan; Betty Carter and her trio; the B. B. King Blues Band; the Mulligan big band; Willie Bobo and his new group, Bobo; the David Friesen trio; and Chuck Israels and his National Jazz Ensemble. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets through June 28, call 977-9020, in New York. For information about tickets to the Newport concerts, call *787-2020, in* New York.)

SPORTS

AUTOMOBILE RACING—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Sunday, June 24, at 1.

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, Wednesday, June 20, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader), and Thursday, June 21, at 2. . . . ¶ Cleveland, Friday and Saturday, June 22-23, at 8, and Sunday, June 24, at 2. . . . ¶ Boston, Friday, June 29, at 8, and Saturday, June 30, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Monday, June 25, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Tuesday, June 26, at 8:05.

BOXING—Larry Holmes vs. Mike Weaver, 15 rounds, for the W.B.C. World Heavyweight Championship; Roberto Duran vs. Carlos Palomino, welterweights, 10 rounds; and Jimmy Young vs. Wendell Bailey, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, June 22, at 8:30.)

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 30. The Celanese Cup Handicap, Wednesday, June 20; the New York Handicap, Saturday, June 23; the Saranac, Sunday, June 24; the Fashion, Wednesday, June 27; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 30. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 7 30, and Saturdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 15. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.) . . . **WOODBINE,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 30.

SOCCER—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. New England, Sunday, June 24, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Portland, Wednesday, June 27, at 9. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 14. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

ET ALIA

AUCTIONS—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, June 20, at 2: Historical American manuscripts and autographs, from the Elsie O. and Philip D. Sang Foundation. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 20, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, June 21-23, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including furniture, decorations, paintings, silver, ceramics, and folk art; from many collectors. . . . ¶ Monday, June 25, at 2; Tuesday, June 26, at 10:15; and Wednesday, June 27, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, June 22. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 26, at 2: Musical instruments, including a bass viola da gamba, a Kirkman harpsichord, and a Marquis de Champeaux Stradivarius violin; from several owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, June 29, at 10:15: Russian works of art, among them Fabergé items, icons, and silver; from many collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 23. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, June 21, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth-century art glass and paperweights, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 10:30: Musical instruments, from several sources.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA, CONCERT PRODUCTIONS—Final performances—**VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** Bronx: Wednesday, June 20, at 8:30 (rain date, June 21), "Aida," with Ljiljana Molnar-Talajic, Mignon Dunn, Garbis Boyagian, and Jerome Hines; conducted by Michelangelo Veltri. . . . **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn: Friday, June 22, at 8:30 (rain date, June 24), "La Traviata," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Giuliano Ciannella, Mario Sereni, and Gene Boucher; James Conlon.

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Morgan Freeman and Gloria Foster in a revived production of **CORIOLANUS** by a newly assembled Shakespearean troupe of black and Hispanic actors originally done earlier this spring at the Public Theatre. Directed by Wilford Leach. The first of two plays to be presented in Delacorte Theatre this summer. Free performances start on Friday, June 22, and will run through Sunday, July 22. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Sunday, June 24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts, which start on Wednesday, June 20, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 12. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.)

WOLLMAN RINK—Opening performances in the Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival, running through Saturday, Aug. 25. Monday, June 25, at 7. Nancy Wilson and Stan Getz. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 29-30, at 6:30: America and Chris De Burgh. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **THE MUSIC MAN** is this summer's production. Opens Thursday, June 28. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

BROOKLYN BOTANIC GARDEN—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 4.)

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers except for workday rush hours. The park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 15. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
June 20: "Bay of the Angels."
June 21: "The Young Girls of Rochefort" (at 6 and 8) and (at 10:15 P.M. only) "Lady Oscar," a new film by Jacques Demy.
June 22-23: "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" and (at 10:15 P.M. only) Jacques Demy's "Lola."
June 24: "Donkey Skin."
June 25: Theatre closed.
From June 26: "Othello."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through June 21: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."
From June 22: "Saint Jack."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 21: "The Champ" and "The Pink Panther Strikes Again."
June 22-28: "Dawn of the Dead" and "Coma."
From June 29: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 21: "The China Syndrome."
From June 22: "The Innocent."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Prophecy."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 21: "Hair."
From June 22: "The Main Event."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 28: "Manhattan."
From June 29: "Moonraker."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 21: "Butch and Sundance: The Early Days."
June 22-28: "The Silent Partner."
From June 29: "Good Guys Wear Black."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through June 21: "A Little Romance."
From June 22: "The Main Event."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through June 21: "Malicious."
From June 22: "Escape from Alcatraz."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Kids Are Alright."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Manhattan."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Players."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Love at First Bite."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through June 21: "Saint Jack."
From June 22: "Woodstock."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through June 21: "Newsfront."
From June 22: "A Little Romance."

GEMINI I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through June 21: "Walk Proud."
June 22-28: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" and "The Groove Tube."
From June 29: "Moonraker."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through June 28: "The Champ."
From June 29: "Moonraker."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The In-Laws."

LOEWS NEW YORK I, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Rocky II."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Alien."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through June 28: "Goldengirl."
From June 29: "Bloodline."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through June 21: "Norma Rae."
June 22-28: "Love at First Bite."
From June 29: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through June 21: "The Deer Hunter."
From June 22: "Saint Jack."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 28: "Game of Death."
From June 29: "Good Guys Wear Black."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through June 28: "Alien."
From June 29: "Nightwing."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Prophecy."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 28: "Hair."
From June 29: "Moonraker."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through June 28: "Walk Proud." From June 29: "Good Guys Wear Black."
Theatre 2: "The In-Laws."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Hair."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Rocky II."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through June 21: "Fedora." June 22-28: "The Silent Partner." From June 29: "The Innocent."
Theatre 2: "The Fragrance of Wild Flowers."
Theatre 3: "Norma Rae."
Theatre 4: Through June 28: "The China Syndrome." From June 29: "Death of a Bureaucrat."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Love at First Bite."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through June 21: "The Prisoner of Zenda."
From June 22: "The Muppet Movie."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through June 21: "The Deer Hunter."
From June 22: "Malicious."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Manhattan."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Down and Dirty."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through June 21: "Fedora."
From June 22: "Hair."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The In-Laws."

CINEMA STUDIO I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Tree of Wooden Clogs."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 26: "Death of a Bureaucrat."
From June 27: "El Super."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through June 21: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."
From June 22: "The Main Event."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
To be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
Through June 21: "Ulysses."
From June 22: "Saint Jack."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 21: "Superman."
June 22-28: "The China Syndrome" and "The Cheap Detective."
From June 29: "Grease" and "Saturday Night Fever."

TIMES SQUARE

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Alien." (†)

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through June 21: "Dawn of the Dead." (†)
From June 22: "The Main Event." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The In-Laws." (†)
Theatre 3: Through June 21: "The China Syndrome." (†) From June 22: "Dawn of the Dead." (†)
Theatre 4: Through June 21: "Coming Home." From June 22: "Love at First Bite." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through June 21: "Love at First Bite." (†)
From June 22: "Escape from Alcatraz." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Prophecy." (†)

LOEWS STATE I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Goldengirl." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through June 28: "Phantasm."
From June 29: "Nightwing." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through June 21: "Escape to Athena."
June 22-28: "Infra-Man" and "The Devil's Rain."
From June 29: "Bloodline." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through June 27: "Game of Death." (†)
June 28: Theatre closed.
From June 29: "Moonraker." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Rocky II." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through June 28: "Walk Proud." (†)
From June 29: "Good Guys Wear Black." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Butch and Sundance: The Early Days." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 20: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Martha Raye; and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (1955), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel.
June 21: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" (1962), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, James Stewart, Vera Miles, and Lee Marvin; and "In Harm's Way" (1965), directed by Otto Preminger, with John Wayne, Kirk Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Tom Tryon.
June 22-23: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977), directed by John Landis, with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "Putney Swope" (1969), directed by Robert Downey.
June 24-25: "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with

Saks Fifth Avenue

A slip of chiffon...to dance away the night in! A dress that's all softness, set in motion at the first hint of a breeze. This, from Rona...with a wrappy surplice top, long, flowing sash. In subtle shadings of taupe on sheer polyester chiffon; sizes 10 to 18; $150. In Designer Dress Collections—where we are all the things you are.

611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores
Add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders beyond our regular delivery areas.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, Geneviève Bujold, Michel Piccoli, and Jean Dasté; and "To Die in Madrid." (†)

June 26: "The Samurai Trilogy: Parts I and II" (1954-56), both films in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.

June 27: "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson.

June 28: Theatre closed.

June 29-30: "Siddhartha" (1973), directed by Conrad Rooks, with Shashi Kapoor; and "Steppenwolf" (1974), directed by Fred Haines, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

June 20: "Easy Virtue" (1927), a silent film, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Isabel Jean and Franklin Dyall; and "Murder" (1930), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring.

June 21: "Loves of a Blonde" (1965), in Czech, directed by Miloš Forman; and "Closely Watched Trains" (1966), a Czech film, directed by Jiří Menzel.

June 22: "Marat/Sade" (1967), directed by Peter Brook, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; and "Shock Corridor" (1963), directed by Samuel Fuller, with Constance Towers, Peter Breck, and James Best.

June 23: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "The Big Sleep" (1946), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers.

June 24: "The Turning Point" (1977), directed by Herbert Ross, with Anne Bancroft, Shirley MacLaine, Tom Skerritt, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Leslie Browne; and "Romeo and Juliet." (†)

June 25: "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961), directed by Marlon Brando, with Brando, Karl Malden, and Katy Jurado; and "The Chase" (1966), directed by Arthur Penn, with Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda, Angie Dickinson, Robert Redford, and E. G. Marshall.

June 26: "The Knack . . . And How to Get It" (†) and "Juggernaut." (†)

June 27: "The Pleasure Garden" (†); and "Under Capricorn" (1949), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Michael Wilding, and Margaret Leighton.

June 28: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (1975), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Ellen Burstyn, Kris Kristofferson, and Alfred Lutter.

June 29: "Walkabout" (1971), directed by Nicolas Roeg; and "Dersu Uzala" (1978), in Russian, directed by Akira Kurosawa, a Soviet-Japanese co-production.

June 30: "Shall We Dance" (1937), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore; and "Follow the Fleet" (1936), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Randolph Scott, and Harriet Hilliard.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through June 21: "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958) and "Kanal" (1956), both films in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda.

June 22-23: "Midnight Express" (1978), directed by Alan Parker, with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin; and "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971), directed by Harvey Hart, with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer.

June 24-25: "Animal Crackers" (1930), "Monkey Business" (1931), and "Horse Feathers" (1932), all with the Marx Brothers.

June 26: "The Tenant" (1976), directed by Roman Polanski, with Polanski, Isabelle Adjani, Melvyn Douglas, and Shelley Winters; and "Knife in the Water" (1962), in Polish, directed by Roman Polanski.

June 27-28: "Exhibition" (1975), directed by Jean-François Davy; and "Sensations" (1975).

June 29-30: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970), in Italian, directed by Fellini; and "Fellini's Roma." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through June 28: "Sextette" (1979), directed by Ken Hughes, with Mae West, Timothy Dalton, Dom DeLuise, and Tony Curtis.

From June 29: "The Song Remains the Same" (1976), the Led Zeppelin rock group, onstage and off; and "Jimi Hendrix" (1973), a documentary.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 20: "Can-Can" (1960), directed by Walter Lang, with Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan; and "On the Avenue" (1937), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye, and Dick Powell.

June 21-23: "A Letter to Three Wives" (1949), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Linda Darnell, Jeanne Crain, Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, and Paul Douglas; and "I Was a Male War Bride" (1949), directed by Howard Hawks, with Cary Grant and Ann Sheridan.

June 24-26: "How Green Was My Valley" (†) and "The Grapes of Wrath." (†)

June 27-30: "Anastasia" (1956), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, and Helen Hayes; and "The Virgin Queen" (1955), directed by Henry Koster, with Bette Davis, Richard Todd, and Joan Collins.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 20: "Pépé le Moko" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio; and "Poil de Carotte" (1933), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Harry Baur and Robert Lynen.

June 21: "The Killing of Sister George" (1968), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Beryl Reid, Susannah York, and Coral Browne; and "The Grissom Gang" (1971), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Kim Darby and Scott Wilson.

June 22-23: "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972), directed by George Roy Hill, with Michael Sacks.

June 24: "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson; and "The Touch." (†)

June 25: "Blonde Venus" (†) and "The Old Maid." (†)

June 26: "Stromboli" (†); and "Open City" (1945), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Anna Magnani.

June 27: "The Eternal Return" (†); and "Les Jeux Sont Faits" (1947), in French, directed by Jean Delannoy, with Marguerite Moreno, Charles Dullin, and Micheline Presle.

June 28: "Rififi" (1956), in French, directed by Jules Dassin, with Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohner, and Dassin; and "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (1958), in Italian, directed by Mario Monicelli, with Marcello Mastroianni, Vittorio Gassman, Renato Salvatori, Claudia Cardinale, Carla Gravina, and Totò.

June 29-30: "Take the Money and Run" (1969), directed by, and with, Woody Allen; and "Don't Drink the Water" (1969), directed by Howard Morris, with Jackie Gleason, Estelle Parsons, and Ted Bessell.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 20: "I Found Stella Parish" (1935), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Kay Francis, Ian Hunter, Paul Lukas, and Barton MacLane; and "Confession" (1937), directed by Joe May, with Kay Francis, Basil Rathbone, and Ian Hunter.

June 21: "Les Femmes Savantes" (1965), in French, directed by Jean Meyer, with Renee Devillers and Maria Versini; and "The Would-Be Gentleman" (1960), in French, directed by Jean Meyer, with Louis Seigner.

June 22-23: "Murder" (1930), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring; and "Young and Innocent" (1937; "The Girl Was Young"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare.

June 24-25: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938), directed by Howard Hawks, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "My Favorite Wife" (1940), directed by Garson Kanin, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott.

June 26: "Wings" (†) and "Call Her Savage." (†)

June 27: "True Grit" (†) and "Shane." (†)

June 28: "Anne of the Thousand Days" (1970), directed by Charles Jarrott, with Richard Burton and Geneviève Bujold; and "Mary, Queen of Scots." (†)

June 29-30: "All About Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 21 at 2:30: "Sparrows" (1926), a silent film, directed by William Beaudine, with Mary Pickford and Gustav von Seyffertitz. . . . ¶ June 21 at 6: "Little Annie Rooney" (1925), a silent film, directed by William Beaudine, with Mary Pickford and William Haines. . . . ¶ June 21 at 8:30: "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (1921), a silent film, directed by Alfred E. Green and Jack Pickford, with Mary Pickford, Claude Gillingwater, Kate Price, and Frances Marion. . . . ¶ June 22 at 2:30: "The Taming of the Shrew" (1929), directed by Sam Taylor, with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ June 22 at 6: "The Poor Little Rich Girl" (1936), directed by Irving Cummings, with Shirley Temple, Alice Faye, Gloria Stuart, and Jack Haley. . . . ¶ June 23 at noon: "Music for Madame" (1937), directed by John Blystone, with Nino Martini, Joan Fontaine, and Erik Rhodes. . . . ¶ June 23 at 2:30: "Little Lord Fauntleroy." . . . ¶ June 23 at 5: "The Poor Little Rich Girl" (1917), a silent film, directed by Maurice Tourneur, with Mary Pickford, Maxine Hicks, and Charles Wellesley. . . . ¶ June 24 at noon: "Music for Madame." . . . ¶ June 24 at 2:30: "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" (1918), a silent film, directed by Marshall Neilan, with Mary Pickford, Norman Kerry, and Kate Price. . . . ¶ June 24 at 5: "My Best Girl" (1927), a silent film, directed by Sam Taylor, with Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers. . . . ¶ June 25 at noon: "Sort of a Commercial for an Icebag by Claes Oldenburg" (1970), directed by Michael Hugo; "Aves: Magnificent Frigate Bird, Great Flamingo" (1973), directed by Nancy Graves; and "Dwellings" (1973), directed by Charles Simonds. . . . ¶ June 25 at 2:30: "The Making of James Bond-007" (1977), four half-hour films about the making of "The Spy Who Loved Me." . . . ¶ June 25 at 6: "Garlic Is as Good as Ten Mothers," a work in progress by Les Blank, who will be there to introduce the film. . . . ¶ June 26 at noon: "Masters of Modern Sculpture III, The New World" (1978), directed by Michael Blackwood. . . . ¶ June 26 at 2:30: "Panic in the Streets" (1950), directed by Elia Kazan, with Richard Widmark, Paul Douglas, Barbara Bel Geddes, Jack Palance, and Zero Mostel. . . . ¶ June 26 at 6: "Eduardo the Healer" (1978), directed by Richard Cowan; and "Healing" (1978), directed by Pierre Lasry. . . . ¶ June 28 at 2:30: "Always for Pleasure" (1978), directed by Les Blank. . . . ¶ June 28 at 6: "Dry Wood" (1973) and "Hot Pepper" (1973), both directed by Les Blank. . . . ¶ June 28 at 8:30: "Panic in the Streets." . . . ¶ June 29 at 2:30: "You Only Live Twice" (1967), directed by Lewis Gilbert, with Sean Connery. . . . ¶ June 29 at 6: "The Spy Who Loved Me" (1977), directed by Lewis Gilbert, with Roger Moore. After the showing, producer Albert R. Broccoli, production designer Ken Adam, and director Lewis Gilbert will have a discussion moderated by Judith Crist. . . . ¶ June 30 at noon: "Children's Television Workshop: Ten Years of Film" (1979), composed of forty animated and live action sections from "Sesame Street" and "The Electric Company." . . . ¶ June 30 at 2:30: "The Making of James Bond-007." . . . ¶ June 30 at 5: A program of works by Maurice Binder, main title artist for the James Bond series. Mr. Binder will be present. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—June 21-24: "The Kirlian Witness" (1978), directed by Jonathan Sarno, with Nancy Snyder, Joel Colodner, Ted Leplat, and Nancy Boykin. Showings Thursday through Sunday at 7:45.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Raynal, McBride, Hafif, Chambers, Millett, Rubin, Gehr, Cocteau, and others. Showings at 7 and 9. Closed Sundays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alien—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/79.) (Loews New York 2, and Criterion. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through June 28.)

Bay of the Angels (1962)—Though written and directed by Jacques Demy, this film is almost an emanation of its star, Jeanne Moreau, and seems inconceivable without her. It's rather like a French attempt to purify—to get to the essence of—a Warners movie of the thirties about a gambling lady. Demy not only gets to the essence, he gets beyond it. His virtuoso sense of film rhythm makes the flimsy, capricious story a lyrical study in compulsion and luck—a passionate comedy. The concept of gambling as almost total spontaneity and irresponsibility—as giving in to chance, as if that were the most complete acceptance of life—is oddly suggestive, and we begin, in this film, to feel its pull and appeal, to feel that gambling is a bum's existentialism. And Jeanne Moreau, in a very Bette Davis sort of way, dramatizes herself superbly. (There are times when she's as white and as unreal as Constance Bennett in her satins, and you think how marvellous she'd be singing "The Boulevard of Broken Dreams.") This is a magical, whirling little film; it's a triumph of style, even though it runs down to nothing in the last—too quick, too ambiguous—shot. With Claude Mann. Photographed, in dazzling sunlight, by Jean Rabier. The music, by Michel Legrand, is integral to the film, in a way that music has rarely been used since René Clair's first talkies. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 20.)

Blonde Venus (1932)—Marlene Dietrich in one of those forgettable stories about women who "sacrifice" their bodies for the noblest of reasons (sick husband Herbert Marshall, child Dickie Moore); the gangster she sells herself to is played by the young and not yet sufficiently stylized Cary Grant. The director, Josef von Sternberg, caps the silliness by putting Dietrich into a monkey suit to sing "Hot Voodoo"—a number that may define camp. With Sidney Toler as a detective, and Cecil Cunningham as a night-club hostess. (Thalia; June 25.)

Bloodline—Based on the Sidney Sheldon novel, with Audrey Hepburn, directed by Terence Young. (Loews Tower East, and National; starting June 29.)

Butch and Sundance: The Early Days—With Tom Berenger and William Katt, directed by Richard Lester. (Victoria. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through June 21.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Call Her Savage (1932)—It was about this time—late in her career—that intellectuals took up the manic, wide-eyed flapper Clara Bow (as they later did with Marilyn Monroe) and perceived the quality of her mixture of truly awesome vitality and childlike vulnerability. It was too late; she was no longer doing what came naturally. And this silly movie treats her sexy vivacity as a *problem;* her mother, it seems, had had an affair with an American Indian, and so poor Clara is split—the demure girl with her hair worn austerely in a snood has fiery, tempestuous fits. Taken from a novel by Tiffany Thayer; directed by John Francis Dillon. With Gilbert Roland, Thelma Todd, Estelle Taylor, Monroe Owsley, and, in a bit, Mischa Auer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 26.)

The Champ—A remake of the 1931 film. With Jon Voight, Faye Dunaway, and Ricky Schroder; directed by Franco Zeffirelli. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 21. . . . ¶ Gemini 2; through June 28.)

The Cheap Detective—Written by Neil Simon for the producer Ray Stark. If Simon were on the moon, he would still write films for Ray Stark or plays for millions of people and dollars. This has Peter Falk in a thin imitation of Humphrey Bogart—thin because it catches Bogart's mannerisms without his cast of thought—along with a host of beautiful women, including Louise Fletcher, Ann-Margret, Stockard Channing, Madeline Kahn, Marsha Mason. The picture is facetious, but its freshness manages to take the sting out of death. (7/3/78) (Olympia; June 22-28.)

The China Syndrome—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells who learns that a nuclear-power station in Southern California appears likely—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who sees the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (4/2/79) (Gramercy, and Embassy; through June 21. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through June 28. . . . ¶ Olympia; June 22-28.)

Coma (1978)—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young, healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. And single-handed she begins to investigate. The story—about the body-snatching of the living—is essentially sleazy, yet this thriller shies away from sleazy jokes. It glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, and it holds you. But it doesn't give you a lift—all you get is a knot in the gut. Michael Crichton directed and did the adaptation of Robin Cook's novel. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (St. Marks Cinema; June 22-28.)

Dawn of the Dead—With David Emge and Ken Foree, directed by George A. Romero. (Embassy 1; through June 21. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting June 22. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; June 22-28.)

Death of a Bureaucrat (1966)—An extraordinarily funny comedy, made in Cuba, about the slow torture we all suffer at the hands of government agencies. The director is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, evidently a shrewd and witty man, who is not in the least afraid of Chaplinesque slapstick. In Spanish. (5/28/79) (Cinema Studio 2; through June 26. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting June 29.)

The Deer Hunter—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Festival; through June 21.)

Donkey Skin (1975)—Jacques Demy's Cinderella story about Catherine Deneuve dressed up in a donkey skin and working as a skivvy, but we all know she's Chanel No. 5 and the only person whose finger the prince's ring will fit. Wallpaper film, with pretty music by Michel

Legrand. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 24.)

Down and Dirty—With Nino Manfredi, directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris.)

Escape from Alcatraz—With Clint Eastwood and Patrick McGoohan, directed by Don Siegel. (Trans-Lux East, and Forum; starting June 22.)

The Eternal Return (1948)—Jean Delannoy directed Jean Cocteau's modern-dress adaptation of the Tristan and Isolde story. Jean Marais, in a celebrated medieval-looking sweater, and the straight-silk-haired, snow-blond Madeleine Sologne are absurdly glamorous lovers; though the film has the decorative look of ballet and is heavy and stilted, they became the rage of Paris. With Yvonne de Bray and the dwarf Piéral. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Thalia; June 27.)

Fedora—Billy Wilder, a director of increasingly thin-ice wit, takes a risk with a mystery film about a legendary recluse, obviously based on public notions of Garbo, who is played by Hildegard Knef and Marthe Keller. (Yes, two actresses: therein lies the trap.) William Holden plays an indigent film producer, on the hunt for Fedora, who keeps up a grand front but lives in the cheapest of hotel rooms. Echoes of "Sunset Boulevard." (4/23/79) (Quad Cinema, and Cinema 3; through June 21.)

Fellini's Roma (1972)—This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Cinema Village; June 29-30.)

The Fragrance of Wild Flowers—Directed by Srdjan Karanovic. In Yugoslav. (Quad Cinema.)

Game of Death—A recently completed film with Bruce Lee, Gig Young, Dean Jagger, Colleen Camp, and Hugh O'Brian. Directed by Robert Clouse. (Rivoli; through June 27. . . . ¶ U.A. East; through June 28.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Art, and Embassy 72nd St.; through June 21.)

Goldengirl—With James Coburn, Leslie Caron, Robert Culp, Harry Guardino, Curt Jurgens, John Newcombe, and Susan Anton; directed by Joseph Sargent. (Loews State 1. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through June 28.)

Good Guys Wear Black—With Chuck Norris, James Franciscus, Dana Andrews, and Anne Archer; directed by Ted Post. (Eastside Cinema, U.A. East, R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting June 29.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—In the years right after the worst of the Depression, the John Steinbeck book was compared with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Les Misérables" and widely, if not very astutely, regarded as the greatest novel ever written by an American. It deals with the Joads, a family of sharecroppers who leave their eroded, dust-bowl farm in Oklahoma and come to the promised land of California, where they become the lowest of the low—migratory farm laborers. The movie version is full of the "they-can't-keep-us-down-we're-the-people" sort of thing, and a viewer's outrage at the terrible social injustices the film reveals is blurred by the film's gross sentimentality. This famous picture, high on almost every list of the great ones of all time, seems all wrong—phony when it should ring true. Yet it has its striking sentimental moments and, because of the material, it is moving in spite of the acting, the direction, and the pseudo-Biblical pore-people talk. John Ford directed the production, which in some externals is as authentic as a documentary; the cast includes Henry Fonda as Tom, John Carradine as Casey, Charley Grapewin as Grampa, John Qualen as Muley, Eddie Quillan as Connie, Dorris Bowden as Rosasharn, Russell Simpson as Pa, Zeffie Tilbury as Granma, Darryl Hickman as Winfield, and Ward Bond, Grant Mitchell, Joe Sawyer, Frank Faylen. Screenplay by Nunnally Johnson; photography by Gregg Toland. Academy Awards: Best Director, Best Supporting Actress—Jane Darwell as Ma Joad. She's impossibly fraudulent, though there's a memorable scene with Ma burning her old postcards. (Regency; June 24-26.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Grease—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Olympia; starting June 29.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (Gemini 1; June 22-28.)

Hair—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (Waverly. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through June 21. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through June 28. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting June 22.)

How Green Was My Valley (1941)—John Ford's much-honored movie about the decline of a Welsh mining family is moving and impressive in a big-Hollywood-picture way. Roddy McDowall and Walter Pidgeon are the leads, and the cast includes Maureen O'Hara, Sara Allgood, Barry Fitzgerald, and many other Irish actors (though the singers are really Welsh). (Regency; June 24-26.)

The In-Laws—With Peter Falk, Alan Arkin, and Nancy Dussault; directed by Arthur Hiller. (Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St., Paramount, and Embassy.)

The Innocent—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Gramercy; starting June 22. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting June 29.)

Juggernaut (1974)—Fast, crackerjack entertainment by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. (The plot is about a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hundred passengers.) The genre may be that of "The Poseidon Adventure," but the tone isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. With Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sharif, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, and Roy Kinnear. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 26.)

The Kentucky Fried Movie (1977)—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by John Landis. (Gemini 1; June 22-28.)

The Kids Are Alright—The Who, in concert and being interviewed. Directed by Jeff Stein. (Plaza.)

The Knack . . . And How to Get It (1965)—In Richard Lester's version of the Ann Jellicoe play (as adapted by Charles Wood), the jokes whiz by so fast that the ingenuity becomes exhausting. The gags don't go anywhere. Lester gets caught up in surface agitation and loses track of what it's all for. The story (which is just his jumping-off place) is about three men (Michael Crawford, Ray Brooks, Donal Donnelly) who live in the same London house; Rita Tushingham, a country girl just come to the big city, also moves in. The assured Brooks has a knack for attracting women; the shy, frightened Crawford desperately wants that knack. The dreamlike David Watkin photography often seems too brilliantly sun-bleached, and the film's spirit is too anarchistically chic and on the side of larky youth. It's a fashionable, professionally youthful treatment of sixties underground attitudes; the content seems to be the same as the content of TV commercials, and by the time you're outside the theatre you've already forgotten the movie. The more spurious the spontaneity around them, the more flat the performers seem, though somehow Donnelly's fevered leprechaun quality comes through. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 26.)

A Little Romance—A very, very little film about very, very little people (played by Diane Lane and Thelonious Bernard), enacting a latter-day Romeo and Juliet. Laurence Olivier lightens the general mediocrity with a performance as a debonair and blithe Frenchman who befriends the children. Directed by George Roy Hill. (5/7/79) (Sutton; through June 21. . . . ¶ Cinema II; starting June 22.)

Love at First Bite—With George Hamilton and Susan Saint James, directed by Stan Dragoti. (D. W. Griffith, and Guild. . . . ¶ Forum; through June 21. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting June 22. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; June 22-28.)

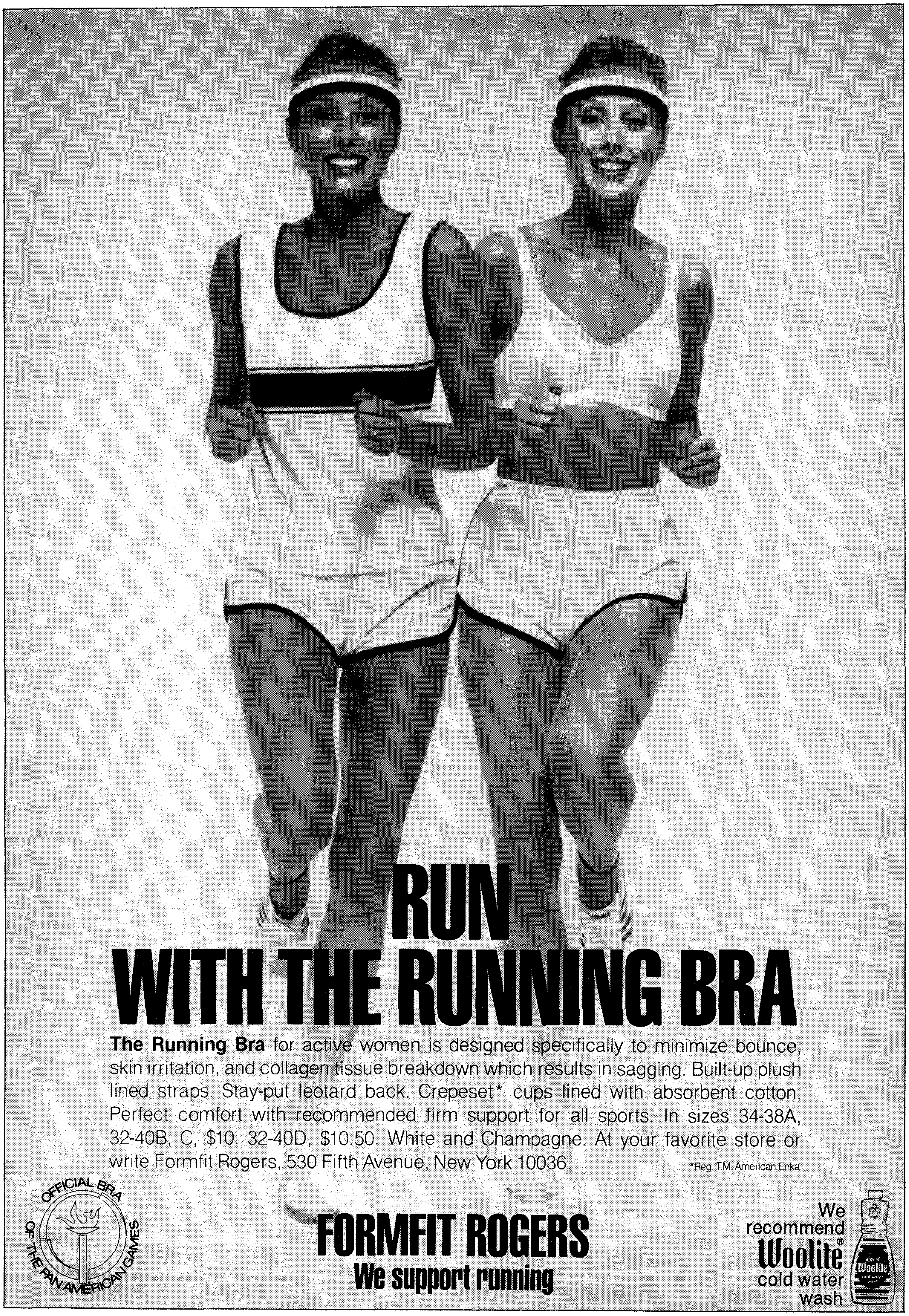
The Main Event—With Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal, directed by Howard Zieff. (Murray Hill, Sutton, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1; starting June 22.)

Malicious (1973; "Malizia")—A Sicilian comedy steeped in elegance and with an intense sense of the class system. It is made up of inappropriate sexual longings, clownishly dealt with; small boys' voyeurism; and financial stinginess mixed with sexual largesse. Danger, sweetness, and lust enter with a village girl called Angela (Laura Antonelli) into a house of mourning, where she is destined to plague and delight the whole family. A funny but oddly dated picture, marred by an outworn frivolity and naughtiness that is never very erotic. Directed by Salvatore Samperi. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East; through June 21. . . . ¶ Festival; starting June 22.)

Manhattan—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Woody Allen proceeds by giant strides: this film is even funnier than "Annie Hall," even more serious in its comedy than "Interiors." Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through June 28.)

Mary, Queen of Scots (1972)—Periods of history "fraught with intrigue"—as they used to say—don't film well. Mary's "tragic destiny" has always been a movie flop. There's no motivating idea visible in this version, produced by Hal Wallis, and the leaden script, by John Hale, lacks romantic spirit and dramatic sense. Vanessa Redgrave brings a tremulous, romantic-goddess quality to Mary; Glenda Jackson, likable but as contemporary in this version as Bette Davis, gives Elizabeth a sort of camp humor. Her red wigs seem almost prankishly terrible, as if designed to subvert the imposing production. The director, Charles Jarrott, struggles to give it all a little lift, but without a script Hercules couldn't raise this story off the ground. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 28.)

Moonraker—The eleventh in the James Bond



RUN WITH THE RUNNING BRA

The Running Bra for active women is designed specifically to minimize bounce, skin irritation, and collagen tissue breakdown which results in sagging. Built-up plush lined straps. Stay-put leotard back. Crepeset* cups lined with absorbent cotton. Perfect comfort with recommended firm support for all sports. In sizes 34-38A, 32-40B, C, $10. 32-40D, $10.50. White and Champagne. At your favorite store or write Formfit Rogers, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

*Reg. T.M. American Enka

OFFICIAL BRA OF THE PAN AMERICAN GAMES

FORMFIT ROGERS

We support running

We recommend Woolite® cold water wash

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

series, with Roger Moore portraying Bond. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (34th St. East, Gemini 1, Gemini 2, 86th St. East, and Rivoli; starting June 29.)

The Muppet Movie—A musical comedy, with Kermit the Frog, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, and other Jim Henson puppet characters, along with live performers such as Charles Durning and Austin Pendleton. Directed by James Frawley. (Ziegfeld; starting June 22.)

Newsfront—A salute to the men who made movie newsreels in Australia back in the forties and fifties. Directed by Phillip Noyce, who has had the wit to use lots of actual newsreel footage. (6/11/79) (Cinema II; through June 21.)

Nightwing—With Nick Mancuso and David Warner, directed by Arthur Hiller. (Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 2; starting June 29.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through June 21.)

The Old Maid (1939)—Bette Davis doesn't have much talent for masochism. When she attempts the sacrificial-mother roles that were meat and potatoes to many a trouper, she builds the character so painstakingly that she loses her flare and turns mealy. In this costume picture, taken from Zoë Akins' Pulitzer Prize play version of the Edith Wharton novel, she's an unwed mother who is forced to turn over her infant daughter to—of all people—Miriam Hopkins, as her married cousin; then she must stand by and watch as her daughter grows up, treating her contemptuously as a spinster aunt. Full of tight-lipped renunciation, she gives what might be called a creditable performance; the picture isn't bad, but it trudges along and never becomes exciting. Edmund Goulding directed smoothly, from Casey Robinson's screenplay. With Jane Bryan, George Brent, James Stephenson, Louise Fazenda, Jerome Cowan, William Lundigan, and Donald Crisp. (Thalia; June 25.)

Othello (1955)—Orson Welles is both star and director of this film. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting June 26.)

The Pink Panther Strikes Again (1976)—Inspector Clouseau's clenched-jaws politesse is a joke that has run its course. Playing the role for the fourth time, Peter Sellers is required to imitate himself, and his fish-eyed deadpan is joyless. The director, Blake Edwards, sets up promising situations, and then the payoffs are out of step; after the first half hour or so, the film loses momentum. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 21.)

Players—A young tennis player seeking glory on the center court at Wimbledon is also remembering, by dint of innumerable flashbacks, how he got there. Dean-Paul Martin is the tennis player, and an "older woman" he falls in love with is Ali MacGraw. No acting in this movie, but some good tennis. (6/18/79) (Coronet.)

The Pleasure Garden (1925)—The first film that Hitchcock (previously a movie designer and writer) directed. It's about two chorus girls from the Pleasure Garden Theatre; the parts are played by two American actresses—Virginia Valli is the virtuous one, Carmelita Geraghty the villainous one. The picture has ingenious sequences, and it's good to look at, though the story is vintage melodramatic hokum; actually, some of that hokum is hilariously campy now, such as the sequence about a depraved white man in the tropics. With another American, Nita Naldi, and Miles Mander. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 27.)

The Prisoner of Zenda—Peter Sellers in three roles, one of which is mercifully brief. Why was this foolish movie ever made? Ronald Colman is the only prisoner of Zenda worthy of the name. (6/4/79) (Ziegfeld; through June 21.)

Prophecy—With Talia Shire and Robert Foxworth, directed by John Frankenheimer. (Bay Cinema, Loews Ciné, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Rocky II—With Sylvester Stallone, Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers; directed by Stallone. (Loews New York 1, Greenwich, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Romeo and Juliet (1966)—Kenneth MacMillan's production for the Royal Ballet, performed by Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev and the rest of the original cast. Fonteyn and Nureyev were not the dancers the choreography was made for—Lynn Seymour and Christopher Gable were—but they were the dancers the public wanted to see most, and they helped make the ballet a hit. Earlier, the Prokofieff score had been choreographed by Ashton, who declared his ballet obsolete when the Bolshoi arrived with a version starring Ulanova; John Cranko made the first of the Soviet-derived Western productions for the Stuttgart Ballet, but it was the MacMillan version that put "Romeo and Juliet" into standard repertory. This color film was shot by Paul Czinner on the stage at Covent Garden. The method is shaky, but when it works the effect is incomparably real. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 24.)

Saint Jack—A film made by Peter Bogdanovich and set in 1971 in Singapore, where an American called Jack Flowers, played by Ben Gazzara (of the Actors' Studio), scrapes a stingy living promoting business for a Chinese ship-chandler's firm; off duty, he is a pimp with dreams of running the poshest whorehouse in the world. Denholm Elliott, as an accountant, acts with focus and alertness. The script is by Howard Sackler, Paul Theroux, and Mr. Bogdanovich. (5/7/79) (Cinema I; through June 21. . . . ¶ Art, Trans-Lux 85th St., and New Yorker; starting June 22.)

Saturday Night Fever (1977)—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976, *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (Olympia; starting June 29.)

Shane (1953)—The Western stranger in town consciously turned into Galahad on the range. Superficially, this is a Western, but from Shane's knightly costume, from the way his horse canters, from the Agincourt music, it's all too recognizable as an attempt to create a myth—though this particular myth was ready for the remainder counter before the director, George Stevens, picked it up. With chivalric purity as his motivation, the enigmatic Shane (Alan Ladd) defeats enemies twice his size—the largest is the Prince of Darkness himself, Jack Palance. The earth-loving Wyoming homesteaders befriended by Shane include Van Heflin, Jean Arthur as his wife, and Brandon deWilde as their child. The film is overplanned and uninspired; Westerns are better when they're not so self-importantly self-conscious. However, audiences wept over the scene in which a dog mourns at his master's coffin, and Jean Arthur's farewell handshake to Shane—whom she loves—brought forth some sniffles. Brandon deWilde's final cry, "Shane," was heard for years wherever kids played. With Edgar Buchanan, Elisha Cook, Jr., Ben Johnson, and Emile Meyer. The screenplay is by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., from Jack Schaefer's novel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 27.)

The Silent Partner—With Susannah York, Christopher Plummer, and Elliott Gould; directed by Daryl Duke. (Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema; June 22-28.)

Stromboli (1950)—The first of the films that Roberto Rossellini made with Ingrid Bergman; it came out when the press was still full of the scandal of their romance, and it deals with volcanic passions. In Italian. (Thalia; June 26.)

El Super—With Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato, directed by Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal. In Spanish. (Cinema Studio 2; starting June 27.)

Superman—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the film; he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (Olympia; through June 21.)

To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. Fancy, highly emotional, and not as informative as it might be, but some of the footage is very fine. With an English narration. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 24-25.)

The Touch (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period. The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best that Bergman has ever made about certain kinds of love—exact and very affecting. (Thalia; June 24.)

The Tree of Wooden Clogs—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

True Grit (1969)—Henry Hathaway directing John Wayne in a Western undercut by sentimental truisms, about a man's uncle-like relationship with a fourteen- or fifteen-year-old heroine (Kim Darby). The girl is admired—by the film and by John Wayne, at least—for not flinching when a rattlesnake bite is cut out of her flesh with a penknife. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 27.)

Ulysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (New Yorker; through June 21.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A sweetly sung tale of young love unable not to lose its way. Credit for this fearlessly sentimental triumph goes to Jacques Demy, who wrote and directed it, and Michel Legrand, who composed the score. The lovers are played by Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 22-23. No showings at 10:15 P.M. Demy will be present at the 8 P.M. showing on Friday, June 22.)

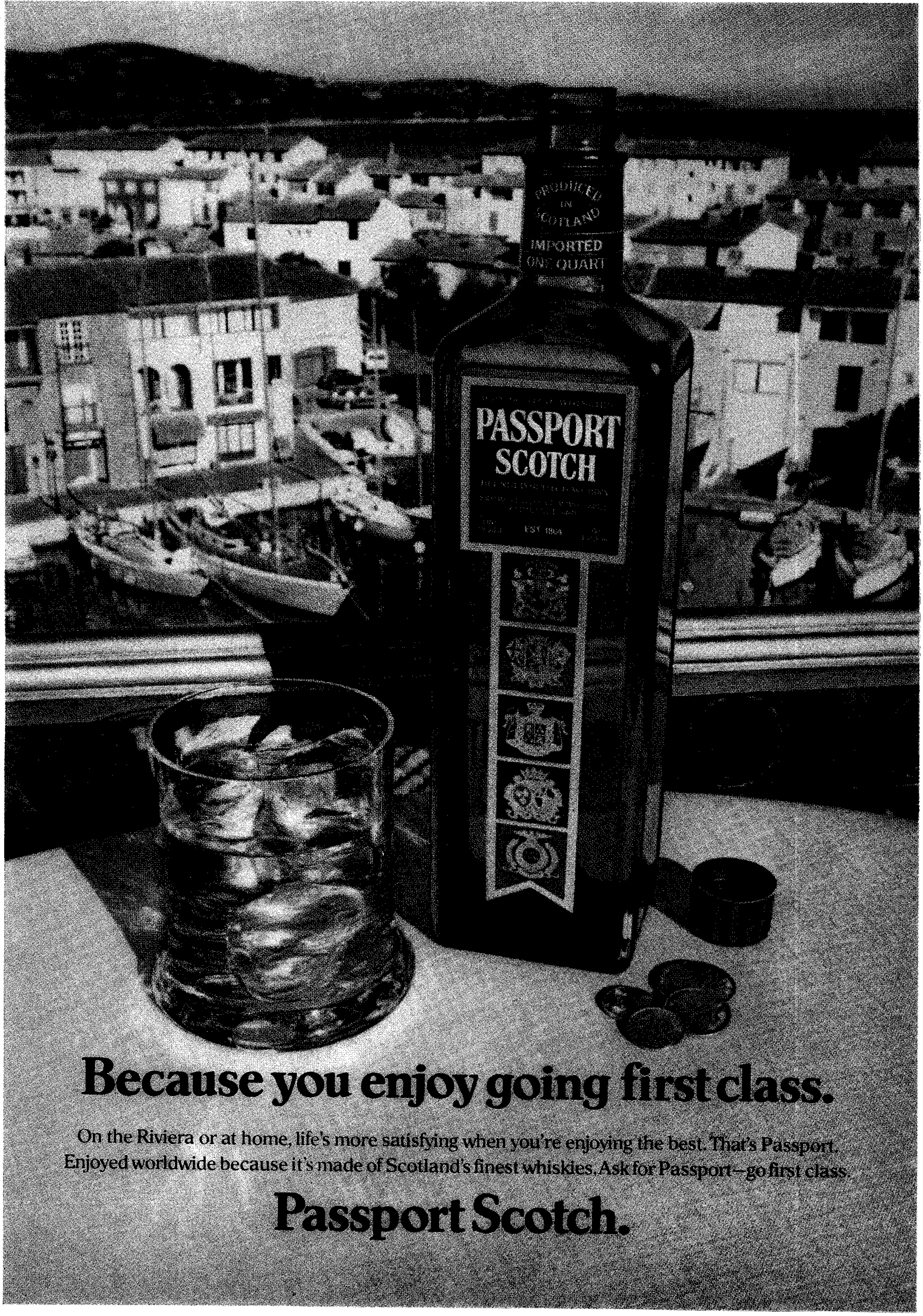
Walk Proud—With Robby Benson, directed by Robert Collins. (Gemini 1; through June 21. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through June 28.)

Wings (1927)—With Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers, directed by William A. Wellman. Fine slambang hokum about airmen in the First World War, with a minute, steel-jawed appearance by the very young Gary Cooper. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 26.)

Woodstock (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Cinema 1; starting June 22.)

The Young Girls of Rochefort (1967)—Jacques Demy's musical, with Gene Kelly and a score by Michel Legrand. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 21, at 6 and 8. Demy will be present at the 8 P.M. showing.)

IMPORTED BY CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.


PRODUCED IN SCOTLAND
IMPORTED
ONE QUART
PASSPORT
SCOTCH
EST 1864

Because you enjoy going first class.

On the Riviera or at home, life's more satisfying when you're enjoying the best. That's Passport. Enjoyed worldwide because it's made of Scotland's finest whiskies. Ask for Passport—go first class.

Passport Scotch.

This Summer savor Sheraton's Latin America.

RIO SHERATON—Want a taste of the action? We've captured the carnival flavor with our view of the beach and our special personality. Delicious!!!

MARIA ISABEL—We're alive with excitement. Festive food, mariachi music, chic shopping are here in Mexico City—yours for the tasting.

LIMA SHERATON—Let Sheraton give you a taste of the excellent cuisine, exciting architecture, and ancient Peruvian culture of "The City of Kings."

MACUTO SHERATON—In Venezuela, gateway to South America, we offer all the sun, surf and superb cuisine you'd expect from a superior resort.

BUENOS AIRES SHERATON—With continental dining and a superb view of elegant Buenos Aires, ours is definitely a sophisticated flavor.

SAN CRISTOBAL—Come play with us in Santiago, Chile. We'll let you feast and fun from morning till way past midnight.

taste Sheraton

Isn't this your summer to savor the newest, fastest growing hotels in Latin America? For a reservation at any Sheraton call: 800-325-3535 • In Missouri: 800-392-3500
Or call your local Sheraton or travel agent.

Sheraton Hotels in Latin America

ARUBA • BUENOS AIRES • CANCUN • CARACAS LA GUAIRA • GUADALAJARA • GUATEMALA CITY • KINGSTON • LA PAZ • LIMA
MEXICO CITY • NASSAU • RIO DE JANEIRO • SAN SALVADOR • SANTIAGO • SANTO DOMINGO • ST. THOMAS • AND AROUND THE WORLD

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

EVERY public issue generates a ready supply of stock phrases and arguments. In the debate over nuclear power, which has grown to national proportions only since the accident at Three Mile Island, a favorite point of the supporters of nuclear power has been: "The fact is that at Three Mile Island no one was killed, no one was injured, and no one lost any property." And they are likely to add that life is full of risks anyway. An appeal to the facts always has a reasonable sound, but in this debate the role of the facts is anomalous. The chief question at Three Mile Island was, of course, not how much damage had been done to the surrounding population (although that, too, became a question, because of the release of some radiation from the reactor) but how close the reactor came to a complete meltdown, in which tens of thousands of deaths might have been caused over the long run and a large territory might have been contaminated for many years. The relevant facts, therefore, had to do with a possibility rather than an actuality. It is in the very nature of the nuclear-power issue that we are all condemned to deal with insubstantial-seeming, wraithlike possibilities rather than hard facts—with what might be rather than what is. As soon as any facts appear—in the form of actual casualties—the issue is closed, and it's too late to do anything. Or, to put it another way, in the matter of catastrophic accident the nuclear-power industry exists on sufferance of its perfect record. It is fated always to live in what the sportscasters call a sudden-death situation: one mistake and the game is over.

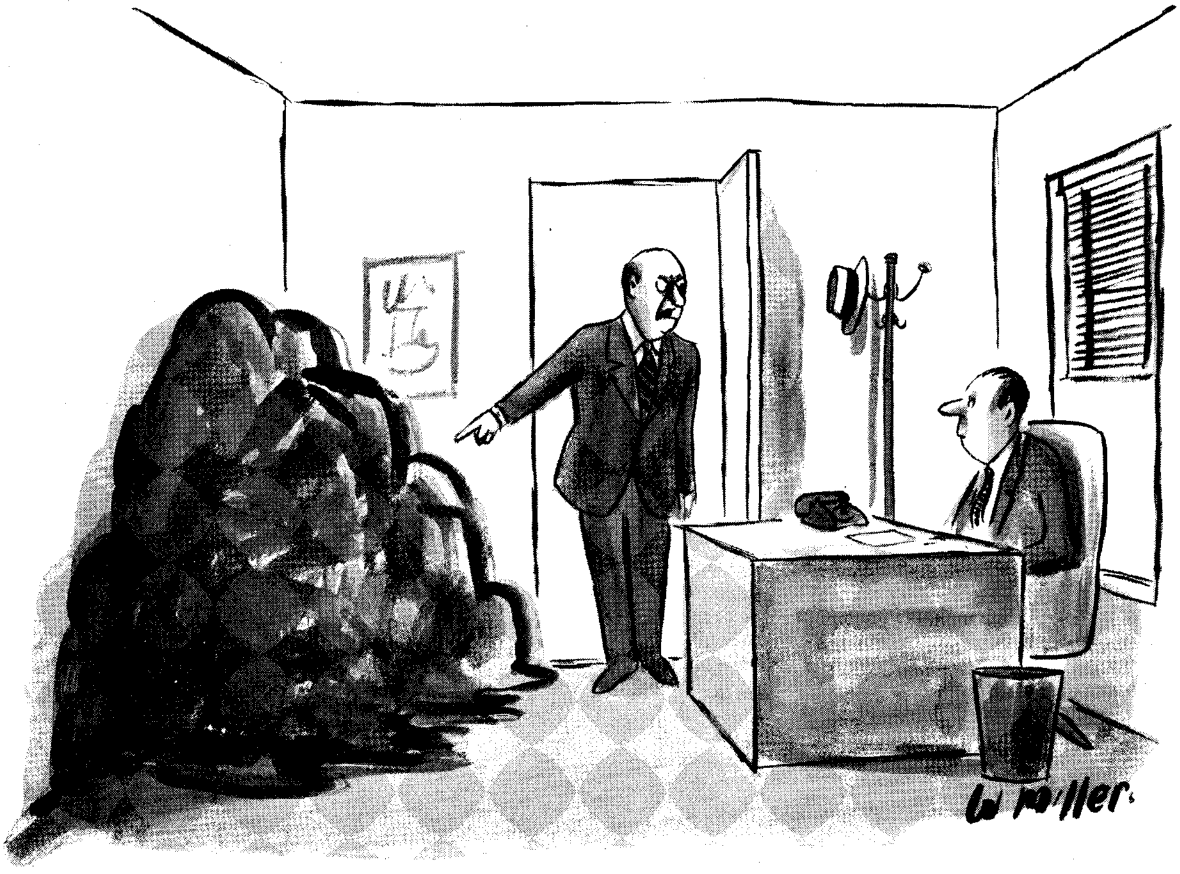
These novel methodological problems arise because nuclear meltdowns belong to a small but apparently growing class of possible man-made disasters that cannot be permitted to happen even once. It would be hard to say at what point a conventional disaster crosses the threshold of the intolerable. Crashes of airliners are in a way intolerable, yet we do tolerate them: when one occurs, we do not halt all air travel. The same holds true for car accidents. In these cases, it seems that we permit individual persons to volunteer for some increment in personal danger in exchange for a benefit. By contrast, the contamination for several decades of a large city or a small country by nuclear debris seems, except (for some people) in the case of war, to be an intolerable risk—one that cannot be permitted to happen even once. (This matter may soon take on immediacy for New Yorkers. Police Lieutenant Robert Hogan, head of the city's Office of Civil Preparedness, recently told the House Budget Committee's Task Force on State and Local Government that in the event of a catastrophic accident at the Indian Point nuclear power plant, in Westchester, or at the Shoreham plant, now under construction on Long Island, "New Yorkers would be trapped," explaining, "There is no plan for anything that catastrophic.") One characteristic of the new class of disaster is simple magnitude; for some reason, we seem to tolerate losses more easily when, as in highway accidents, they occur separately, and to recoil when a large number occur at once. Another, perhaps more significant characteristic is peril to some large and irreparable or irreplaceable piece of nature—such as a species, or the ozone in the upper atmosphere, or the birds in the spring—or to some large piece of human civilization, such as New York City, or to a particular tribe or people.

R. Davidson

In attempts to prevent one-time catastrophes, the usual tools of prediction are useless. Statistics—normally the best instrument for calculating risks—needs repetition in order to make its generalizations, and is helpless in the face of unique events. In attempts to assess the likelihood of these, prognostication is thrown back on judgment and intuition—both notoriously imperfect faculties. Experimentation, in which the consequences of certain kinds of catastrophes can sometimes be gauged, is also sharply limited. Just as one cannot remove the ozone layer in order to find out how important it is to the earth's environment, one cannot release large amounts of radiation into the atmosphere in order to discover its effects on human society. Lacking these experiments, the earth itself becomes the laboratory: it is on the earth that the effects of a particular one-time catastrophe must originally become known. First, by accident, we release the radiation; then, twenty years later, we find out how many cancer deaths may have been caused. In the last analysis, therefore, the limit that restrains our nuclear pioneering is the singularity of the earth. Because there is only one earth, and one mankind living on it, all our experiments with nuclear devices and other lethal substances and machines are at the same time actions taken in real life. Of course, science is capable of many wonders, including, for example, the cloning of a frog. Maybe one day, in some other solar system, our scientists will succeed in cloning the earth itself. Once the human population had been removed, this terrestrial doppelgänger could be turned into a laboratory—a sort of practice-earth—on which the nuclear advocates, the pesticide manufacturers, the doomsday scenarists (who also could use a spare planet or two to test their theories), and all the other enthusiasts and practitioners of the new life-as-risk philosophy could try out their ideas to their hearts' content. Until then, though, they would do well to leave our present earth—the parent of us all and our only home—alone.

THE Holy Father's visit to Poland became a happy family reunion. It was, no doubt about it, a profoundly religious occasion, but it was a surprisingly secular, political one, too. The Pope addressed the crowds not only as their spiritual father but as a brother, as a friend of everyone present. And we suddenly felt that that faceless multitude was composed of the separate people who were answering, each in his own fashion, a very personal call. Even the absent became vividly real to us when they were spoken to in such a direct way. To the Pope, it seemed, everybody was unique and special. The crowds felt it, and when he grew too solemn or sad they clasped hands and, just to cheer him up and show their happiness, sang together—campfire songs. Apparently delighted, he sang along. We tried to think, in the quiet of our living room, about the other times we had seen such human multitudes on the screen of our television set. They were marching soldiers or angry, restless protesters, whose shouts and songs were hoarse and menacing. Sometimes they were mute: resigned and defeated refugees, recognizable and yet alien—strangely separated from us, the way a crowd is from a watching bystander. But now we joined this group and were moved by its tears and cheered by its songs. The Pope's evident regard for a basic human right—recognition of the uniqueness of everybody's life—made us a member of that family. We could not recall when the last time was that we had seen a million happy people. Even less could we remember being a part of such a crowd. Were we, ever?

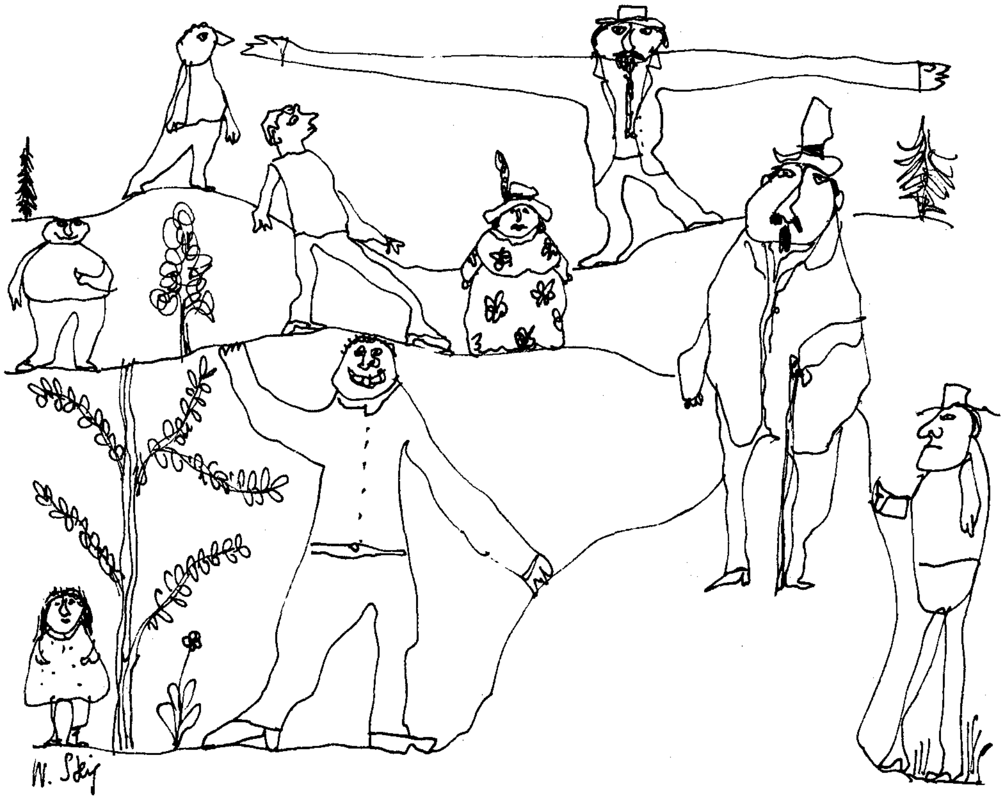
LAST week, on the very day the United States Senate was passing, by a vote of fifty-two to forty-one, an amendment to the defense-authorization bill to force President Carter to lift the existing economic sanctions against Rhodesia (now called Zimbabwe Rhodesia), the white commander of the Rhodesian armed forces, Lieutenant General Peter Walls, was declaring in Salisbury that his country faces heavy fighting between government and guerrilla forces in the months ahead. Only a few weeks earlier, the General was predicting that the rebel soldiers would soon heed the call of the new black Prime Minister, the Methodist Bishop Abel Muzorewa, to desert the guerrilla organizations and join the government's security forces. Now, according to the *Times*, the General attributes the guerrillas' reluctance to change sides to the fact that President Carter has refused to alter his policy toward Rhodesia. "Those terrorists who have been wavering," the General reasons, "will say, 'Well, America must know. If President Carter says the new government is a trick, it must be.' " If the new government is indeed a "trick," then the deception must surely derive from the fact that the current constitution is the latest device of Rhodesia's white minority, which now makes up about four per cent of the country's population, to let it retain a disproportionate voice in the government, including control over the armed forces, the police, the judiciary, and the civil service, for years to come.



"You call this a mere bagatelle?"

There is something wildly perverse about the persistent notion that Rhodesia's current plight is the fault of the government of the United States. Writing in the *Times*, William Safire accuses the President of trying to "destabilize" what Safire calls "the most freely elected government in Africa." In the Senate, much the same line is proclaimed by such men as Harry Byrd, of Virginia, Jesse Helms, of North Carolina, and S. I. Hayakawa, of California. For this group, the Rhodesian minority, however small it may be, has long been a cherished cause, partly because it is "white" and "anti-Communist," and partly, perhaps, because it has chrome, tobacco, and other commodities to sell. Never mind that the Muzorewa government is incapable of stopping the Rhodesian civil war on its own; never mind that the present constitutional solution is vehemently opposed by so many black African states—though even Senators Byrd, Helms, and Hayakawa can hardly fail to note Nigeria's recent implicit warning that the policies of the United States, Britain, and other Western countries toward Rhodesia may have a bearing on the size and price of future deliveries of Nigerian oil. Pointing out that last week's Senate action wasn't quite as bad as the seventy-five-to-nineteen vote by which the Senate last month adopted a resolution advocating the lifting of sanctions, the White House professes to welcome the latest vote as a reflection of Congress's "continuing education" about the problems of southern Africa. The education is continuing, alas, at far too sluggish a pace.

• •



Landscape with Figures

• •

The Blues Abroad

A FEW weeks ago, we were lucky enough to attend a B. B. King concert in the Gorky Culture Palace in Leningrad. B. B. King, correctly described by his publicity as the best-known blues musician in the world, had been touring the Soviet Union for three weeks, generating waves of enthusiasm among its citizens—who had known jazz well but had had little idea what the blues was. The tour began with a concert in the capital of Azerbaijan; it moved on to Yerevan and then to Tbilisi, where, according to a State Department aide, the impulsive Georgians nearly started a riot, shoving into the theatre until two people sat in every seat. In Leningrad, excitement had been building up long before we reached the Culture Palace. There had been absolutely no advance publicity in the city, but all our Russian friends knew about the concert from "the Voice"—the Voice of America. The afternoon of the concert, a subtle excitement diffused itself through the crowds on Nevsky Prospekt. On the Metro, groups of well-dressed people were eying one another and anxiously demanding the time. The horde of ticket scalpers encountered on the way to any Soviet performance extended this time all the way down into the subway. "Do you have extra tickets?" people were shouting on all sides. Vasilii, a Russian friend who was with us, said that on the street tickets were going for between fifty and a hundred rubles apiece—that is, between seventy-five and a hundred and fifty dollars.

Inside the performance hall, we found an ample display of Soviet fashion. There were endless pairs of American jeans, which women wore with skinny-heeled Italian ankle boots that are the *dernier cri* of Russian style. The really chic men wore not only jeans but one or two additional items of denim—for example, a jacket and a vest. The curious thing about the crowd, though, was that it consisted not mainly of young people, as one might expect, but of people of all ages. There were many middle-aged men and women, dressed in their best baggy suits and polyester dresses. There were small children, and there were some of the oldest *babushki* I have ever seen, walking slowly, with pleased grins, their heads wrapped in shawls.

A slick-haired Soviet m.c. announced B. B. King ("A great *Negritanski* musician"), and then King was onstage with his well-known guitar—Lucille—and with a ten-man ensemble. As King and the ensemble swung into "Why I Sing the Blues," one could sense the puzzlement of the Soviet audience. "Negro" music to them meant jazz or spirituals, but this was something else. Also, there was the question of response. B. B. King is a great, warm presence when he performs, and he asks his audiences to pour themselves out to him in return. King teases his audiences, urging them to clap along, to whistle, to hoot their appreciation, like the congregations in the Southern churches in which he grew up. But to the Russians such behavior suggests a lack of culture and an almost frightening disorder. Though obviously impressed, the audience at first kept a respectful silence during the numbers, as it might at the symphony. (Only the foreigners shouted and stomped out the beat; we found the Russians around us staring at us openmouthed.) Then King played an irresistible riff, stopped, and leaned toward the audience with his hand cupped to his ear. The audience caught on and began to clap. King changed the beat, and waited for the audience to catch up. Then he changed it again. Soon the whole place was clapping along to "Get off My Back, Woman," and there were even a few timid shouts and whistles. King, who has carried the blues to Europe, Africa, and the Far East, had broken the ice one more time.

At intermission, we were fortunate enough to talk to B. B. King. He rose when we came into his dressing room, a large, dark-skinned man with sweat glistening on his forehead. Mr. King is one of the few performers whom it is not a revelation to see close up; he presents himself onstage exactly as he is, and his conversation has the same warmth and intermittent playfulness as his music. We asked him about his experiences in the Soviet Union, and he answered carefully, glancing occasionally at his manager, Sid Seidenberg, who stood by the door, and at an Intourist guide sitting nearby. (The backstage area was bristling with security people and Intourist personnel; our friend Vasilii said, "This place is full of K.G.B.") Mr. King said that although he preferred capitalism, he respected the Soviet system, and that he had been impressed by the cordial hospitality of the Soviet people. Audiences all over the Soviet Union, he said, had received his music enthusiastically. "The blues is likely something they've never heard before," he said. "I like to help them understand." He told us a bit about touring Georgia and Armenia—his favorite parts of the Soviet Union. His best memory, he said, was driving up to a mountain lake in Armenia, eating a fish dinner, and meeting the local farm people. "I grew up working on farms," he added.

We asked Mr. King what he felt he'd learned from touring the Soviet Union, and he seemed to give the question serious thought.

"I've learned two things," he said, finally, leaning toward us. "The first is patience. The Soviet people are very patient. When things don't happen on time—if a plane doesn't take off for three hours, if a meal doesn't come—they wait. I've learned how to wait. The second thing I've learned here is that you can be a great musician and an amateur. I didn't think that was possible before I came to the Soviet Union. But we have listened to—and in one case actually jammed with—some very fine jazz musicians in Baku and Tbilisi. None of them were professionals."

We asked Mr. King what he thought of Soviet jazz. "Jazz is a peculiarly American kind of music," we said. "What does it seem like to you when it's played by people whose own musical heritage is so different?"

"I was very impressed by what I heard," he said. "They were good technically—sure, that you'd expect. But these fellows *felt* the music, and that's what impressed me. I don't know where they got the feeling, but they felt it."

We said goodbye to Mr. King and left the dressing room to talk with some of his back-up musicians. These musicians were less guarded in their comments. Like Mr. King, they were happy about the audience response, and they praised the jazz musicians of Baku and Tbilisi. But they generally agreed that for a touring musician the Soviet Union is a boring place.

"There's nothing to *do* here," said one. "At home, we'd finish up the show and go to some little after-hours joint and listen to some *music* or something. But there's nothing like that here. Everything closes down. It's hard to meet women. It's hard to meet *any*body."

Another player complained, "It's like a damn prison here. We go down to dinner in a big group, we go up to our rooms in a group, and there's two, three Russians watching us all the time. Are we followed? Hell, yes. I live in New York. I know the fuzz when I see it. Guides, they call them. They don't like us to do one thing on our own. I like the people, man. The people—especially those Georgians—are something else, if you can just get away from the guides."

By the second half of the performance, the audience was looser than any other Soviet audience I'd ever seen. People whistled, they hooted with delight, they clapped along, answering B. B. King's playful coaxing on the guitar. The guards standing against the auditorium walls looked uneasy. "This is exactly what they don't like," whispered Vasilii. "This rowdiness. They're terrified of a riot." The music, already superb, got better and better. By the time B. B. King swung into his final song—the showstopper—"The Thrill Is Gone," the audience was in love. Following the number, there was tumultuous applause, flowers were flung on the stage, and three Soviet hippies forced their way up onto the stage to kiss B. B. King's hands and to get his autograph. They were quickly wrestled away by a combination of American and Soviet security forces. B. B. King bent to shake hands from the stage, and the guards frowned some more as the crowd broke out into a roaring chant of "B. B. King! B. B. King!" Quickly, the guards fanned out through the audience, pushing people toward the cloakrooms and ending the wild applause before it really got going. At one point, during a lull, we had a chance to talk to our neighbor, a woman who had initially stared at our clapping. She was a well-dressed middle-aged woman who hadn't taken part in any of the "rowdy" behavior. Nevertheless, she had seemed deeply moved by the performance, and when we asked her how she had enjoyed it, we saw that she had tears in her eyes. "I have been studying American Negro music for years," she said. "I have listened to hundreds of records. It has been a kind of dream of mine to attend a live performance. Now—all that I can say is that I understand the music. One performance is worth a thousand records."

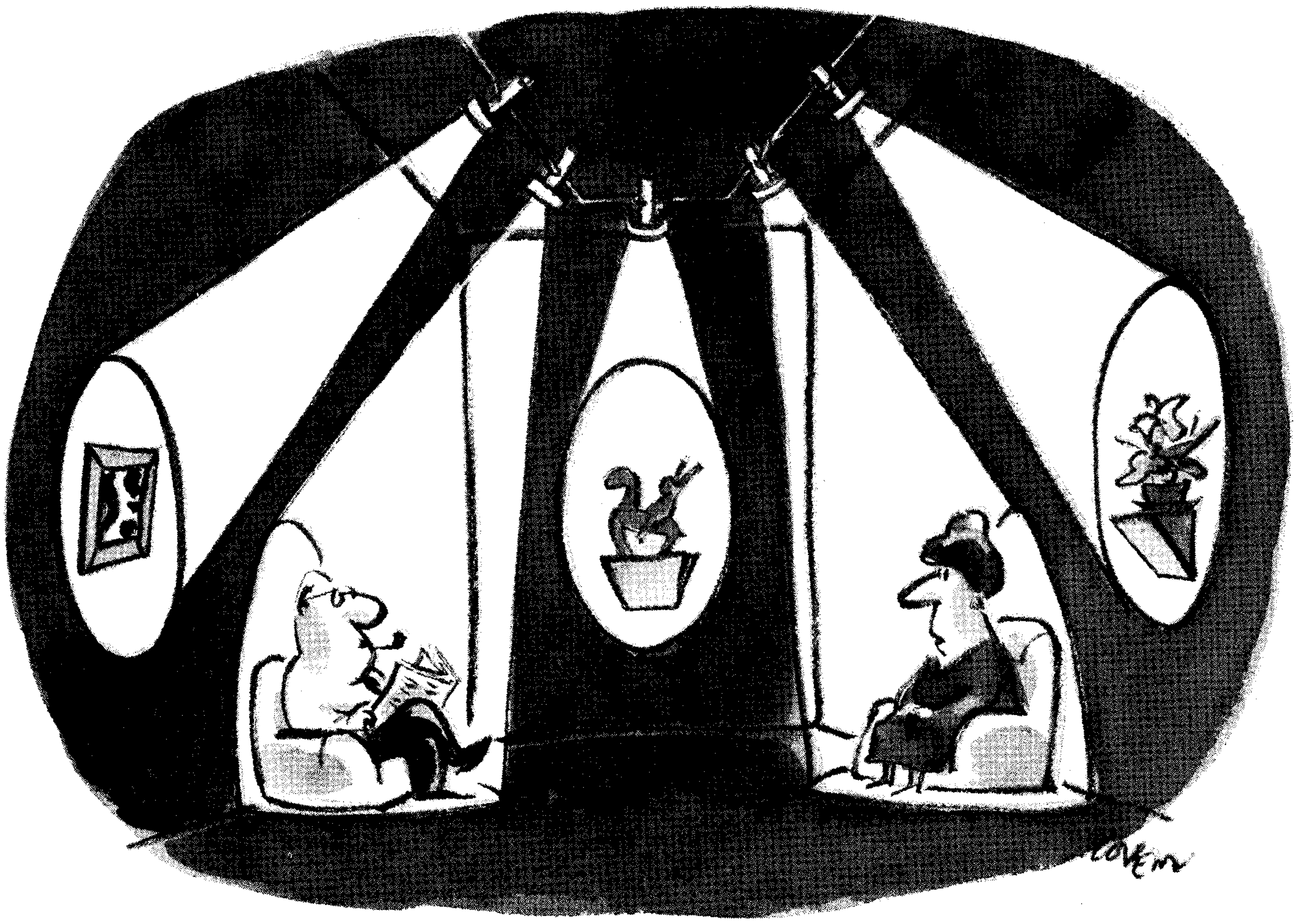
In the cloakroom line, we talked to other local people. The reactions were all enthusiastic and emotional. One girl said, "This is one of the greatest things that ever happened to me in my life! A friend gave me the tickets; I never expected to go. It's almost impossible for an ordinary person like me to see something like this. You have to be special—to have a lot of money or some Party connections—to get to a performance like this."

An older man in a baggy suit looked thoughtful as we talked to him. "B. B. King," he said, pronouncing the syllables distinctly. "B. B. King astounded me. This blues music—it's not like jazz. He poured his whole heart and soul out there on the stage. Such feeling is very Russian—we believe in emotion, in the soul. I never thought that an American could feel that way."

On the Thames

A Correspondent who stumbled into the exurbs one recent Saturday has sent us the following dispatch:

Dateline: Quaker Hill, Connecticut. Precise position: Donald Espinosa's front yard. View: The Thames River. Reference point: Upstream from Naval Submarine Base, U.S. Coast Guard Academy, city of New London, Connecticut College, and starting line of Yale-Harvard Regatta, annual eight-man-crew four-mile boat race. Espinosa's front yard situated at same latitude as finish line. Regatta won by Harvard sixty-six times in previous one



"Arthur, I think I liked our little nest better before we put in track lighting."

• •

hundred thirteen meetings, nineteen times in past twenty years. Yale varsity crew, as yet undefeated in 1979, uncharacteristically favored to win one-hundred-fourteenth edition, embrace chance to thumb noses at Harvard for first time since 1962. Crowd scene around Espinosa's yard resembles tourist-agency advertisement for Bermuda or photographs from Talbots' summer catalogue. Evident in excess: pastel pinks and limes, madras trousers, Frisbees, hibachi grills, steaming clams, imported beer, optimism of Yale partisans. Parking concession big annual bonanza for Donald Espinosa & Family. Front-row parking spots go for seven bucks, second row for five, all others two dollars. In case of downpour, front-row spots offer refuge and limited view of finish line. Otherwise, prime vantage point is, of course, on the Thames, where armada of sloops, yawls, Sunfish, cabin cruisers, dinghies, and full-fledged yachts—panoply of weekend passenger tonnage reminiscent of Tall Ships et al. in New York Harbor—has convened. Weather: warm, hazy. Freshman race, two-mile event, starts on time at 5:15 P.M., to accompaniment of sportscast from New London radio station ("Now, Dave, Yale's increased their strokes-per-minute at this point, and, of course, they've done that not to stay ahead but to keep from falling behind"). Spectators, gathered at edge of sandy riparian bluff, too busy nudging each other over precipice to decode play-by-play. Yale freshmen, like Yale varsity, enter race unbeaten, favored to vanquish opposition. Manage to lose anyway, by almost four seconds. Mass retreat from bluff to aluminum folding chairs, picnic blankets, gazpacho, fried chicken. Wait for second race, junior-varsity three-miler. To kill time, light-hearted young alumni, unfamiliar with adult cares, indulge in annual ritual known as Painting the Rock. Big boulder, at edge of Thames, painted white with crimson "H" by Harvards; implicit invitation to Yalies to try to paint it blue; Harvards defend Rock, threaten physical harm to Yalies. Jayvee race begins shortly before six o'clock. Scan roster. Most colorful name on Yale crew: Magruder Dent. Human-interest story: Yale jayvee coxswain, Guy Gregoire, as freshman in 1978 steered boat into buoy. Considered bad form. Hoping to avenge this humiliation. Does! Yale jayvees win by ten seconds! Crowd returns to folding chairs, picnic blankets. Radio dials periodically switched to broadcasts of track call from Belmont Stakes and Yankees' extra-innings saga against K.C. Royals. In clutch, Spectacular Bid shows, Yankees place. Change in lineup for varsity finale: Harry You, Harvard coxswain, declared late scratch. Peter Kao, retired from crew since freshman year, 1976, pulls a Frank Merriwell, fills in for Harry You. Opportunity to be hero presents itself; Kao seizes it. Race begins. Yale boat holds lead of nearly a half boat length over first two and a half miles, loses lead by three-mile mark, trails by nearly a half boat length at three-and-a-half-mile mark, loses race by two and a half seconds. Both crews improve upon upstream record for Thames four-mile course. Still, having seen Yale lose Regatta for umpteenth time, loyal alumni adopt familiar bummed-out demeanor. Spectators retreat to folding chairs, picnic blankets for final toasts. Dusk arrives. Espinosa's parking lot reverts to front yard.

THE GHOST WRITER

PART ONE

Maestro

IT was the last daylight hour of a December afternoon more than twenty years ago—I was twenty-three, writing and publishing my first short stories, and like many a *Bildungsroman* hero before me, already contemplating my own massive *Bildungsroman*—when I arrived at his hideaway to meet the great man. The clapboard farmhouse was at the end of an unpaved road twelve hundred feet up in the Berkshires, yet the figure who emerged from the study to bestow a ceremonious greeting wore a gray gabardine suit, a knitted blue tie clipped to a white shirt by an unadorned silver clasp, and well-brushed ministerial black shoes that made me think of him stepping down from a shoeshine stand rather than the high altar of art. Before I had composure enough to notice the commanding, autocratic angle at which he held his chin, or the regal, meticulous, rather dainty care he took to arrange his clothes before sitting—to notice anything, really, other than that I had miraculously made it from my unliterary origins to here, to him—my impression was that E. I. Lonoff looked more like the local superintendent of schools than the region's most original storyteller since Melville and Hawthorne.

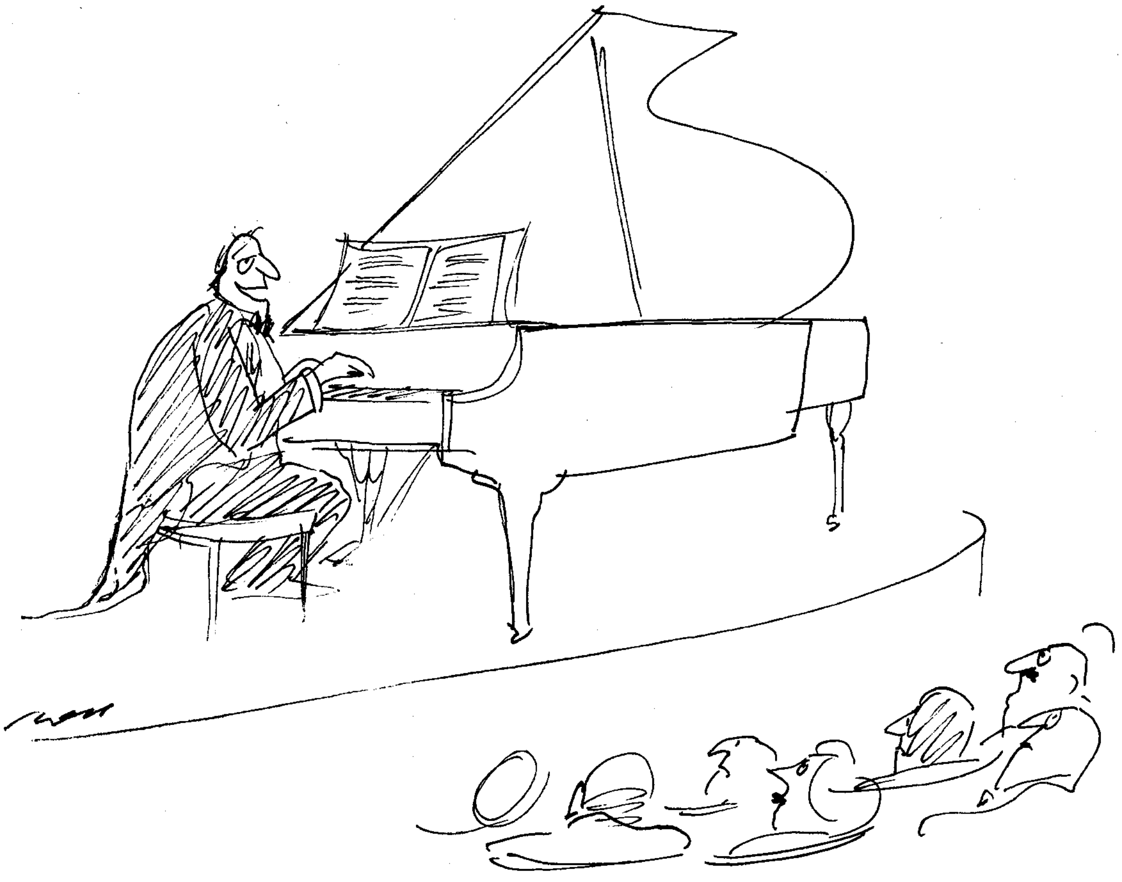
Not that the New York gossip about him should have led me to expect anything more grand. When I had recently raised his name before the jury at my first Manhattan publishing party—I'd arrived, excited as a starlet, on the arm of an elderly editor—Lonoff was almost immediately disposed of by the wits on hand as though it were comical that a Jew of his generation, an immigrant child to begin with, should have married the scion of an old New England family and lived all these years "in the country"—that is to say, in the goyish wilderness of birds and trees where America began and long ago had ended. However, since everybody else of renown I mentioned at the party also seemed slightly amusing to those in the know, I had been skeptical about their satiric descriptions of the famous rural recluse. In fact, from what I saw at that party, I could begin to understand why hiding out twelve hundred feet up in the mountains with just the birds and the trees might not be a bad idea for a writer, Jewish or not.

The living room he took me into was neat, cozy, and plain: a large circular hooked rug, some slipcovered easy chairs, a worn sofa, a long wall of books, a piano, a phonograph, an oak library table systematically stacked with journals and magazines. Above the white wainscoting, the pale yellow walls were bare but for half a dozen amateur watercolors of the old farmhouse in different seasons. Beyond the cushioned windowseats and the colorless cotton curtains tied primly back, I could see the bare limbs of big dark maple trees and fields of driven snow. Purity. Serenity. Simplicity. Seclusion. All one's concentration and flamboyance and originality reserved for the gruelling, exalted, transcendent calling. I looked around and I thought, This is how I will live.

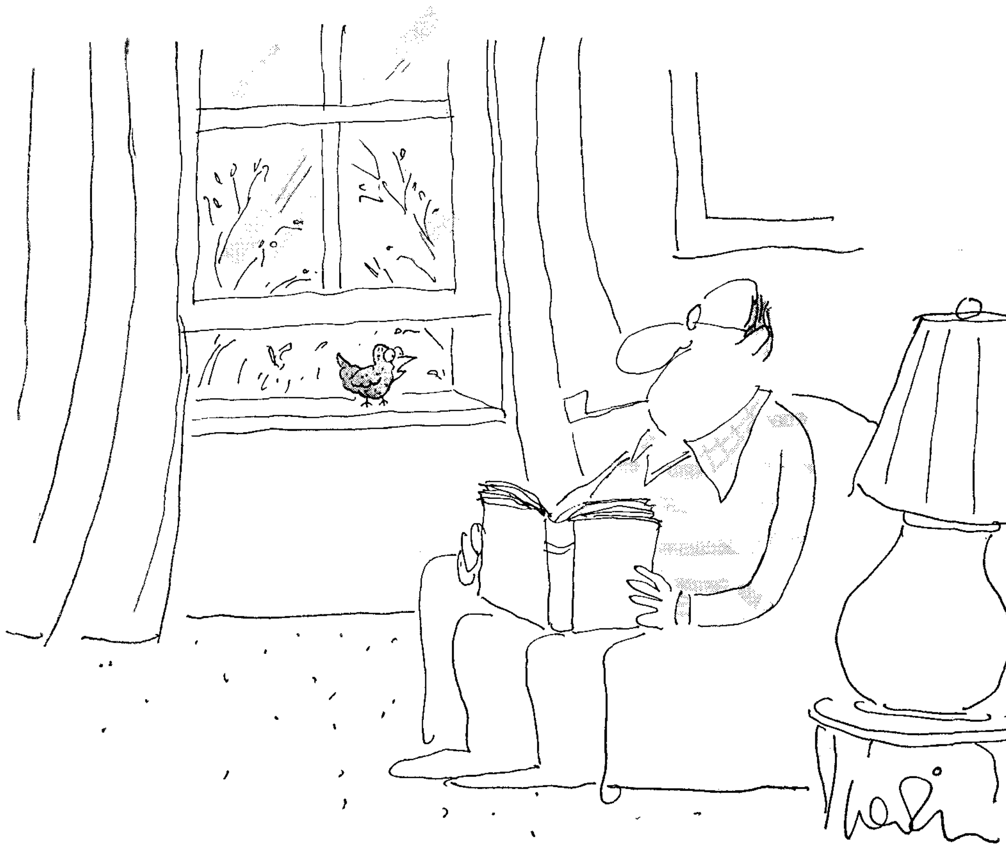
After directing me to one of a pair of easy chairs beside the fireplace, Lonoff removed the fire screen and peered in to be sure the damper was open. With a wooden match he lighted the kindling that apparently had been laid there in anticipation of our meeting. Then he placed the fire screen back into position as precisely as though it were being fitted into a groove in the hearth. Certain that the logs had caught—satisfied that he had successfully ignited a fire without endangering the two-hundred-year-old house or its inhabitants—he was ready at last to join me. With hands that were almost ladylike in the swiftness and delicacy of their movements, he hiked the crease in each trouser leg, and took his seat. He moved with a notable lightness for such a large, heavyset man.

"How would you prefer to be addressed?" asked Emanuel Isidore Lonoff. "As Nathan, Nate, or Nat? Or have you another preference entirely?" Friends and acquaintances called him Manny, he informed me, and I should do the same. "That will make conversation easier."

I doubted that, but I smiled to indicate that no matter how light-headed it was bound to leave me, I would obey. The master then proceeded to undo me further by asking to hear something from me about my life. Needless to say, there wasn't much to report about my life in 1956—certainly not, as I saw it, to someone so knowing and deep. I had been raised by doting par-



"And now, Beethoven's 'Moonlight' Sonata, while drunk."



"Hi there. Roses are coming into bloom, so now's the time to spray them for aphids, slugs, and thrips. Tidying up the flower beds is in order before putting in your biennials. In the vegetable garden, you can now harvest carrots and early peas. And don't forget to prune the hedges and evergreens."

• •

ents in a Newark neighborhood neither rich nor poor; I had a younger brother who was said to idolize me; at a good local high school and an excellent college I had performed as generations of my forebears had expected me to; subsequently I had served in the Army, stationed just an hour from home, writing public-information handouts for a Fort Dix major even while the massacre for which my carcass had been drafted was being bloodily concluded in Korea. Since my discharge I had been living and writing in a five-flight walkup off lower Broadway—characterized by my girlfriend, when she came to share the place and fix it up a little, as the home of an unchaste monk.

To support myself I crossed the river to New Jersey three days a week to a job I'd held on and off since my first summer in college, when I'd answered an ad promising high commissions to aggressive salesmen. At eight each morning our crew was driven to some New Jersey mill town to sell magazine subscriptions door-to-door, and at six we were picked up outside a designated saloon and driven back to downtown Newark by the overseer, McElroy. He was a spiffy rummy with a hairline mustache who never tired of warning us—two high-minded boys who were putting away their earnings for an education, and three listless old-timers, pale, puffy men wrecked by every conceivable misfortune—not to fool with the housewives we found alone at home in their curlers: you could get your neck broken by an irate husband, you could be set up for walloping blackmail, you could catch any one of fifty leprous varieties of clap, and what was more, there were only so many hours in the day. "Either get laid," he coldly advised us, "or sell *Silver Screen.* Take your pick." "Mammon's Moses," we two college boys cleverly called him. Since no housewife ever indicated a desire to invite me into the hallway to so much as rest my feet—and I was vigilantly on the lookout for lasciviousness flaring up in any woman of any age who seemed even half willing to listen to me from behind her screen door—I of necessity chose perfection in the work rather than the life, and by the end of each long day of canvassing, had ten to twenty dollars in commissions to my credit and an unblemished future still before me. It was only a matter of weeks since I had relinquished this unhallowed life—and the girlfriend in the five-flight walkup, whom I no longer loved—and, with the help of the distinguished New York editor, had been welcomed for the winter months as a communicant at the Quahsay Colony, the rural artists' retreat across the state line from Lonoff's mountain.

From Quahsay I had sent Lonoff the literary quarterlies that had published my stories—four so far—along with a letter telling him how much he had meant to me when I came upon his work "some years ago" in college. In the same breath I mentioned coming upon his "kinsmen" Chekhov and Gogol, and went on to reveal in other unmistakable ways just how serious a literary fellow I was—and hand in hand with that, how young. But then nothing I had ever written put me in such a sweat as that letter. Everything undeniably true struck me as transparently false as soon as I wrote it down, and the greater the effort to be sincere, the worse it went. I finally sent him the tenth draft and then tried to stick my arm down the throat of the mailbox to extract it.

I wasn't doing any better in the plain and cozy living room with my autobiography. Because I could not bring myself to utter even the mildest obscenity in front of Lonoff's Early American mantelpiece, my imitation of Mr. McElroy—a great favorite among my friends—didn't have much to recommend it. Nor could I speak easily of all McElroy had warned us against, or begin to mention how tempted I would have been to yield, if opportunity had only knocked. You would have thought, listening to my bowdlerized version of what was a tepid enough little life history, that rather than having received a warm and gracious letter from the famous writer inviting me to come and spend a pleasant evening in his house, I had made this journey to plead a matter of utmost personal urgency before the most stringent of inquisitors, and that if I made one wrong move, something of immeasurable value to me would be lost forever.

Which was pretty much the case,

THE GUTTURAL MUSE

Late summer, and at midnight
I smelt the heat of the day:
At my window over the hotel car park
I breathed the muddied night airs off the lake
And watched a young crowd leave the discothèque.

Their voices rose up thick and comforting
As oily bubbles the feeding tench sent up
That evening at dusk—the slimy tench
Once called the doctor fish because his slime
Was said to heal the wounds of fish that touched it.

A girl in a white dress
Was being courted out among the cars:
As her voice swarmed and puddled into laughs
I felt like some old pike all badged with sores
Wanting to swim in touch with soft-mouthed life.

—Seamus Heaney

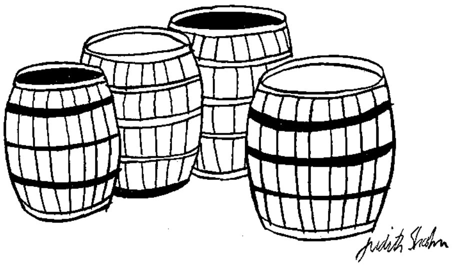
• •

even if I didn't completely understand as yet how desperate I was for his recognition, and why. Far from being nonplussed by my bashful, breathless delivery—out of character though it was for me in those confident years—I should have been surprised to find that I wasn't down on the hooked rug, supplicating at his feet. For I had come, you see, to submit myself for candidacy as nothing less than E. I. Lonoff's spiritual son, to petition for his moral sponsorship and to win, if I could, the magical protection of his advocacy and his love. Of course, I had a loving father of my own, whom I could ask the world of any day of the week, but my father was a foot doctor and not an artist, and lately we had been having serious trouble in the family because of a new story of mine. He was so bewildered by what I had written that he had gone running to *his* moral mentor, a certain Judge Leopold Wapter, to get the judge to get his son to see the light. As a result, after two decades of a more or less unbroken amiable conversation, we had not been speaking for nearly five weeks now, and I was off and away seeking patriarchal validation elsewhere.

And not just from a father who was an artist instead of a foot doctor, but from the most famous literary ascetic in America, that giant of patience and fortitude and selflessness who, in the twenty-five years between his first book and his sixth (for which he was given a National Book Award that he quietly declined to accept), had virtually no readership or recognition, and invariably would be dismissed, if and when he was even mentioned, as some quaint remnant of the Old World ghetto, an out-of-step folklorist pathetically oblivious of the major currents of literature and society. Hardly anyone knew who he was or where he lived, and for a quarter of a century almost nobody cared. Even among his readers there had been some who thought that E. I. Lonoff's fantasies about Americans had been written in Yiddish somewhere inside czarist Russia before he supposedly died there (as in fact his father had nearly perished) from injuries suffered in a pogrom. What was so admirable to me was not only the tenacity that had kept him writing his own kind of stories all that time but that having been "discovered" and popularized, he refused all awards and degrees, declined membership in all honorary institutions, granted no public interviews, and chose not to be photographed, as though to associate his face with his fiction were a ridiculous irrelevancy.

The only photograph anyone in the reading public had ever seen was the watery sepia portrait that had appeared in 1927 on an inside jacket flap of "It's Your Funeral": the handsome young artist with the lyrical almond eyes and the dark prow of a paramour's pompadour and the kissable, expressive underlip. So different was he now, not just because of jowls and a belly and the white-fringed cranium but as a human type altogether, that I thought (once I began to be able to think) it had to be something more ruthless than time that accounted for the metamorphosis: it would have to be Lonoff himself. Other than the full, glossy eyebrows and the vaguely heavenward tilt of the willful chin, there was really nothing at all to identify him, at fifty-six, with the photo of the passionate, forlorn, shy Valentino who, in the decade lorded over by the young Hemingway and Fitzgerald, had written a collection of short stories about wandering Jews unlike anything written before by any Jew who had wandered into America.

In fact, my own first reading through Lonoff's canon—as an orthodox college atheist and highbrow-in-training—had done more to make me realize how much I was still my family's Jewish offspring than anything I had carried forward to the University of Chicago from childhood Hebrew lessons, or mother's kitchen, or the discussions I used to hear among my parents and our relatives about the perils of intermarriage, the problem of Santa Claus, and the injustice of medical-school quotas (quotas that, as I understood early on, accounted for my father's career in chiropody and his ardent lifelong support of the B'nai B'rith Anti-Defamation League). As a grade-school kid I could already debate these intricate issues with anyone (and did, when called upon); by the time I left for Chicago, however, my passion had been pretty well spent and I was as ready as an adolescent could be to fall headlong for Robert Hutchins' Humanities One. But then, along with tens of thousands of others, I discovered E. I. Lonoff, whose fiction seemed to me a response to the same burden of exclusion and confinement that still weighed upon the lives of those who had raised me, and that had informed our relentless household obsession with the status of the Jews. The pride inspired in my parents by the establishment in 1948 of a homeland in Palestine that would gather in the unmurdered remnant of European Jewry was, in fact, not so unlike what welled up in me when I first came upon Lonoff's thwarted, secretive, imprisoned souls and realized that out of everything humbling from which my own striving, troubled father had labored to elevate us all, a literature of such dour wit and poignancy could be shamelessly conceived. To me it was as though the hallucinatory strains in Gogol had been filtered through the humane skepticism of Chekhov to nourish the country's first "Russian" writer. Or so I argued at great length in the college essay where I "analyzed" Lonoff's style but kept to myself an explication of the feelings of kinship that his stories had revived in me for our own largely



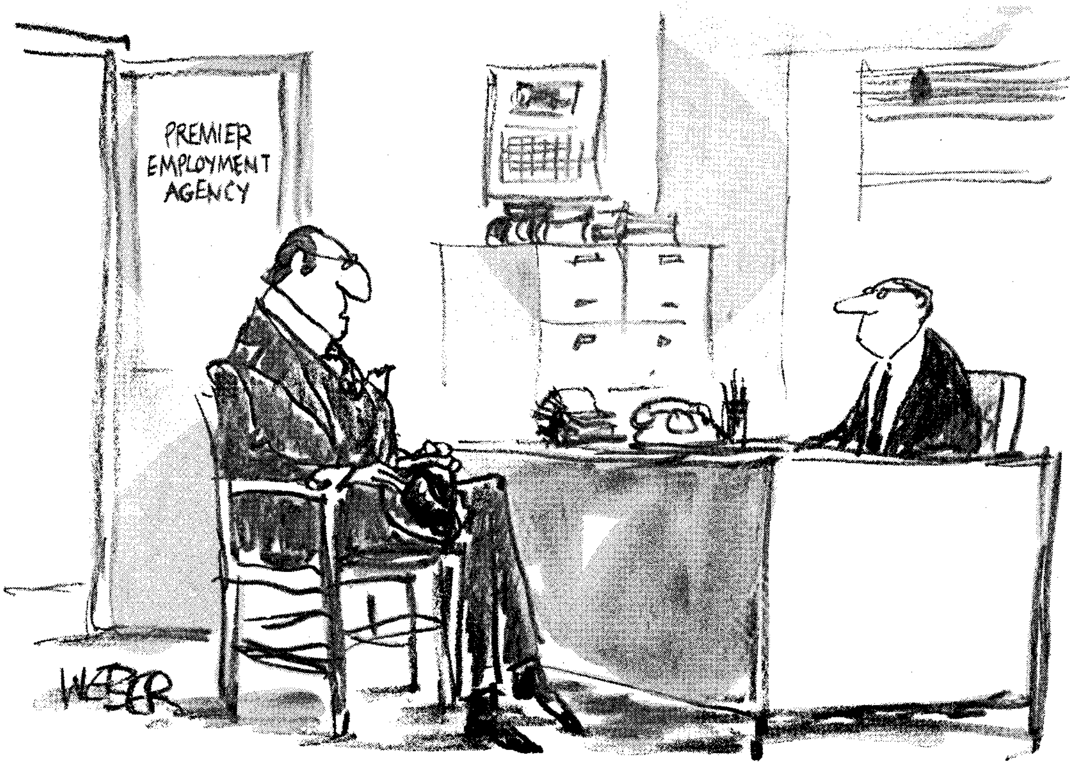
"Your witness."

• •

Americanized clan, moneyless immigrant shopkeepers to begin with, who'd carried on with a shtetl life ten minutes' walk from the pillared banks and gargoyled insurance cathedrals of downtown Newark; and what is more, feelings of kinship for our pious, unknown ancestors, whose Galician tribulations had been only a little less foreign to me, while growing up securely in New Jersey, than Abraham's in the Land of Canaan. With his vaudevillian's feel for legend and landscape (a Chaplin, I said of Lonoff in my senior paper, who seized upon just the right prop to bring an entire society and its outlook to life); with his "translated" English to lend a mildly ironic flavor to even the most commonplace expression; with his cryptic, muted, dreamy resonance, the sense given by such little stories of saying so much—well, I had proclaimed, who in American literature was like him?

The typical hero of a Lonoff story—the hero who came to mean so much to bookish Americans in the mid-fifties, the hero who, some ten years after Hitler, seemed to say something new and wrenching to Gentiles about Jews, and to Jews about themselves, and to readers and writers of that recuperative decade generally about the ambiguities of prudence and the anxieties of disorder, about life-hunger, life-bargains, and life-terror in their most elementary manifestations—Lonoff's hero is more often than not a nobody from nowhere, away from a home where he is not missed, yet to which he must return without delay. His celebrated blend of sympathy and pitilessness (monumentalized as "Lonovian" by *Time*—after decades of ignoring him completely) is nowhere more stunning than in the stories where the bemused isolate steels himself to be carried away, only to discover that his meticulous thoughtfulness has caused him to wait a little too long to do anyone any good, or that acting with bold and uncharacteristic impetuosity, he has totally misjudged what had somehow managed to entice him out of his manageable existence, and as a result has made everything worse.

The grimmest, funniest, and most unsettling stories of all, where the pitiless author seems to me to teeter just at the edge of self-impalement, were written during the brief period of his literary glory (for he died in 1961 of a bone-marrow disease; and when Oswald shot Kennedy and the strait-laced bulwark gave way to the gargantuan banana republic, his fiction, and the authority it granted to all that is prohibitive in life, began rapidly losing "relevance" for a new generation of readers). Rather than cheering him up, Lonoff's eminence seemed to strengthen his dourest imaginings, confirming for him visions of terminal restraint that might have seemed insufficiently supported by personal experience had the world denied him its rewards right on down to the end. Only when a little of the coveted bounty was finally his for the asking—only when it became altogether clear how stupefyingly unsuited he was to



"My résumé, sir, is what you see sitting before you."

have and to hold anything other than his art—was he inspired to write that brilliant cycle of comic parables (the stories "Revenge," "Lice," "Indiana," "Eppes Essen," and "Adman") in which the tantalized hero does not move to act *at all*—the tiniest impulse toward amplitude or self-surrender, let alone intrigue or adventure, peremptorily extinguished by the ruling triumvirate of Sanity, Responsibility, and Self-Respect, assisted handily by their devoted underlings: the timetable, the rainstorm, the headache, the busy signal, the traffic jam, and, most loyal of all, the last-minute doubt.

DID I sell any magazines other than *Photoplay* and *Silver Screen*? Did I use the same line at every door or adapt my sales pitch to the customer? How did I account for my success as a salesman? What did I think people were after who subscribed to these insipid magazines? Was the work boring? Did anything unusual ever happen while I was prowling neighborhoods I knew nothing about? How many crews like Mr. McElroy's were there in New Jersey? How could the company afford to pay me three dollars for each subscription I sold? Had I ever been to Hackensack? What was it like?

It was difficult to believe that what I was doing merely to support myself until I might begin to live as he did could possibly be of interest to E. I. Lonoff. He was a courteous man, obviously, and he was trying his best to put me at ease, but I was thinking, even as I gave my all to his cross-examination, that it wasn't going to be long before he came up with a way of getting rid of me before dinner.

"I wish I knew that much about selling magazines," he said.

To indicate that it was all right with me if I was being condescended to and that I would understand if I was soon asked to leave, I went red.

"I wish," he said, "I knew that much about anything. I've written fantasy for thirty years. Nothing happens to me."

It was here that the striking girl-woman appeared before me—just as he had aired, in faintly discernible tones of self-disgust, this incredible lament and I was trying to grasp it. Nothing happened to him? Why, genius had happened to him, art had happened to him, the man was a visionary!

Lonoff's wife, the white-haired woman who had instantly removed herself after letting me into the house, pushed open the door of the study across the foyer from the living room, and there she was, hair dark and profuse, eyes pale—gray or green—and with a high, prominent oval forehead that looked like Shakespeare's. She was seated on the carpet amid a pile of papers and folders, swathed in a New Look tweed skirt—by now a very old, outmoded look in Manhattan—and a large, loose-fitting white wool sweater; her legs were drawn demurely up beneath the expanse of skirt, and her gaze was fixed on something that was clearly elsewhere. Where had I seen that severe dark beauty before? Where but in a portrait by Velazquez? I remembered the 1927 photograph of Lonoff—"Spanish" too in its way—and immediately I assumed that she was his daughter. Immediately I assumed more than that. Mrs. Lonoff had not even set the tray down on the carpet beside her before I saw myself married to the *infanta* and living in a little farmhouse of our own not that far away. Only how old was she if Mama was feeding her cookies while she finished her homework on Daddy's floor? With that face, whose strong bones looked to me to have been worked into alignment by a less guileless sculptor than nature—with that face she *must* be more than twelve. Though if not, I could wait. That idea appealed to me even more than the prospect of a marriage here in the living room in spring. Showed strength of character, I thought. But what would the famous father think? He of course wouldn't need to be reminded of the solid Old Testament precedent for waiting seven years before making Miss Lonoff my bride; on the other hand, how would he take it when he saw me hanging around outside her high school in my car?

Meanwhile he was saying to me, "I turn sentences around. That's my life. I write a sentence and then I turn it around. Then I look at it and I turn it around again. Then I have lunch. Then I come back in and write another sentence. Then I have tea and turn the new sentence around. Then I read the two sentences over and turn them both around. Then I lie down on my sofa and think. Then I get up and throw them out and start from the beginning. And if I knock off from this routine for as long as a day, I'm frantic with boredom and a sense of waste. Sundays I have breakfast late and read the papers with Hope. Then we go for a walk in the hills and I'm haunted by the loss of all that good time. I wake up Sunday mornings and I'm nearly crazy at the prospect of all those unusable hours. I'm restless, I'm bad-tempered, but she's a human being too, you see, so I go. To avoid trouble she makes me leave my watch at home. The result is that I look at my wrist instead. We're walking, she's talking, then I look at my wrist—and that generally does it, if my foul mood hasn't already. She throws in the sponge and we come home. And at home what is there to distinguish Sunday from Thursday? I sit back down at my little Olivetti and start looking at sentences and turning them around. And I ask myself, Why is there no way but this for me to fill my hours?"

By now Hope Lonoff had closed the study door and returned to her chores. Together Lonoff and I listened to her Mixmaster whirling in the kitchen. I didn't know what to say. The life he described sounded like paradise to me; that he could think to do nothing better with his time than turn sentences around seemed to me a blessing bestowed not only upon him but upon world literature. I wondered if perhaps I was supposed to be laughing, despite the deadpan delivery, at his description of his day, if it wasn't intended as mordant Lonovian comedy; though then again, if he meant it and was as depressed as he sounded, oughtn't I to remind him just who he was and how much he mattered to literate mankind? But how could he not know that?

The Mixmaster whirled and the fire popped and the wind blew and the trees groaned while I tried, at twenty-three, to think of how to dispel his gloom. His openness about himself, so at odds with his formal attire and his pedantic manner, had me as unnerved as anything else; it was hardly what I was accustomed to getting from people more than twice my age, even if what he said about himself was tinged with self-satire. Especially if it was tinged with self-satire.

"I wouldn't even try to write after my tea anymore if I knew what to do with myself for the rest of the afternoon." He explained to me that by three o'clock he no longer had the strength or the determination or even the desire to go on. But what else was there? If he played the violin or the piano, then he might have had some serious activity other than reading to occupy him when he was not writing. The problem with just listening to music was that if he sat alone with a record in the afternoon, he soon found himself turning the sentences around in his head and eventually wound up back at his desk again, skeptically looking at his day's work. Of course, to his great good fortune, there was Athene College. He spoke with devotion of the students in the two classes that he taught there. The little Stockbridge school had made a place for him on the faculty some twenty years before the rest of the academic world suddenly became interested, and for that he would always be grateful. But in truth, after so many years of teaching these bright and lively young women, both he and they, he found, had begun to repeat themselves a little.

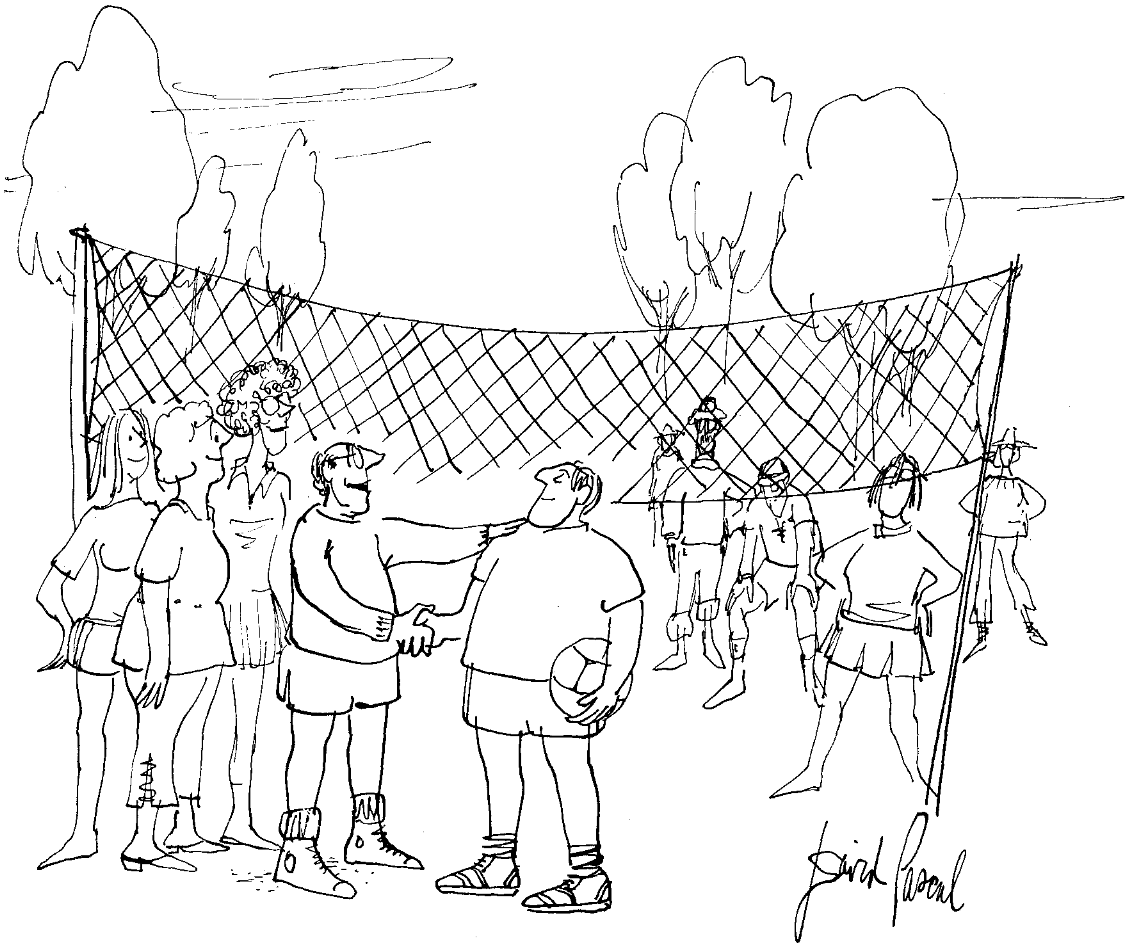
"Why not take a sabbatical?" I was not a little thrilled, after all I had been through in my first fifteen minutes, to hear myself telling E. I. Lonoff how to live.

"I took a sabbatical. It was worse. We rented a flat in London for a year. Then I had every day to write. Plus Hope being miserable because I wouldn't go around with her to look at the buildings. No—no more sabbaticals. This way, at least two afternoons a week I have to stop, no questions asked. Besides, going to the college is the high point of my week. I carry a briefcase. I wear a hat. I nod hello to people on the stairway. I use a public toilet. Ask Hope. I come home reeling from the pandemonium."

"Are there no children—of your own?"

The phone began ringing in the kitchen. Ignoring it, he informed me that the youngest of their three children had graduated from Wellesley several years before; he and his wife had been alone together now for more than six years.

So the girl isn't his daughter. Who is she then, being served snacks by his wife on the floor of his study? His concubine? Ridiculous, the word, the very idea—but there it was, obscuring all other reasonable and worthy thoughts. Among the rewards you got for being a great artist was the concubinage of Velazquez princesses and the awe of young men like me. I felt at a loss



"I'm glad you're on our side. I dread to think what would happen if you were on the other side."

again, having such ignoble expectations in the presence of my literary conscience—though weren't they just the kind of ignoble expectations that troubled the masters of renunciation in so many of Lonoff's short stories? Really, who knew better than E. I. Lonoff that it is not our high purposes alone that make us moving creatures, but our humble needs and cravings? Nonetheless, it seemed to me a good idea to keep my humble needs and cravings to myself.

The kitchen door opened a few inches, and his wife said softly, "For you."

"Who is it? Not the genius again."

"Would I have said you were here?"

"You have to learn to tell people no. People like that make fifty calls a day. Inspiration strikes and they go for the phone."

"It's not him."

"He has the right wrong opinion on everything. A head full of ideas, every one of them stupid. Why does he hit me when he talks? Why must he understand everything? Stop fixing me up with intellectuals. I don't think fast enough."

"I've said I was sorry. And it's not him."

"Who is it?"

"Willis."

"Hope, I'm talking to Nathan here."

"I'm sorry. I'll tell him you're working."

"Don't use work as an excuse. I don't buy that."

"I can tell him you have a guest."

"Please," I said, meaning I was no one, not even a guest.

"All that wonder," said Lonoff to his wife. "Always so greatly moved. Always on the brink of tears. What is he so compassionate about all the time?"

"You," she said.

"All that sensitivity. Why does anybody want to be so sensitive?"

"He admires you," she said.

Buttoning his jacket, Lonoff rose to take the unwanted call. "Either it's the professional innocents," he explained to me, "or the deep thinkers."

I extended my sympathy with a shrug, wondering of course if my letter hadn't qualified me in both categories. Then I wondered again about the girl behind the study door. Does she live at the college or is she here with the Lonoffs on a visit from Spain? Will she ever be coming out of that study? If not, how do I go in? If not, how can I arrange to see her again by myself?

I must see you again.

I opened a magazine, the better to dispel my insidious daydreams and wait there like a thoughtful man of letters. Leafing through the pages, I came across an article about the Algerian political situation and another about the television industry, both of which had been underlined throughout. Read in sequence, the underlinings formed a perfect précis of each piece and would have served a schoolchild as excellent preparation for a report to his current-events class.

When Lonoff emerged—in under a minute—from the kitchen, he immediately undertook to explain about the *Harper's* in my hand. "My mind strays," he told me, rather as though I were a physician who had stopped by to ask about his strange and troubling new symptoms. "At the end of the page I try to summarize to myself what I've read, and my mind is a blank—I've been sitting in my chair doing nothing. Of course, I have always read books with pen in hand, but now I find that if I don't, even while reading magazines, my attention is not on what's in front of me."

Here she appeared again. But what had seemed from a distance like beauty pure and severe and simple was more of a puzzle up close. When she crossed the foyer into the living room—entering just as Lonoff had ended his fastidious description of the disquieting affliction that came over him when he read magazines—I saw that the striking head had been conceived on a much grander and more ambitious scale than the torso. The bulky sweater and the pounds and pounds of tweed skirt did much, of course, to obscure the little of her there was, but mostly it was the drama of that face, combined with the softness and intelligence in her large pale eyes, that rendered all other physical attributes (excluding the heavy, curling hair) blurry and inconsequential. Admittedly the rich calm of those eyes would have been enough to make me wilt with shyness, but that I couldn't return her gaze directly had also to do with this unharmonious relation between body and skull, and its implication, to me, of some early misfortune, of something vital lost or beaten down and, by way of compensation, something vastly overdone. I thought of a

trapped chick that could not get more than its beaked skull out of the encircling shell. I thought of those macrocephalic boulders the Easter Island heads. I thought of febrile patients on the verandas of Swiss sanatoria, imbibing the magic-mountain air. But let me not exaggerate the pathos and originality of my impressions, especially as they were subsumed soon enough in my unoriginal and irrepressible preoccupation: mostly I thought of the triumph it would be to kiss that face, and the excitement of her kissing me back.

"Done," she announced to Lonoff, "for now."

His look of wistful solicitude made me wonder if she could be his *grand*-daughter. All at once he seemed the most approachable of men, relieved of every care and burden. Perhaps, I thought—still trying to explain some oddness in her that I couldn't identify—she is the child of a daughter of his own who is dead.

"Dr. Leiderman says I am a great patient."

"This is Mr. Zuckerman, the short-story writer," he said, teasing sweetly, like *my* grandfather now. "I gave you his collected works to read."

I rose and shook her hand.

"This is Miss Bellette. She was once a student here. She has been staying with us for a few days, and has taken it upon herself to begin sorting through my manuscripts. There is a movement afoot to persuade me to deposit with Harvard University the pieces of paper on which I turn my sentences around. Amy works for the Harvard library. The Athene library has just extended her an exceptional offer, but she tells us she is tied to her life in Cambridge. Meanwhile she has cunningly been using the visit to try to persuade me—"

"No, no, no," she said emphatically. "If you see it that way, my cause is doomed." As if she hadn't charm enough, Miss Bellette's speech was made melodious by a faint foreign accent. "The maestro," she explained, turning my way, "is by temperament counter-suggestible."

"And counter that," he moaned, registering a mild protest against the psychological lingo.

"I've just found twenty-seven drafts of a single short story," she told me.

"Which story?" I asked eagerly.

" 'Life Is Embarrassing.' "

"To get it wrong," said Lonoff, "so many times."

"They ought to construct a monument to your patience," she told him.

He gestured vaguely toward the crescent of plumpness buttoned in beneath his jacket. "They have."

"In class," she said, "he used to tell the writing students, 'There is no life without patience.' None of us knew what he was talking about."

"You knew. You had to know. My dear young lady, I learned that from watching you."

"But I can't wait for anything," she said.

"But you do."

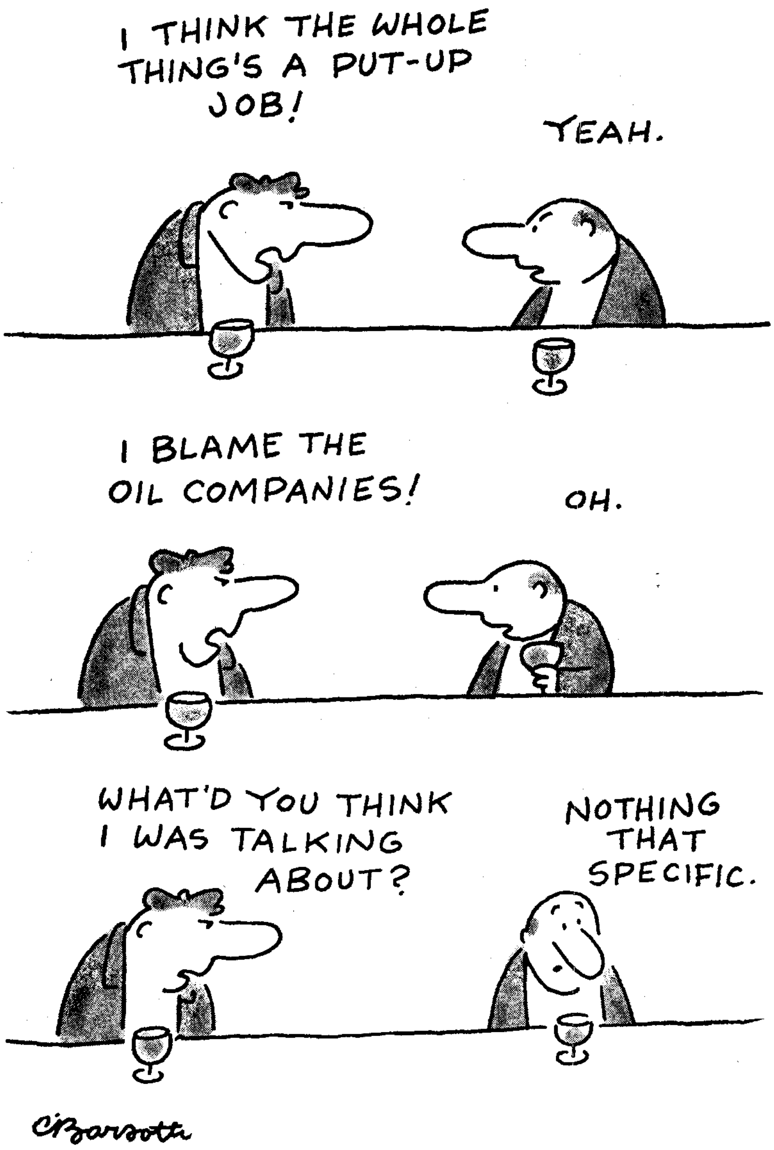
"Bursting with frustration all the while."

"If you weren't bursting," her teacher informed her, "you wouldn't need patience."

At the hall closet she stepped out of the loafers she'd worn into the living room and slipped on white woollen socks and a pair of red snow boots. Then from a hanger she took down a plaid hooded jacket, into whose sleeve was tucked a white wool cap with a long tassel that ended in a fluffy white ball. Having seen her only seconds before banter so easily with the celebrated writer—having myself felt ever so slightly drawn into the inner circle by her easy, confident way with him—I was surprised by the childish hat. The costume, now that she had it on, seemed like a little girl's. That she could act so wise and dress up so young mystified me.

Along with Lonoff I stood in the open doorway waving goodbye. I was now in awe of two people in this house.

There was still more wind than snow, but in Lonoff's orchard the light had all but seeped away, and the sound of what was on its way was menacing. Two dozen wild old apple trees stood as first barrier between the bleak unpaved road and the farmhouse. Next came a thick green growth of rhododendron, then a wide stone wall fallen in like a worn molar at the center, then some fifty feet of snow-crusted lawn, and finally, drawn up close to the house and protectively overhanging the shingles, three maples that looked from their size to be as old as New England. In back, the house gave way to unprotected fields, drifted over since the first December blizzards. From there the wooded hills began their impressive rise—undulating forest swells that just kept climbing into the next state. My guess was that it would take even the fiercest Hun the better part of a winter to cross the glacial waterfalls and wind-blasted woods of those mountain wilds before he was able to reach the open edge of Lonoff's hayfields, rush the rear storm door of the house, crash through into the study, and with spiked bludgeon wheeling high in the air above the little Olivetti, cry out in a roaring voice to the writer tapping out his twenty-seventh draft, "You must change your life!" And even he might lose heart and turn back to the bosom of his barbarian family should he approach those black Massachusetts hills on a night like this, with the cocktail hour at hand and another snowstorm arriving from Ultima Thule. No, for the moment, at least, Lonoff seemed really to have nothing to worry about from the outside world.


I THINK THE WHOLE THING'S A PUT-UP JOB!
YEAH.
I BLAME THE OIL COMPANIES!
OH.
WHAT'D YOU THINK I WAS TALKING ABOUT?
NOTHING THAT SPECIFIC.
CBarsotti

We watched from the front step until Lonoff was sure that she had cleared both the windshield and rear window; snow had already begun adhering to the icy glass. "Drive very slowly," he called. To get into the diminutive green Renault she had to hike up a handful of long skirt. Above the snow boots I saw an inch of flesh, and quickly looked elsewhere so as not to be found out.

"Yes, be careful," I called to her, in the guise of Mr. Zuckerman the short-story writer. "It's slippery, it's deceptive."

"She has a remarkable prose style," Lonoff said to me when we were back inside the house. "The best student writing I've ever read. Wonderful clarity. Wonderful comedy. Tremendous intelligence. She wrote stories about the college which capture the place in a sentence. Everything she sees, she takes hold of. And a lovely pianist. She can play Chopin with great charm. She used to practice on our daughter's piano when she first came to Athene. That was something I looked forward to at the end of the day."

"She seems to be quite a girl," I said thoughtfully. "Where is she from originally?"

"She came to us from England."

"But the accent . . . ?"

"That," he allowed, "is from the country of Fetching."

"I agree," I dared to say, and thought, Enough shyness then, enough boyish uncertainty and tongue-tied deference. This, after all, is the author of "Life Is Embarrassing"—if he doesn't know the score, who does?

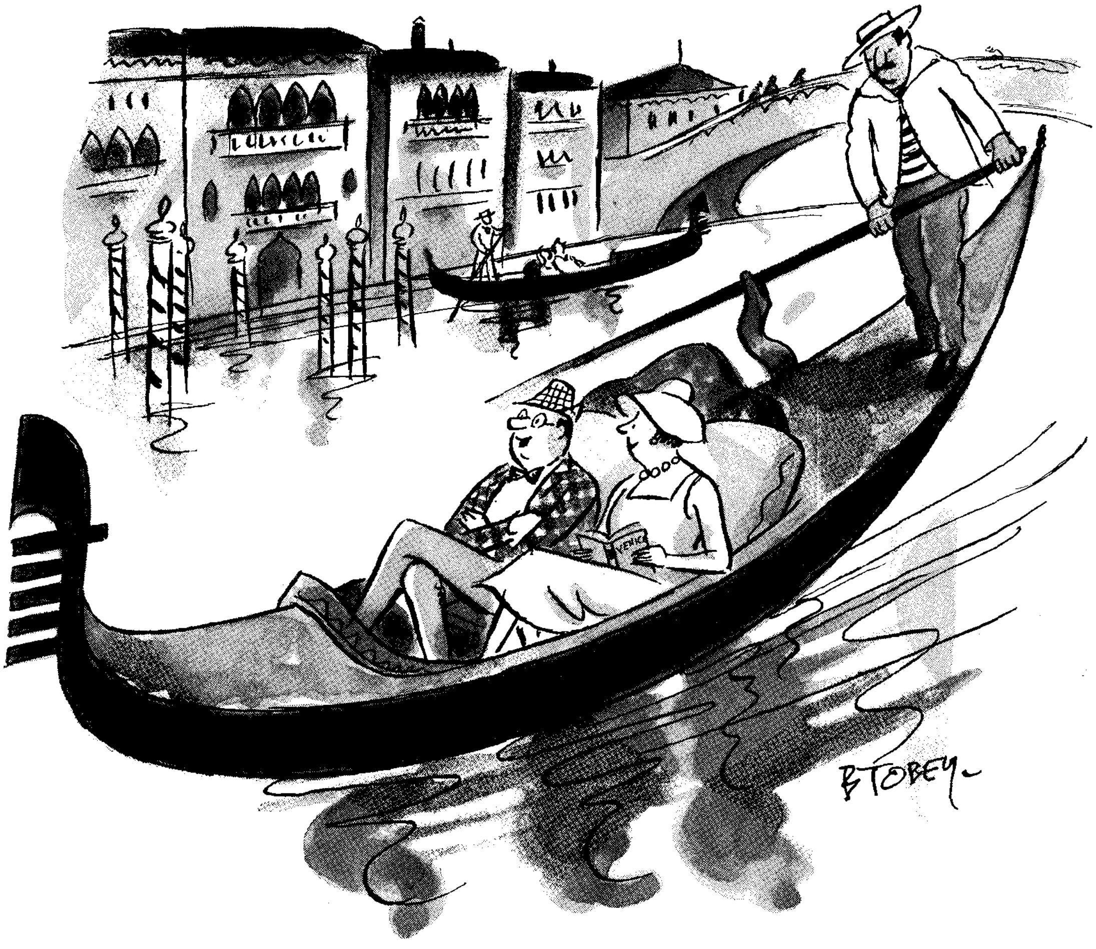
Standing by the fire, the two of us warming ourselves, I turned to Lonoff and said, "I don't think I could keep my wits about me, teaching at a school with such beautiful and gifted and fetching girls."

To which he replied flatly, "Then you shouldn't do it."

A SURPRISE—yes, yet another—awaited me when we sat down to dinner. Lonoff uncorked a bottle of Chianti that had been waiting for us on the table and proposed a toast. Signalling his wife to raise her glass along with his, he said, "To a wonderful new writer."

Well, *that* loosened me up. Excitedly, I began talking about my month at Quahsay, how much I loved the serenity and beauty of the place, how I loved walking the trails there at the end of the day and reading in my room at night—rereading Lonoff of late, but that I kept to myself. From his toast it was obvious that I had not lost as much ground as I feared by confessing to the lure of clever, pretty college girls, and I did not want to risk offending him anew by seeming to fawn. The fawning, supersensitive Willis, I remembered, had been given less than sixty seconds on the phone.

I told the Lonoffs about the joy of awakening each day knowing there were all those empty hours ahead to be filled only with work. Never as a student or a soldier or a door-to-door salesman did I have regular stretches of uninterrupted time to devote to writing, nor had I ever lived in such quiet and seclusion, or with my few basic needs so unobtrusively satisfied as they were by the Quahsay housekeeping staff. It all seemed to me a marvellous, a miraculous gift. Just a few evenings before, after a day-long snowstorm, I had accompanied the colony handyman when he set out after dinner on the snowplow to clear the trails that twisted for miles through the Quahsay woods. I described for the Lonoffs my exhilaration at watching the snow crest in the headlamps of the truck and then fall away into the forest; the bite of the cold and the smack of the tire chains had seemed to me all I could ever want at the end of a long day at *my* Olivetti. I supposed I was being professionally innocent despite myself, but I couldn't stop going on about my hours on the snowplow after the hours at my desk: it wasn't just that I wanted to convince



"Another nice thing about Venice—no potholes!"

• •

Lonoff of my pure and incorruptible spirit—my problem was that I wanted to believe it myself. My problem was that I wanted to be wholly worthy of his thrilling toast. "I could live like that forever," I announced.

"Don't try it," he said. "If your life consists of reading and writing and looking at the snow, you'll wind up like me. Fantasy for thirty years."

Lonoff made "Fantasy" sound like a breakfast cereal.

Here for the first time his wife spoke up—though given the self-effacing delivery, "spoke down" would be more exact. She was a smallish woman with gentle gray eyes and soft white hair and a multitude of fine lines crisscrossing her pale skin. Though she could well have been, as the amused literati had it, Lonoff's "highborn Yankee heiress"—and an excellent example of the species at its most maidenly—what she looked like now was some frontier survivor, the wife of a New England farmer who long ago rode out of those mountains to make a new start in the West. To me the lined face and the shadowy, timorous manner bore witness to a grinding history of agonized childbearing and escapes from the Indians, of famine and fevers and wagon-train austerities—I just couldn't believe that she could look so worn down from living alongside E. I. Lonoff while he wrote short stories for thirty years. I was to learn that aside from two terms at a Boston art school and a few months in New York—and the year in London trying to get Lonoff to Westminster Abbey—Hope had strayed no farther than had the locally prominent lawyers and clergymen who were her forebears, and whose legacy by now came to nothing more tangible than one of the Berkshires' "best" names and the house that went with it.

She had met Lonoff when he came at the age of seventeen to work for a chicken farmer in Lenox. He himself had been raised just outside Boston, though until he was five lived in Russia. After his father, a jeweller, nearly died from injuries suffered in the bloody Zhitomir pogrom, Lonoff's parents emigrated to primitive Palestine. There typhus carried them both away, and the son was cared for by family friends in a Jewish farming settlement. At seven he was shipped alone from Jaffa to wealthy relatives of his father's in Brookline; at seventeen he chose vagabondage over college at the relatives' expense; and then at twenty he chose Hope—the rootless Levantine Valentino taking as his mate a cultivated young provincial woman, bound to the finer things by breeding and temperament, and to a settled place by old granite gravestones, church-meeting-house plaques, and a long mountain road bearing the name Whittlesey: somebody from somewhere, for all the good that was to do him.

Despite everything that gave Hope Lonoff the obedient air of an aging geisha when she dared to speak or to move, I still wondered if she was not going to remind him that his life had consisted of something more than reading and writing and looking at snow: it had also consisted of her and the children. But there was not the hint of a reprimand in her unchallenging voice when she said, "You shouldn't express such a low opinion of your achievement. It's not becoming." Even more delicately she added, "And it's not true."

Lonoff lifted his chin. "I was not measuring my achievement. I have neither too high nor too low an estimate of my work. I believe I know exactly wherein my value and originality lie. I know where I can go and just how far, without making a mockery of the thing we all love. I was only suggesting—surmising is more like it—that an unruly personal life will probably better serve a writer like Nathan than walking in the woods and startling the deer. His work has turbulence—that should be nourished, and not in the woods. All I was trying to say is that he oughtn't to stifle what is clearly his gift."

"I'm sorry," replied his wife. "I didn't understand. I thought you were expressing distaste for your own work." "Work" she pronounced in the accent of her region, without the "r."

"I was expressing distaste," said Lonoff, employing that pedantic tone he'd taken with Amy on the subject of her patience, and with me, describing his light-reading problem, "but not for the work. I was expressing distaste for the range of my imagination."

With a self-effacing smile designed

to atone on the spot for her audacity, Hope said, “Your imagination or your experience?”

“I long ago gave up illusions about myself and experience.”

She pretended to be brushing the crumbs from around the breadboard—that and no more—while with unforeseen, somewhat inexplicable insistence she softly confessed, “I never quite know what that means.”

“It means I know who I am. I know the kind of man I am and the kind of writer. I have my own kind of bravery, and, please, let's leave it at that.”

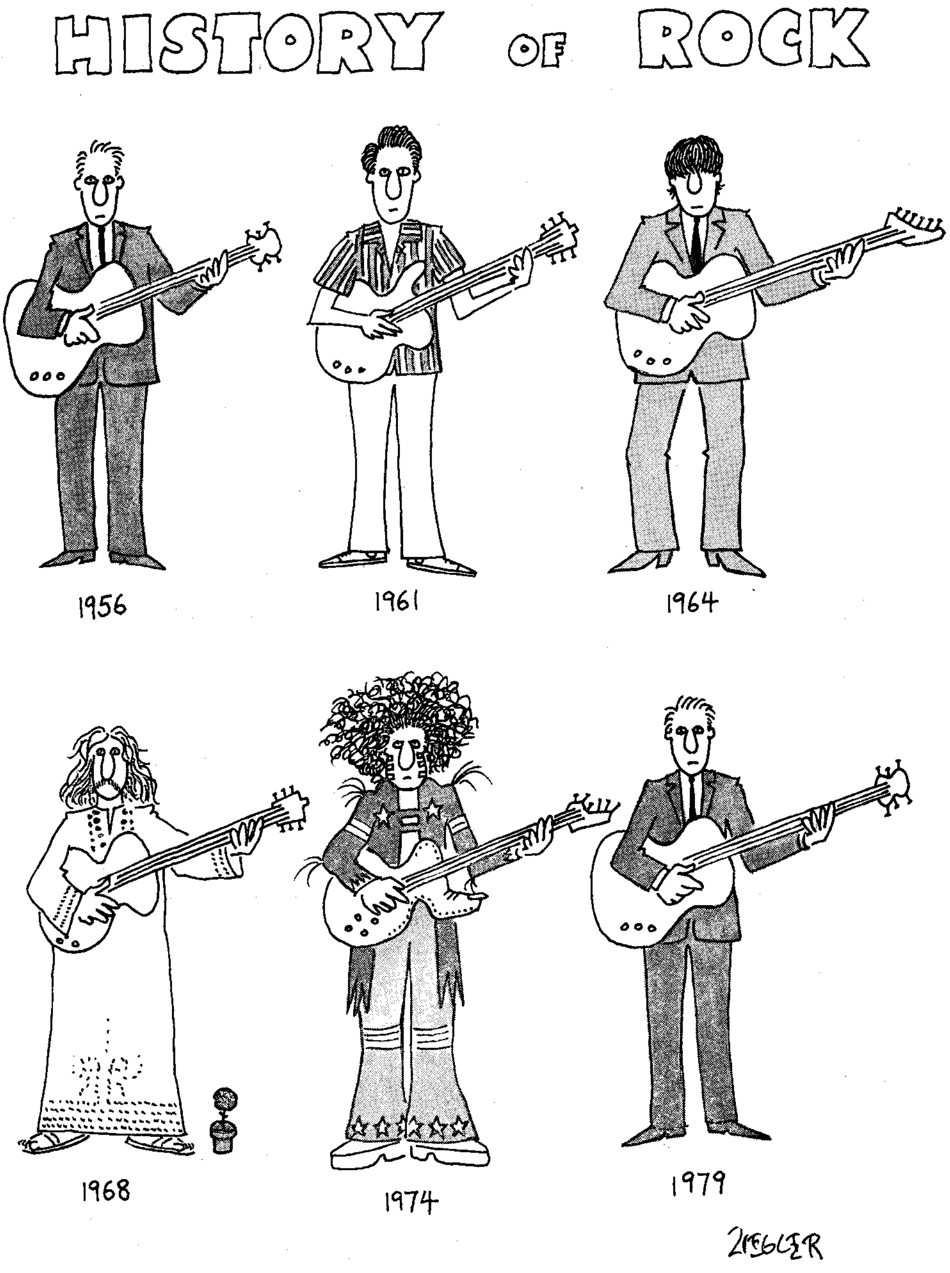
She decided to. I remembered my food and began to eat again.

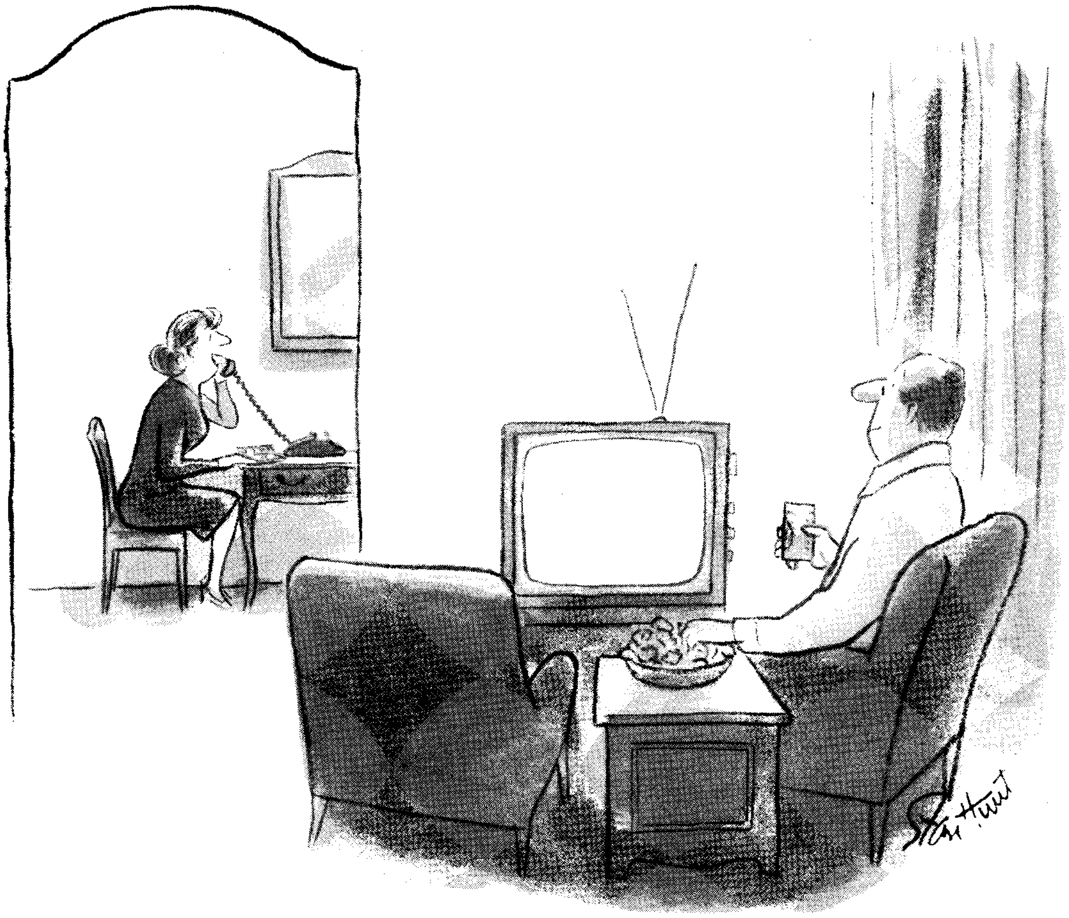
“Do you have a girlfriend?” Lonoff asked me.

I explained the situation—to the extent that I was willing to.

Betsy had found out about me and a girl she had known since ballet school. The two of us had kissed over a glass of Gallo in the kitchen, playfully she had shown me the tip of her wine-stained tongue, and I, quick to take heart, had pulled her out of her chair and down beside the sink. This took place one evening when Betsy was off dancing at the City Center and the friend had stopped by to pick up a record and investigate a flirtation we'd begun some months earlier, when Betsy was away touring with the company. On my knees, I struggled to unclothe her; not resisting all that strenuously, she, on her knees, told me what a bastard I was to be doing this to Betsy. I refrained from suggesting that she might be less than honorable herself; trading insults while in heat wasn't my brand of aphrodisia, and I was afraid of a fiasco if I should try it and get carried away. So, shouldering the burden of perfidy for two, I pinned her pelvis to the kitchen linoleum, while she continued, through moist, smiling lips, to inform me of my character flaws. I was then at the stage of my erotic development when nothing excited *me* as much as having intercourse on the floor.

Betsy was a romantic, excitable, high-strung girl who could be left quivering by the backfiring of a car—so when the friend intimated over the phone to her a few days later that I wasn't to be trusted, it nearly destroyed her. It was a bad time for her anyway. Yet another of her rivals had been cast as a cygnet in “Swan Lake,” and so, four years after having been enlisted by Balanchine as a seventeen-year-old of great promise, she had yet to rise out of the corps and it didn't look to her now as though she ever would. And how she worked to be the best! Her art was everything, a point of view no less beguiling to me than the large, painted, gypsy-girl eyes and the small, unpainted, she-monkey face, and those elegant, charming tableaux she could achieve, even when engaged in something so aesthetically unpromising as, half asleep in the middle of the night, taking a lonely pee in my bathroom. When we were first introduced in New York, I knew nothing about ballet and had never seen a real dancer on the stage, let alone off. An Army friend who'd grown up next door to Betsy in Riverdale had gotten us tickets for a Tchaikovsky extravaganza, and then arranged for a girl who was dancing in it to have coffee with us around the corner from the City Center that afternoon. Fresh from rehearsal and enchantingly full of herself, Betsy amused us by recounting the horrors of her self-sacrificing vocation—a cross, as she described it, between the life of a boxer and the life of a nun. And the worrying! She had begun studying at the age of eight and had been worrying ever since about her height and her weight and her ears and her injuries and her rivals and her chances—right now she was in absolute terror about tonight. I myself couldn't see that she had reason to be anxious about anything (least of all those ears), so entranced was I already by the dedication and the glamour. At the theatre, I unfortunately couldn't remember—once the music had begun and dozens of dancers rushed onstage—whether earlier she had told us that she was one of the girls in lavender with a pink flower in their hair or one of the girls in pink with a lavender flower in their hair, and so I spent most of the evening just trying to find her. Each time I thought that the legs and arms I was





"Polly, this is Agnes. We're asking all our friends to watch the eleven-o'clock news. Somebody stuck a mike in Bill's face today and asked him what he thought about something."

• •

watching were Betsy's, I became so elated I wanted to cheer—but then another pack of ten came streaking across the stage and I thought, No, there, *that's* her.

"You were wonderful," I told her afterward. "Yes? Did you like my little solo? It's not actually a solo—it lasts only about fifteen seconds. But I do think it's awfully charming." "Oh, I thought it was terrific," I said, "it seemed like more than fifteen seconds to me."

A year later our artistic and amatory alliance came to an end when I confessed that the mutual friend had not been the first girl to be dragged onto the floor while Betsy was safely off dancing her heart out and I had nighttime hours with nothing to do and nobody to stop me. I had been at this for some time now and, I admitted, it was no way to be treating her. Bold honesty, of course, produced far more terrible results than if I had only confessed to seducing the wily seductress and left it at that; nobody had asked me about anybody else. But carried away by the idea that if I were a perfidious brute, I at least would be a truthful perfidious brute, I was crueller than was either necessary or intended. In a fit of penitential gloom, I fled from New York to Quahsay, where eventually I managed to absolve myself of the sin of lust and the crime of betrayal by watching from behind the blade of the snowplow as it cleared the colony roads for my solitary and euphoric walks—walks during which I did not hesitate to embrace trees and kneel down and kiss the glistening snow, so bursting was I with a sense of gratitude and freedom and renewal.

Of all this, I told the Lonoffs only the charming part about how we had met and also that now, sadly, my girlfriend and I were trying a temporary separation. Otherwise I portrayed her in such uxorious detail that, along with the unnerving sense that I might be laying it on a little thick for this old married couple, I wound up in wonder at the idiot I had been to relinquish her love. Describing all her sterling qualities, I had in fact brought myself nearly to the point of grief, as though instead of wailing with pain and telling me to leave and never come back, the unhappy dancer had died in my arms on our wedding day.

Hope Lonoff said, "I knew that she was a dancer from *The Saturday Review*."

The Saturday Review had published an article on America's young, unknown writers—photographs and thumbnail sketches of "A Dozen to Keep Your Eye On," selected by the editors of the major literary quarterlies. I had been photographed playing with Nijinsky, our cat; I had confessed to the interviewer that my "friend" was with the New York City Ballet; and when asked to name the three living writers I admired most, I had listed E. I. Lonoff first.

I was disturbed to think that this must have been the first Lonoff had heard of me—though, admittedly, while answering the interviewer's impossible questions, I had been hoping that my comment might bring my work to his attention. The morning the magazine appeared on the newsstands, I must have read the bit about "N. Zuckerman" fifty times over. I tried to put in my self-prescribed six hours at the typewriter but got nowhere, what with picking up the article and looking at my picture every five minutes. I don't know what I expected to see revealed there—the future, probably, the titles of my first ten books—but I do remember thinking that this photograph of an intense and serious young writer playing so gently with a kitty-cat, and said to be living in a five-flight Village walkup with a young ballerina, might inspire any number of thrilling women to want to try to take her place.

"I would never have allowed that to appear," I said, "if I had realized how it was all going to come out. They interviewed me for an hour and then what they used of what I said was nonsense."

"Don't apologize," said Lonoff.

"Don't indeed," said his wife, smiling at me. "What's wrong with having your picture in the paper?"

"I didn't mean the picture—though that too. I never knew they were going to use the one of me with the cat. I expected they'd use the one at the typewriter. I should have realized they couldn't show everybody at a typewriter. The girl who came around to take the pictures"—and whom I had tried unsuccessfully to throw onto the floor—"said she'd just take the picture of the cat for Betsy and me."

"Don't apologize," Lonoff repeated, "unless you know for sure you're not going to do it again next time. Otherwise just do it and forget it. Don't make a production out of it."

Hope said, "He only means he understands, Nathan. He has the highest respect for what you are. We don't have visitors unless they're people Manny respects. He has no tolerance for people without substance."

"Enough," said Lonoff.

"I just don't want Nathan to resent you for superiority feelings you don't have."

"My wife would have been happier with a less exacting companion."

"But you *are* less exacting," she said, "with everyone but yourself. Nathan, you don't have to defend yourself. Why shouldn't you enjoy your first bit of recognition? Who deserves it more than a gifted young man like yourself? Think of all the worthless people held up for our esteem every day: movie stars, politicians, athletes. Because you happen to be a writer doesn't mean you have to deny yourself the ordinary human pleasure of being praised and applauded."

"Ordinary human pleasures have nothing to do with it. Ordinary human pleasures be damned. The young man wants to be an artist."

"Sweetheart," she replied, "you must sound to Nathan so—so unyielding. And you're really not that way at all. You're the most forgiving and understanding and modest person I have ever known. Too modest."

"Let's forget how I sound and have dessert."

"But you are the kindest person. He is, Nathan. You've met Amy, haven't you?"

"Miss Bellette?"

"Do you know all he's done for her? She wrote him a letter when she was sixteen years old. In care of his publisher. The most charming, lively letter—so daring, so brash. She told him her story, and instead of forgetting it, he wrote her back. He has always written people back—a polite note even to the fools."

"What was her story?" I asked.

"Displaced," said Lonoff. "Refugee." That seemed to him to suffice, though not to the wagon-train wife, who surprised me by the way that she pressed on. Was it the little bit of wine that had gone to her head? Or was there not something seething in her?

WAR CRIMES

After a while
in weariness
the body would relinquish
some of its gifts of ingratiation:

the power of muscle to rise slightly above bone
the power to arch the pelvis as in sex
the ability of hands to press air
in gestures of supplication
or tenderness.

And in this reduction
the body, inevitably,
would grow softer,
more attached to its surroundings,

the eyes taking in the room—
its pageant of bad taste,
the important masks of the torturers.

And the brain in the body
would imagine the emptiness of this room
in ten years,
the intent of wilderness within it,
of rubble,
the rose growing through the grilled transom
above the doorway

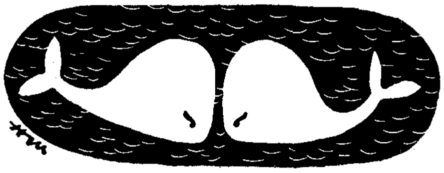
and would feel such pity
and so apart from other men in this sentiment
that the great nerve
which runs from head to pelvis
which makes us courteous
shy
scrupulous
makes us touch one another with gentleness

would tremble
till it was plucked
held in the pliers
then in the fire
shrivelling in that little violence
of heat and light

which in another form
we often refer to
as love.

—Carol Muske

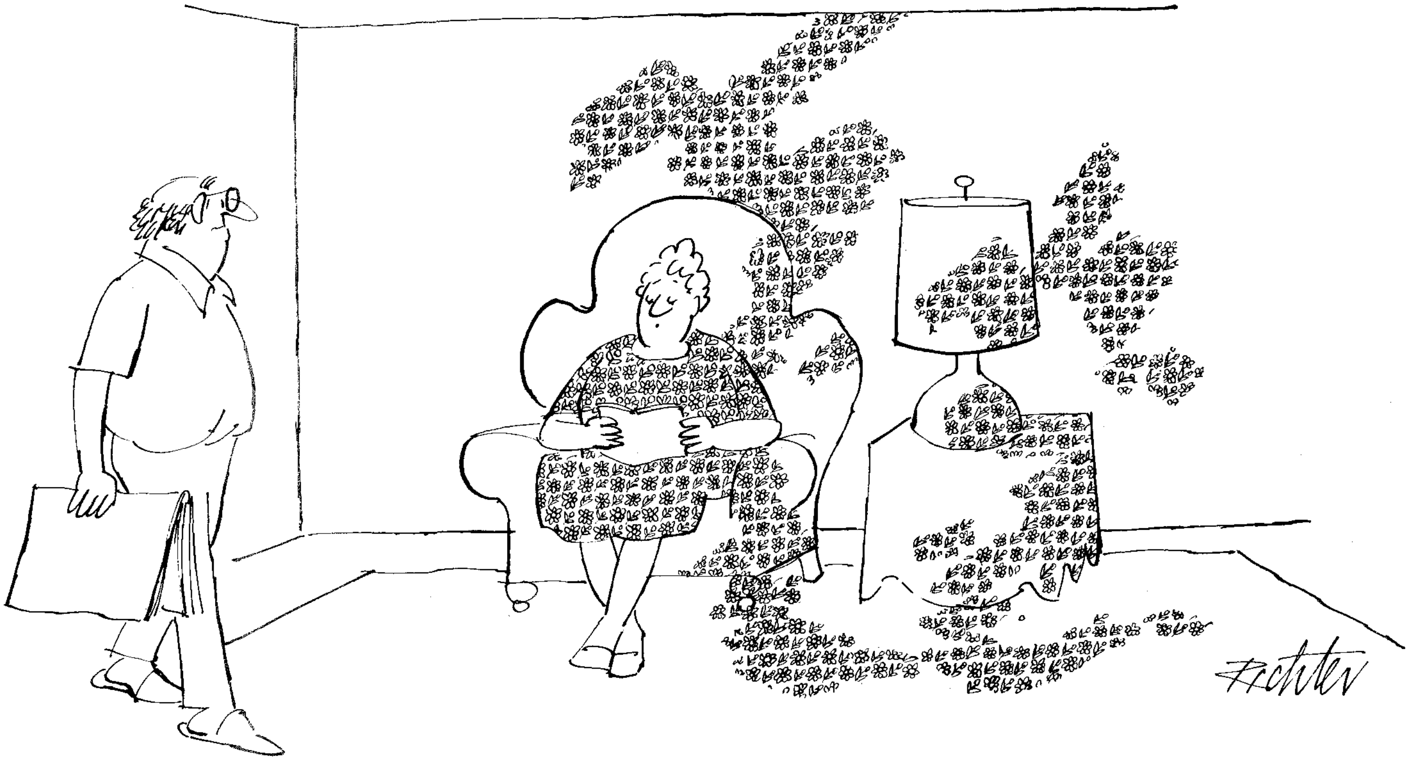
• •



"She said she was a highly intelligent, creative, and charming sixteen-year-old who was now living with a not very intelligent, creative, or charming family in Bristol, England. She even included her I.Q.," Hope said. "No, no, that was the second letter. Anyway, she said she wanted a new start in life and she thought the man whose wonderful story she'd read in her school anthology—"

"It wasn't an anthology, but you might as well keep going."

Hope tried her luck with a self-effacing smile, but the wattage was awfully dim. "I think I can talk about this without help. I'm only relating the facts, and calmly enough, I had thought. Because the story was in a magazine, and not in an anthology, doesn't mean that I have lost control of myself. Furthermore, Amy is not the subject, not by any means. The subject is your extraordinary kindness and charity. Your concern for anyone



in need—anyone except yourself, and your needs."

"Only my 'self,' as you like to call it, happens not to exist in the everyday sense of the word. Consequently, you may stop lavishing praise upon it. And worrying about its 'needs.' "

"But your self *does* exist. It has a perfect *right* to exist—and in the everyday sense!"

"Enough," he suggested again.

With that, she rose to begin to clear the dishes for dessert, and all at once a wineglass struck the wall. Hope had thrown it. "Chuck me out," she cried, "I want you to chuck me out. Don't tell me you can't, because you must! I want you to! I'll finish the dishes—then chuck me out, tonight! I beg of you—I'd rather live and die alone, I'd rather endure that than another moment of your bravery! I cannot take any more moral fibre in the face of life's disappointments! Not yours and not mine! I cannot bear having a loyal, dignified husband who has no illusions about himself *one second more!*"

My heart, of course, was pounding away, though not entirely because the sound of glass breaking and the sight of a disappointed woman, miserably weeping, was new to me. It was about a month old. On our last morning together Betsy had broken every dish of the pretty little Bloomingdale's set that we owned in common, and then, while I hesitated about leaving my apartment without making my position clear, she started in on the glassware. The hatred for me that I had inspired by telling the whole truth had me particularly confused. If only I had lied, I thought—if only I had said that the friend who had intimated I might not be trustworthy was a troublemaking bitch, jealous of Betsy's success and not a little crazy, none of this would be happening. But then, if I had lied to her, I would have *lied* to her. Except that what I would have said about the friend would in essence have been true! I didn't get it. Nor did Betsy when I tried to calm her down and explain what a swell fellow I actually was to have been so candid about it all. It was here, in fact, that she set about destroying the slender drinking glasses, a set of six from Sweden that we had bought to replace the jelly jars on a joyous quasi-connubial outing some months earlier at Bonniers (bought along with the handsome Scandinavian throw rug onto which, in due course, I had tried to drag the photographer from *The Saturday Review*).

Hope Lonoff had now slumped back into her chair, the better to plead with her husband across the table. Her face was patched with blotches where she had been digging at the soft, creased skin in a fit of self-abasement. The frantic, agitated movement of her fingers alarmed me more even than the misery in her voice, and I wondered if I should reach over and pick up the serving fork from the table before she turned the prongs into her bosom and gave Lonoff's "self" the freedom to pursue what she thought it needed. But as I was only a guest—as I was "only" just about anything you could think of—I left all cutlery where it was and waited for the worst.

"Take her, Manny. If you want her, take her," she cried, "and then you won't be so miserable, and everything in the world won't be so bleak. She's not a student anymore—she's a woman! You are *entitled* to her—you rescued her from oblivion, you are more than entitled: it's the only thing that makes sense! Tell her to accept that job, tell her to stay! She should! And I'll move away! Because I cannot live another moment as your jailer! Your nobility is eating away the last thing that is left! You are a monument and can take it and take it—but I'm down to nothing, darling, and I can't. Chuck me out! Please, now, before your goodness and your wisdom kill us both!"

LONOFF and I sat talking together in the living room after dinner, each sipping with admirable temperance at the tablespoonful of cognac he had divided between two large snifters. I had so far experienced brandy only as a stopgap household remedy for toothache: a piece of absorbent cotton, soaked in the stuff, would be pressed up against my throbbing gum until my parents could get me to a dentist. I accepted Lonoff's offer, however, as though it accorded with my oldest postprandial custom. The comedy thickened when my host, another big drinker, went to look for the right glasses. After a systematic search he finally found them at the rear of the bottom cabinet in the

"Excuse me, sir. May I see your ticket stubs, please?"

foyer breakfront. "A gift," he explained, "I thought they were still in the box," and took two into the kitchen to wash away dust that seemed to have been accumulating since the time of Napoleon, whose name was on the sealed brandy bottle. While he was at it, he decided to wash the four other glasses in the set and put them back in hiding in the breakfront before rejoining me to begin our merrymaking at the hearth.

Not much later—in all, maybe twenty minutes after he had refused to respond in any way to her plea to be replaced by Amy Bellette—Hope could be heard in the kitchen, washing the dishes that Lonoff and I had silently cleared from the table following her departure. She seemed to have gotten down from their bedroom by a back stairway—probably so as not to disturb our conversation.

While helping him to clear up, I had not known what to do about her broken wineglass or about the saucer she inadvertently had knocked to the floor when she rushed from the table. My duty as ingénu was clearly to spare the stout man in the business suit from bending over, especially as he was E. I. Lonoff; on the other hand, I was still trying to get through by pretending that nothing shocking had happened in my presence. To keep the tantrum in perspective, he might even prefer that the broken bits be left where they were for Hope to clean up later, provided she did not first commit suicide in their room.

Even as my sense of moral niceties and my youthful cowardice battled it out with my naïveté, Lonoff, groaning slightly from the effort, brushed the glass into a dustpan and retrieved the saucer from beneath the dining table. It had broken neatly in two, and after inspecting the edges, he observed, "She can glue it."

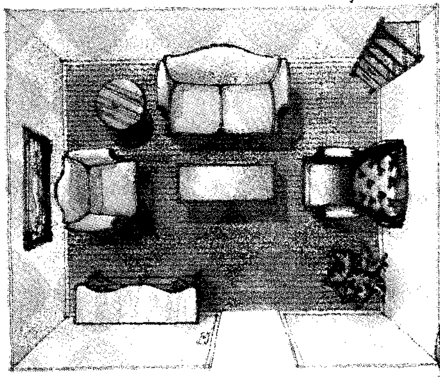
In the kitchen he left the dish for her to repair on a long wooden counter where pink and white geraniums were growing in clay pots beneath the windows. The kitchen was a bright, pretty room, a little cheerier and livelier-looking than the rest of the house. Besides the geraniums, flowering abundantly here even in winter, tall reeds and dried flowers were stuck all about in pitchers and vases and little odd-shaped bottles. The windowed wall-cupboards were bright and homey and reassuring: food staples labelled with unimpeachable brand names—enough Bumble Bee tuna for an Eskimo family to survive in their igloo till spring—and jars of tomatoes, beans, pears, crabapples, and the like, which seemed to have been put up by Hope herself. Pots and pans with shining copper bottoms hung in rows from a pegboard beside the stove, and along the wall above the breakfast table were half a dozen pictures in plain wooden frames, which turned out to be short nature poems signed "H.L.," copied in delicate calligraphy and decorated with watercolor designs. It did indeed look to be the headquarters of a woman who, in her own unostentatious way, could glue anything and do anything, except figure out how to make her husband happy.

We talked about literature and I was in heaven—also in a sweat from the spotlight he was giving me to bask in. Every book new to me I was sure he must have annotated with his reading pen long ago, yet his interest was pointedly in hearing my thoughts, not his own. The effect of his concentrated attention was to make me heap insight onto precocious insight, and then to hang upon his every sigh and grimace, investing what was only a little bout of after-dinner dyspepsia with the direst implications about my taste and my intelligence. Though I worried that I was trying too hard to sound like the kind of deep thinker for whom he had no love, I still couldn't stop myself, under the spell now not just of the man and his accomplishment but of the warm wood fire, of the brandy snifter balanced in my hand (if not yet the brandy), and of the snow falling heavily beyond the cushioned window-seats, as dependably beautiful and mystifying as ever. Then there were the great novelists, whose spellbinding names I chanted as I laid my cross-cultural comparisons and brand-new eclectic enthusiasms at his feet—Zuckerman, with Lonoff, discussing Kafka: I couldn't quite get it, let alone get

Who took The Crown Jewel of England? Solve the mystery- you could win $25,000!

The sleuth who finds the truth may win a $25,000 first prize, $5,000 second prize, or one of five $1,000 runner-up prizes.

The scene is the drawing room of a 17th century manor house in the heart of the Kent countryside.



The Drawing Room

There are five people in the manor house.

Although no one knows it, The Crown Jewel of England is about to be taken.

The Butler

The Contessa is whispering to the Squire.

The man in the heavy boots sits holding his favorite drink - a Beefeater Gin and Tonic.

The person seated opposite the Brigadier is enjoying a Beefeater Gimlet.

The Contessa

The Butler enters with a Beefeater Gibson for the person seated to the right of Lady Trumbull.

The Brigadier mumbles to himself to buy a bottle of Beefeater Gin - The Crown Jewel of England - on the way home.

Suddenly, the lights go out.

Lady Trumbull

The Gibson Girl swoons into the waiting arms of the Martini Man.

Lady Trumbull faints.

No one could hear any footsteps.

It should be easy to deduce who turned out the lights, dear reader.

But now, more importantly, clip out the coupon and tell us (for a chance at $25,000) who takes The Crown Jewel of England. That is a far trickier problem, and no one, not even you, is above suspicion. Good luck and good hunting!

The Squire

The Brigadier

Who took The Crown Jewel of England?

OFFICIAL RULES: (No purchase required.) **1.** Clip out this entire coupon. On the coupon hand print your name, address and tell us who you think took The Crown Jewel of England. Mail in a hand addressed envelope no larger than 4⅛" x 9½" (#10 envelope) to Beefeater Gin "The Crown Jewel of England" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 9241, Blair, Nebraska 68009. **2.** IMPORTANT: In order to be eligible for a prize, you must hand print on the lower left hand corner of your mailing envelope who you think took The Crown Jewel of England. **3.** Entries must be received by August 31, 1979. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately. **4.** Winners will be determined in a random drawing from among all correct entries received. If fewer than seven (7) correct entries are received, random drawings will be held from among all entries received to award prizes not awarded via correct entry. Random drawings are under the supervision of the D.L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. **5.** This sweepstakes is open to residents of the United States of legal drinking age in their state of residence at time of entry. Employees of Kobrand Corp., its distributors, retailers, advertising and promotion agencies and their families are not eligible. This sweepstakes is void in Ohio, Utah and Texas, and wherever prohibited by law. Limit one prize per family. No substitution of prizes is permitted. All Federal, State and local laws and regulations apply. For a list of prize winners, send a SEPARATE self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Beefeater Gin "The Crown Jewel of England" Winners' List, P.O. Box 6279, Blair, Nebraska 68009. **6.** All entries must be on Official Entry Coupons. For each additional coupon you wish send a SEPARATE self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Beefeater Gin "The Crown Jewel of England" Coupon Request, P.O. Box 7104, Blair, Nebraska 68009. Your request must be received by July 31, 1979.

Clip out this coupon and tell us who you think took The Crown Jewel of England. Write your answer below and also on the lower left hand corner of your mailing envelope. Please hand print. (NO PURCHASE REQUIRED)

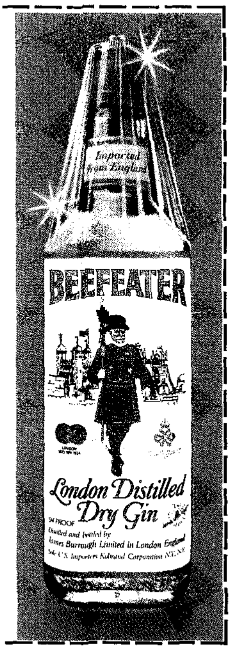
Mail to: BEEFEATER GIN "THE CROWN JEWEL OF ENGLAND"
P.O. BOX 9241, BLAIR, NEBRASKA 68009

Who took The Crown Jewel of England? ____________________

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________


Imported from England
BEEFEATER
London Distilled Dry Gin
94 PROOF
Distilled and bottled by James Burrough Limited in London England
Sole U.S. Importers Kobrand Corporation N.Y., N.Y.

BEEFEATER® GIN. The Crown Jewel of England.

NR

©1979 BEEFEATER GIN IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N.Y., N.Y. 94 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Fantastic...

100% FREEZE-DRIED COFFEE
Taster's Choice

you really get the flavor of fresh-perked coffee from a jar of Taster's Choice.

100% FREEZE-DRIED COFFEE
Taster's Choice
100% FREEZE-DRIED COFFEE
Taster's Choice
Decaffeinated

Taster's Choice® 100% Freeze-Dried Coffee. It really does look, smell and taste like ground roast coffee.

© 1979 The Nestlé Co., Inc.

over it. And then there was his dinner-table toast. It still gave me a temperature of a hundred and five each time I remembered it. To myself I swore that I would struggle for the rest of my life to deserve it. And wasn't that why he'd proposed it, this pitiless new master of mine?

"I've just finished reading Isaac Babel," I told him.

He considered this, impassively.

"I was thinking, for sport more or less, that he is the missing link; those stories are what connect you, if you don't mind my mentioning your work—"

He crossed his hands on his belly and rested them there—movement enough to make me say, "I'm sorry."

"Go ahead. Connected to Babel. How?"

"Well, 'connected' of course isn't the right word. Neither is 'influence.' It's family resemblance that I'm talking about. It's as though, as I see it, you are Babel's American cousin—and Felix Abravanel is the other. You through 'The Sin of Jesus' and something in 'Red Cavalry,' through the ironical dreaming and the blunt reporting, and, of course, through the writing itself. Do you see what I mean? There's a sentence in one of his war stories: 'Voroshilov combed his horse's mane with his Mauser.' Well, that's just the kind of thing that you do, a stunning little picture in every line. Babel said that if he ever wrote his autobiography, he'd call it 'The Story of an Adjective.' Well, if it was possible to imagine you writing your autobiography—if such a thing were even imaginable—you might come up with that title too. No?"

"And Abravanel?"

"Oh, with Abravanel it's Benya Krik and the Odessa mob: the gloating, the gangsters, all those gigantic types. It isn't that he throws in his sympathy with the brutes—it isn't that in Babel, either. It's their awe of them. Even when they're appalled, they're somewhat in awe. Deep reflective Jews a little lovesick at the sound of all that un-Talmudic bone-crunching. Sensitive Jewish sages, as Babel says, dying to climb trees."

" 'In my childhood I led the life of a sage, when I grew up I started climbing trees.' "

"Yes, that's the line," said I, expecting no less but still a little impressed. On I went. "Look at Abravanel's 'Properly Scalded.' Movie moguls, union moguls, racketeer moguls, women who are moguls just with their breasts—even the down-and-out bums who used to be moguls, talking like moguls of the down-and-out. It's Babel's fascination with big-time Jews, with conscienceless Cossacks, with everybody who has it his own way. The Will as the Big Idea. Except Babel doesn't come off so lovable and enormous himself. That's not how he sees things. He is sort of Abravanel with the self-absorption drained away. And if you drain away enough, well, in the end you arrive at Lonoff."

"And what about you?"

"Me?"

"Yes. You haven't finished. Aren't you a New World cousin in the Babel clan too? What is Zuckerman in all of this?"

"Why—nothing. I've only published the four stories that I sent you. My relationship is nonexistent. I think I'm still at the point where my relationship to my own work is practically nonexistent."

So I said, and quickly reached for my glass so as to duck my disingenuous face and take a bitter drop of brandy on my tongue. But Lonoff had read my designing mind, all right; for when I came upon Babel's description of the Jewish writer as a man with autumn in his heart and spectacles on his nose, I had been inspired to add, "and blood in his penis," and had then recorded the words like a challenge—a flaming Dedalian formula to ignite *my* soul's smithy.

"What else?" Lonoff asked. "Come on, don't get bashful. This is enjoyable. Talk, please."

"About—?"

"All these books you read."

"Your books included or excluded?" I asked him.

"Suit yourself."

I said, "I think of you as the Jew who got away."

"And does that help?"

"There's *some* truth in it, isn't there? You got away from Russia and the pogroms. You got away from the purges—and Babel didn't. You got away from Palestine and the homeland. You got away from Brookline and the relatives. You got away from New York—"

"And all of this is recorded where? Hedda Hopper?"

"Some there. The rest I pieced together myself."

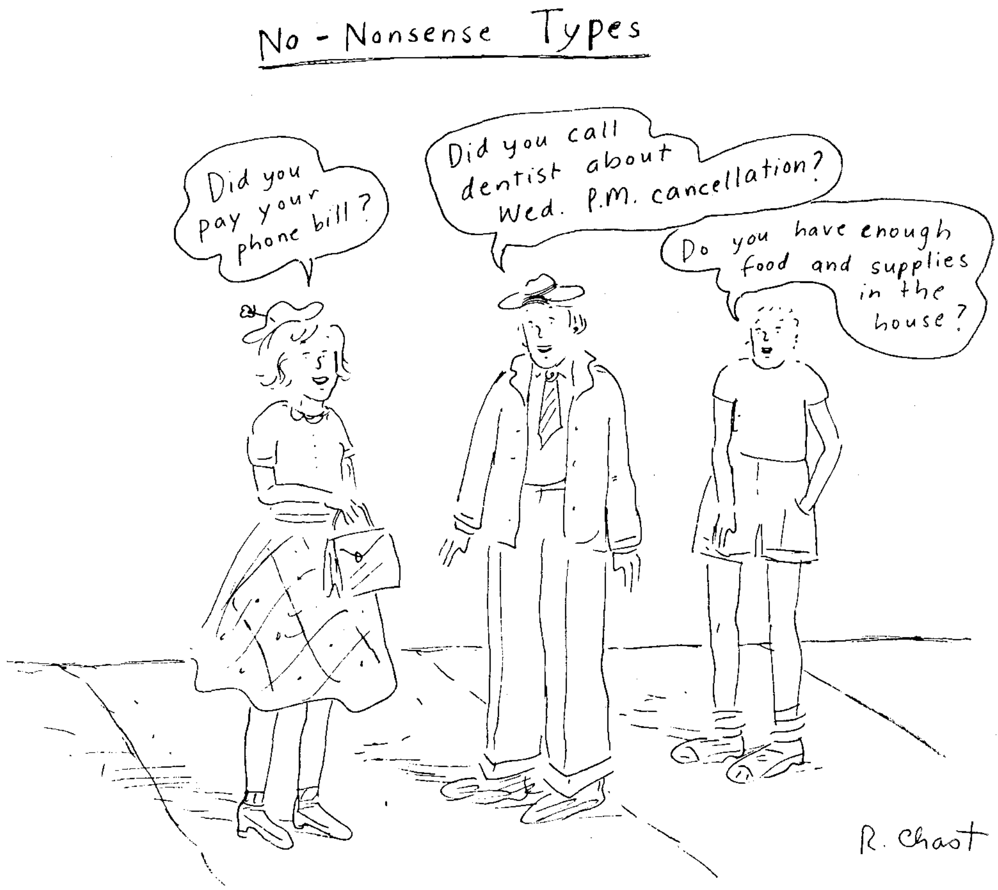
"To what end?"

"When you admire a writer, you become curious. You look for his secret. The clues to his puzzle."

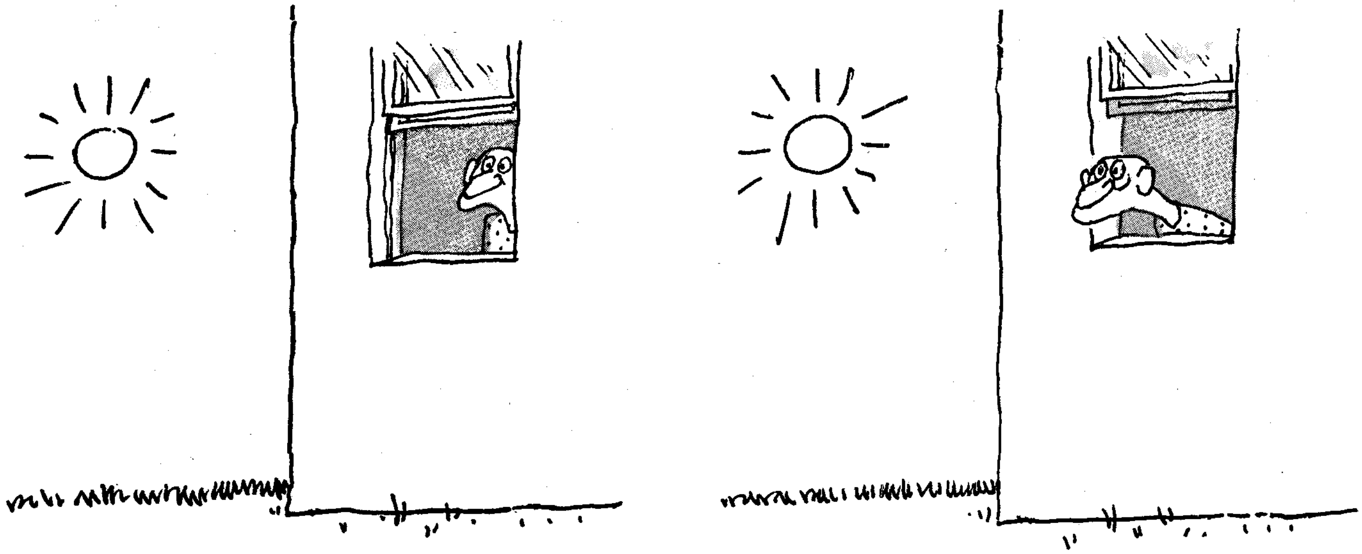
"But New York—I was there for three months over twenty years ago. Who told you I got away from New York?"

"Some of the Jews down there you got away from."

"I was there for three months and I think I got a word in only once. What word I don't remember, but


No-Nonsense Types
Did you pay your phone bill?
Did you call dentist about Wed. P.M. cancellation?
Do you have enough food and supplies in the house?
R. Chast

• •



suddenly I belonged to a faction."

"That's why you left?"

"Also there was the girl I'd fallen in love with and married. She wasn't happy."

"Why not?"

"Same as me. Those were terrifying intellectual personalities even back then. Real ideological Benya Kriks, even in their diapers. I didn't have enough strong opinions to last me down there through a year. My Hope had even fewer."

"So you came back here, you got away for good."

"From Jews? Not altogether. The game warden tells me there are some more up in these woods besides me. But you're more or less right. It's the deer in their fields that drive the farmers crazy, not the few of us they see around here in caftans. But where's the secret, Nathan? What's the puzzle?"

"Away from all the Jews, and a story by you without a Jew in it is unthinkable. The deer, the farmers, the game warden—"

"And don't forget Hope. And my fair-haired children."

"And still all you write about are Jews."

"Proving what?"

"That," I said, cautiously, "is what I'd like to ask you."

He thought about it for a moment. "It proves why the young rabbi in Pittsfield can't live with the idea that I won't be 'active.' "

I waited for more, but in vain.

"Do you know Abravanel?" I asked.

"Nathan, surely by now you get the picture."

"What picture?"

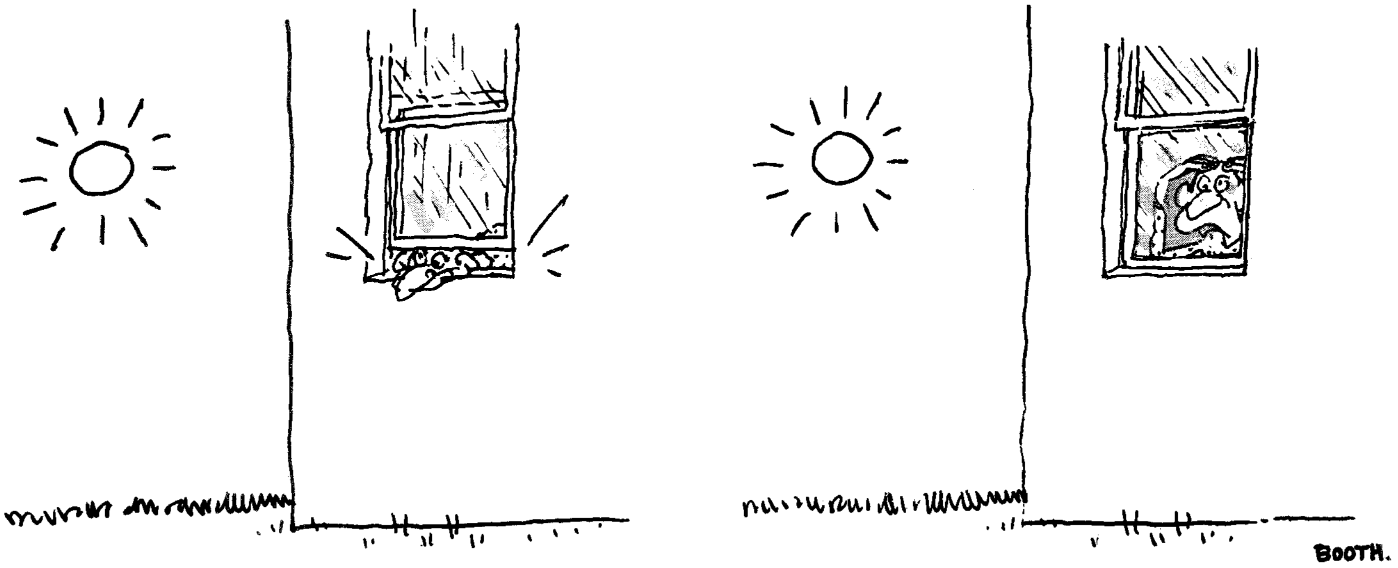
"I don't know anybody. I turn sentences around, and that's it. Why would Abravanel want to know me? I put him to sleep. He spoke at Amherst last spring. An invitation arrived, so we drove over to hear him. But that's the only time we've ever met. Before the lecture he came down the aisle to where I was sitting and introduced himself. He was very flattering. My respectful younger colleague. Afterward we had a drink with him and his actress. A very polished fellow. The satirist you don't really see till you catch the commedia dell'arte profile. There's where the derision lives. Head-on he's something of a heartthrob. Bombay black eyes, and so on. And the young Israeli wife is like lava. The Gentile dream of the melon-breasted Jewess. And the black head of coarse, curly hair—the long female version of his. You could polish a pot with it. They tell me that when she played in the big movie of the Bible she stole the show from the Creation. So there were those two, and there was I with Hope. And with this," he said, once more lightly laying his hands on his belly. "I understand he does a humorous imitation of me for his friends. No harm intended. One of my former students ran into him in Paris. He'd just addressed a full house at the Sorbonne. I'm told that upon hearing my name, he referred to me as 'the complete man—as unimpressive as he is unimpressed.' "

"You don't like him much."

"I'm not in the business. 'Liking people' is often just another racket. But you're right to think well of his books. Not up my alley maybe, all that vanity face to face, but when he writes he's not just a little Houyhnhnm, tapping out his superiority with his hooves. More like a Dr. Johnson eating opium—the disease of his life makes Abravanel fly. I admire the man, actually. I admire what he puts his nervous system through. I admire his passion for the front-row seat. Beautiful wives, beautiful mistresses, alimony the size of the national debt, polar expeditions, war-front reportage, famous friends, famous enemies, breakdowns, public lectures, five-hundred-page novels every third year, and still, as you said before, time and energy left over for all that self-absorption. The gigantic types in the books *have* to be that big to give him something to think about to rival himself. Like him? No. But impressed, oh, yes. Absolutely. It's no picnic up there in the egosphere. I don't know when the man sleeps, or if he has ever slept, aside from those few minutes when he had that drink with me."

Outside it was like a silent-film studio where they made snowstorms by hurling mattress wadding into a wind machine. Large, ragged snowclots raced across the window, and when I heard their icy edges nicking at the glass—and the sounds of someone puttering in the kitchen—I remembered Lonoff's wife begging to be discarded, and wondered if the plea would have been quite so thoroughgoing on a sunny spring day. "I think I'd better get the taxi," I said, pointing to my watch, "so as to catch the last bus back."

Of course I wanted never to leave. True, while Hope was falling apart at the dinner table, I momentarily had found myself wishing for my cabin at Quahsay; now, however, the way the crisis seemed magically to have resolved itself served only to intensify my awe of Lonoff, particularly for what he unblushingly had called *my own kind of bravery*. If only I had thought to take his approach when *Betsy* had gone wild; if only I had kept my mouth shut until she finished berat-



ing me, then swept up the broken crockery and settled into my chair to read another book! Now, why didn't I? Because I was twenty-three and he was fifty-six? Or because I was guilty and he was innocent? Yes, his authority, and the rapid restoration of household sanity and order, might well owe something to that. "Take her! It's the only thing that makes sense!" cried Hope, and Lonoff's easy victory seemed to reside in never even having wanted to.

I also hated calling a taxi because of Amy Bellette. I was hoping, a little crazily, that when she came back from dinner with the college librarian, she would offer to drive me through the storm to my bus. Earlier, while Lonoff was measuring out the brandy—concentrating like a bartender who'd trained at Los Alamos with fissionable fifths—I had asked where she went. I hadn't the nerve to inquire about her status as a displaced person. But at the table, when he said that she had come to Athene as a refugee, I was reminded of "the children starving in Europe" whom we had heard so much about when we were children eating in New Jersey. If Amy had been one of them, perhaps that explained the something in her that seemed to me thwarted and underdeveloped, despite the dazzling maturity and severe good looks. I wondered if the dark refugee girl with the curious name Bellette could be Jewish, and in Europe had suffered from worse than starvation.

"Yes," said Lonoff, "you'd better call the taxi."

Reluctantly I stood to go.

"Or, if you like," he said, "you can stay over and sleep in the study."

"No, I think I really have to be off," I said, and cursed the upbringing that had taught me never to be greedy about second helpings. How much better if I had been raised in the gutter! Only how would I have gotten from the gutter to here?

"Suit yourself," Lonoff told me.

"I wouldn't want to inconvenience your wife."

"I think it will disturb her more if you leave than if you stay. She might hold herself responsible. I'm certain she would."

I pretended I had taken my dinner on the moon. "But why?"

"Sit down. Stay for breakfast, Nathan."

"I'd better not. I shouldn't."

"You know who Jimmy Durante is?"

"Of course."

"Do you know the old Durante number, 'Did you ever have the feeling that you wanted to go, still have the feeling that you wanted to stay?' "

"Yes."

"Sit."

I sat—suiting myself, as the man said.

"Besides," he told me, "if you go off now, you'll leave most of your cognac."

"If I go off, so will you."

"Well, the Jew who got away didn't get away altogether." He smiled at me. "You don't have to finish it, just because you're staying. That's not part of the deal."

"No, no, I want to," I said, and took my biggest sip of the night. Saluting me with his glass, he followed suit.

"Hope will be pleased," he said. "She misses people. She misses the children and their friends. She went to art school in Boston before I brought her back here, sixteen versts to the nearest railway station. Manhattan terrified her, but Boston's her Moscow, she'd move there tomorrow. She thinks I would enjoy it in Cambridge. But all I need are those dinner parties. I'd rather talk to the horse."

"You have a horse?"

"No."

I loved him! Yes, nothing less than love for this man with no illusions: love for the bluntness, the scrupulosity, the severity, the estrangement; love for the relentless winnowing out of the babyish, preening, insatiable self; love for the artistic mulishness and the suspicion of nearly everything else; and love for all the buried charm, of which he'd just given me a glimpse. Yes, Lonoff had only to say that he did not even have the horse to talk to and somehow that did it, released in me a son's girlish love for the man of splendid virtue and high achievement who understands life, and who understands the son, and who approves.

I SHOULD mention here that some three years earlier, after several hours in the presence of Felix Abravanel, I had been no less overcome. But if I did not fall at his feet straightaway, it was because even a college senior as writer-worshipping as myself could see that with Abravanel such boundless adoration—at least if offered up by a youthful male admirer—was doomed to go unrequited. The ardor of those books, composed in the sunny stillness of his California canyon and seething with unbuttoned and aggressive innocence, seemed to have little to do with the author himself when he came coolly out into the fallen world he'd been so ardent about down in the canyon. In fact, the writer who found irresistible all vital and dubious types, not excluding the swindlers of both sexes who trampled upon the large hearts of his optimistic, undone heroes;

the writer who could locate the hypnotic core in the most devious American self-seeker and lead him to disclose in spirited locutions all his own the depths of his conniving soul; the writer whose absorption with "the grand human discord" made his every paragraph a little novel in itself, every page packed as tight as Dickens or Dostoevski with the latest news of manias, temptations, passions, and dreams, with mankind aflame with feeling—well, in the flesh he gave the impression of being out to lunch.

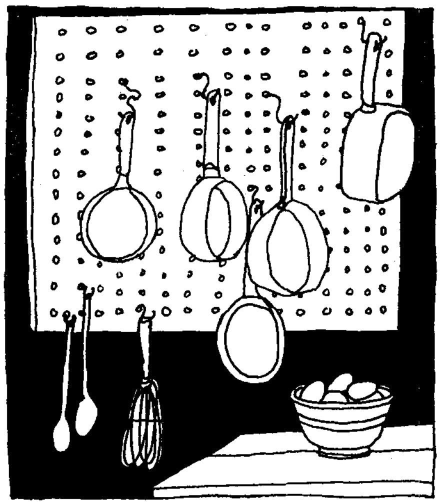
Which isn't to suggest that Felix Abravanel lacked charm. On the contrary, the charm was like a moat so oceanic that you could not even see the great turreted and buttressed thing it had been dug to protect. You couldn't even find the drawbridge. He was like California itself—to get there you had to take a plane. There were moments during his public lecture—this was at Chicago, my last year there—when Abravanel had to pause at the lectern, seemingly to suppress saying something off the cuff that would have been just too charming for his audience to bear. And he was right. We might have charged the stage to eat him up alive if he had been any more sly and enchanting and wise. Poor marvellous Abravanel (I mean this without satire)—even what was intended to guard the great rose window of his inner brilliance was itself so damn beautiful that the ungifted multitudes and art lovers of the world could not but find him all the more alluring. On the other hand, maybe he wanted it that way. There is obviously no simple way to be great, or so I was beginning to find out.

After the lecture I had been invited to come along to a faculty-club reception by the professor whose protégé I was. When we were able at last to break through the rings of admirers, I was introduced as the student whose story would be discussed the next morning in the class Abravanel had consented to visit. From the dash of imperiousness in the photographed face, I had never envisioned him quite so guarded-looking, or with a head a good size and a half too small for the six-foot plank that supported it. He reminded me, amid all those who would flatter and adore him, of a radio tower with its tiny red light burning high up to warn off low-flying aircraft. He wore a five-hundred-dollar shantung suit, a burgundy silk tie, and gleaming narrow black tasselled loafers, but everything that counted, all that made for the charm and the laughs and the books and the breakdowns, was stored compactly right up there at the top—at the edge of a precipice. It was a head that the Japanese technicians, with their ingenuity for miniaturizing, might have designed and then given over to the Jews to adorn with the rug dealer's thinning dark hair, the guarded, appraising black eyes, and a tropical bird's curving bill. A fully Semiticized little transistor on top, terrific clothes down below—and still the over-all impression was of somebody's stand-in.

I thought, In the novels nothing ever seems to get by him, so how come when he's here, he's not? Perhaps so much assails him that he has to close down ninety per cent of himself to phenomena in order not to explode. Though then again, I thought, maybe he's just out to lunch.

Abravanel shook my hand obligingly and was about to turn away to shake another obligingly when the professor repeated my name. "Of course," said Abravanel, "N. Zuckerman." He had read a mimeographed copy of my story on the plane from the Coast; so had Andrea read it. "Sweetheart," he said, "this is Zuckerman."

Well, where to begin? Andrea had maybe only five years on me, but five years put to good use. After graduating from Sarah Lawrence, she had evidently continued her education at Elizabeth Arden and Henri Bendel. As we all knew—her fame having preceded her—Andrea's father had been a dollar-a-year man in the first Roosevelt Administration, and mother was Carla Peterson Rumbough, the loquacious liberal congresswoman from Oregon. While still a college student, she had written the first of her portraits of "Men in Power" for *The Saturday Evening Post*, the series eventually collected in her best-selling book. Undoubtedly (as the envious were quick enough to point out), family contacts had got her going, but clearly what encouraged those busy and powerful men to keep on talking was the proximity of Andrea herself, for Andrea was a most juicy girl. Truly, you felt that if you pressed her, you could drink a glassful of refreshing, healthy Andrea for breakfast.



At the time, she was in residence with Abravanel at his Pacific Palisades retreat, a few miles from the home of his friend and mentor Thomas Mann. ("The grand human discord" was how Mann had perceived Abravanel's subject in the elevating preface with which he had consecrated the German edition of "Properly Scalded.") After Abravanel's latest divorce (and rumored emotional collapse) Andrea had come to interview him for the *Post* series, and as transcontinental literary legend had it, never left. Legend also had it that Abravanel was not only the first man of letters to be named a man of power in America but the first man of power to whose advances Andrea had yielded. I myself wondered if maybe Andrea wasn't the first journalist to whose advances Abravanel had yielded. He looked more like the one who would have had to be seduced.

"How terrific finally to meet you," Andrea said, briskly shaking my hand. The briskness of the handshake was in disarming contrast with the soft, voluptuous appearance. The face was heart-shaped and gentle, but the handshake said, "Have no doubts, I am the girl who has everything." Not that I was about to argue. I was already convinced a month before laying eyes on her, when we had exchanged letters about hotel accommodations. As student representative of the University Lecture Committee, I had, per her instructions, reserved a room in their two names at the Windermere, the closest the neighborhood had to a grand hotel. "Mr. Abravanel and Miss Rumbough?" the desk clerk had asked. "Are they husband and wife, sir?" This question was put to me, mind you, in March of 1953, and so when I answered with the lie that I had devised to shelter a hero from scandal—"Mrs. Abravanel is the well-known journalist; that, of course, is her professional name"—I was sure that the end result of Miss A. Rumbough's bohemian daring would be my expulsion from college without a degree.

"I loved your story," she said. "It's *so* funny."

Grimly I acknowledged the compliment tendered my wit by the bosomy girl with the heart-shaped face

REMEMBER LUXURY?

When train whistles in the night sang songs of adventure, the ultimate dream of luxury was to ride the crack Santa Fe Chief. Travel has changed—but elegance hasn't. It's still yours in the world's most distinctive luggage—the Lark Chief®.

Take our Slim Sacmobile®. Its artful design makes travel luxuriously simple. Clothes hang on its folding Extendo-Bars®, slip into its outer compartments, tuck into neat accessory pockets... it almost packs itself. A shoe bag is built-in, the toilet kit zips off... the whole case unfolds and hangs up to spare you unpacking.

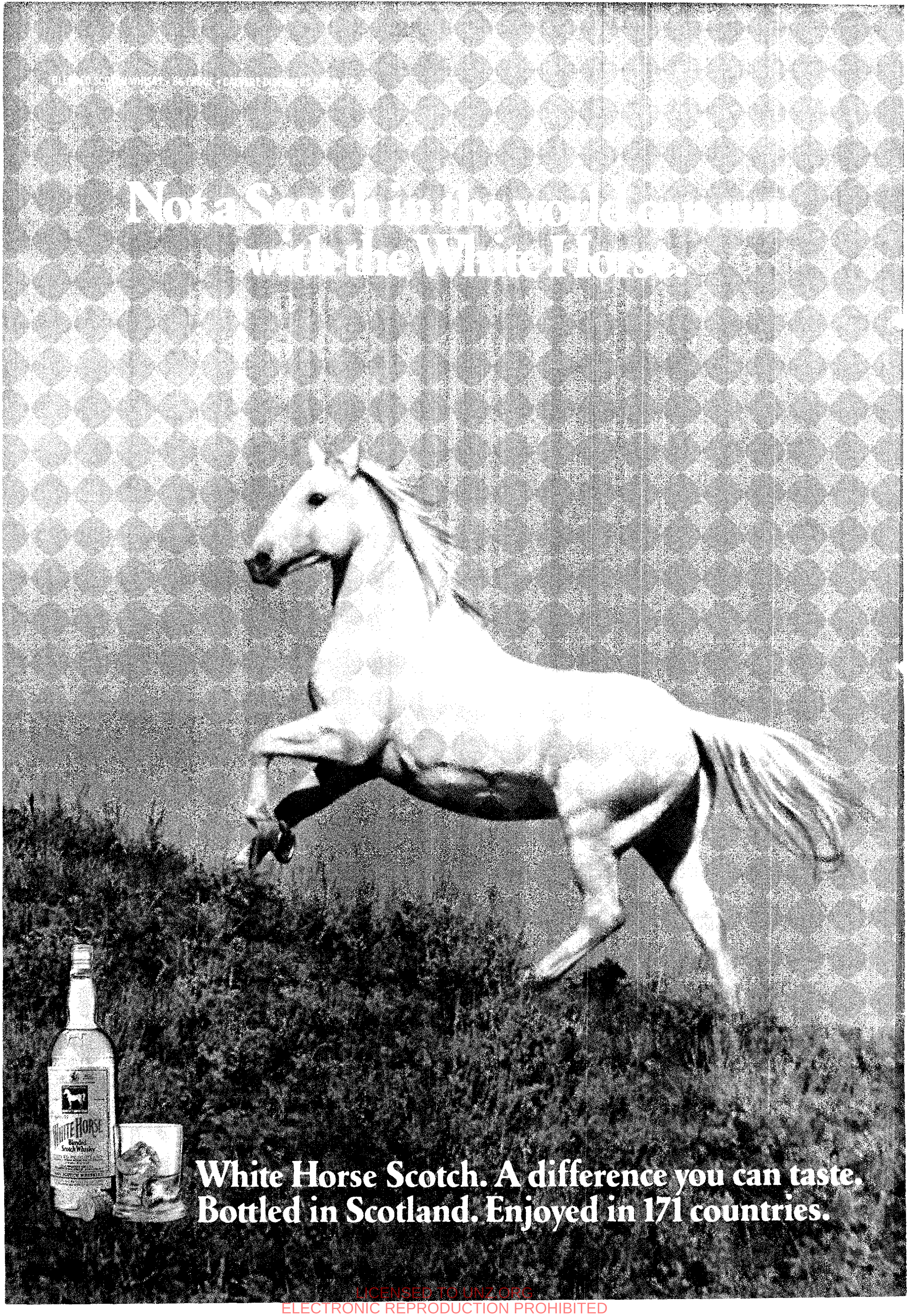
More than two dozen elegantly simple designs make our exclusive Chief® the last word in luxury. Ask your Lark dealer, or write for our free color brochure.

LARK NEVER FORGOT

All Lark luggage with outer fabric coverings is protected by DuPont ZE PEL® soil/stain repeller.

Lark® LUGGAGE COMPANY
Empire State Building, New York, N.Y. 10001

DUPONT
ZEPEL
SOIL/STAIN REPELLER


BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • [illegible]
Not a Scotch in the world can run with the White Horse.
WHITE HORSE
Blended Scotch Whisky
White Horse Scotch. A difference you can taste.
Bottled in Scotland. Enjoyed in 171 countries.

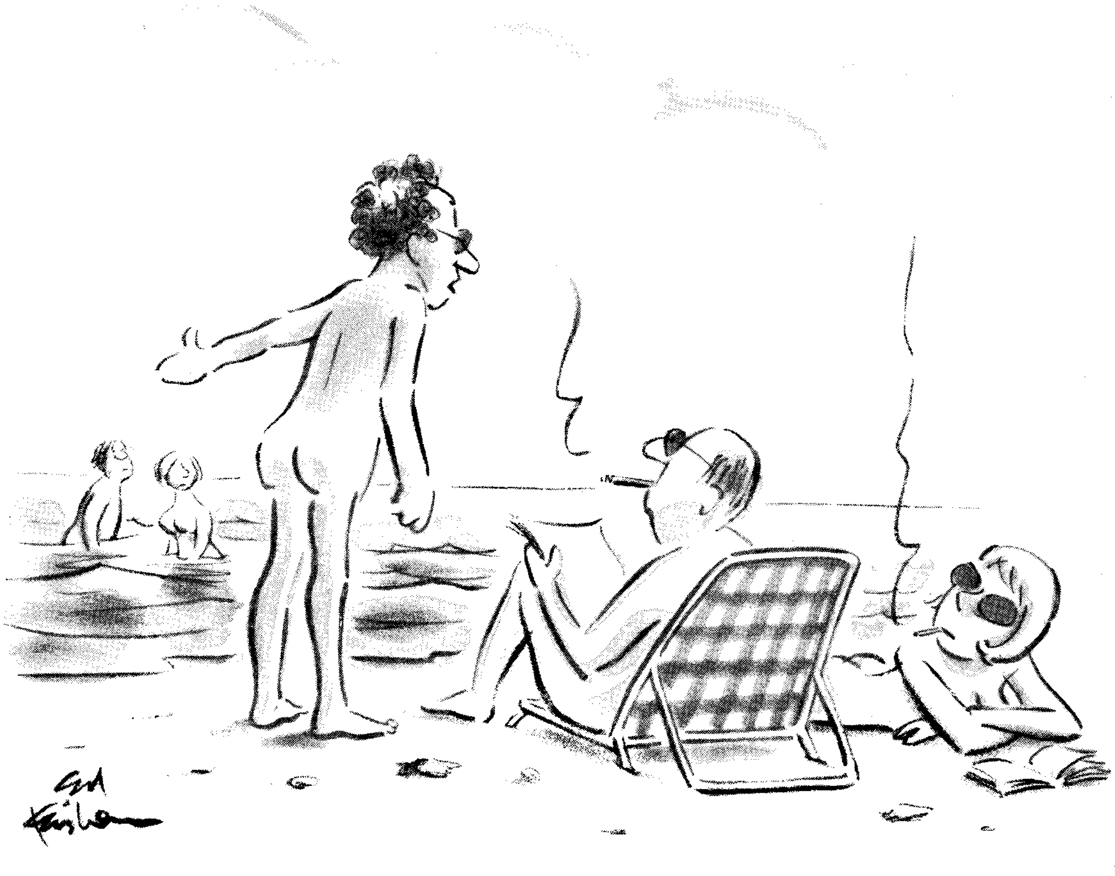
and the milkmaid complexion and the soldierly, self-assured grip. In the meantime, having passed me on to Andrea to dispose of, Abravanel found himself being exhibited by another of our professors to a huddle of graduate students waiting shyly beside their teacher to ask the writer serious questions. "Oh, well," I heard him say, with a light annihilating laugh, "I don't have the time these days to think about 'influences'—Andrea keeps me pretty much on the run." "Felix," she was telling me, "is nuts about the story too. You should have seen him on the plane. He just kept throwing back his head and laughing. Where are you going to publish it? Maybe Felix ought to talk to—" She mentioned a name. It was Knebel, but for one whose stories had appeared previously only in the college literary quarterly, the effect would have been no more stunning if she had said, "After the reception I have to get back to the hotel to interview Marshal Tito in the bar—but while I do, Felix can rise unto Heaven from the lobby and discuss your funny little mimeographed story with the author of 'The Brothers Karamazov.' We all met in Siberia when Felix and I did the prison tour." Somewhere behind me I heard Abravanel applying himself to another serious question from the graduate division. "Alienation? Oh," he said, with that light laugh, "let the other guy be alienated." Simultaneously Andrea informed me, "He's seeing Sy tomorrow night in New York" (Sy being Knebel, the editor for twenty years of the New York intellectual quarterly that I had been devouring for the past two).

The next day Abravanel visited our advanced-writing class, accompanied—to the surprise of those ready to live only for art—by the bold Andrea. Her luminous, shameless presence in the very front row (and her white jersey dress; and her golden hair out of some rustic paradise) led me to recall October afternoons half a lifetime ago, when I sat like a seething prisoner, practicing my penmanship at my sloping school desk while the World Series was broadcast live to dinky radios in every gas station in America. It was then that I learned what tore at the hearts of the delinquents and the dummies who loathed the classroom and the teacher and wished the whole place would burn down.

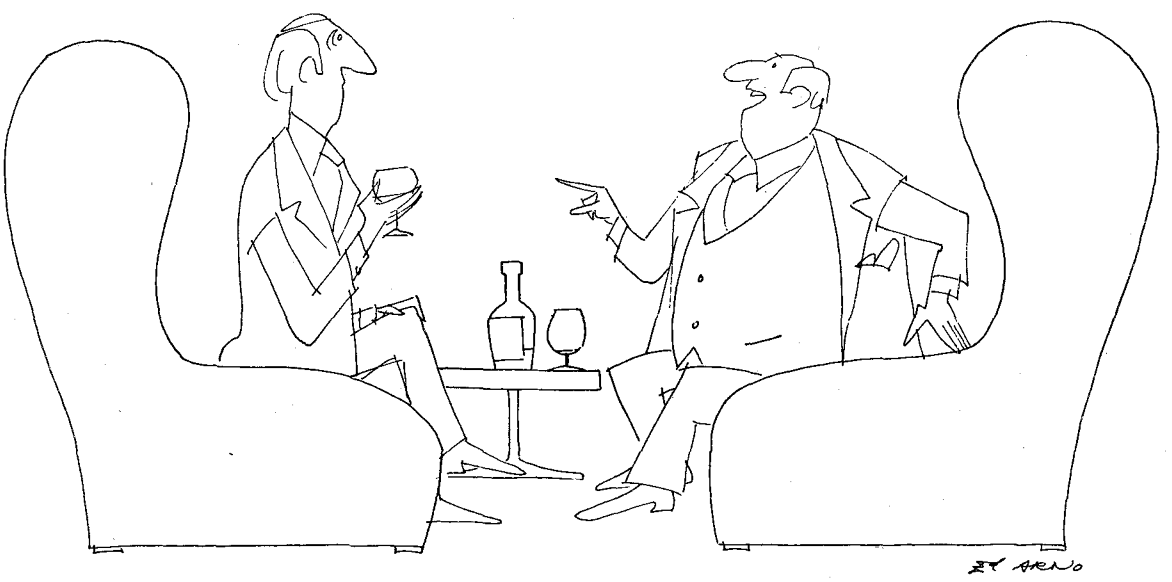
Hands plunged into his pockets, and angled casually against the professor's desk, Abravanel spoke of my story with oblique admiration, defending it, largely with his laugh, from criticism brought by the orthodox Forsterites that my narrator was "two-dimensional" instead of being "round" like the characters they'd read about in "Aspects of the Novel." But that day to all carping I was immune. *Andrea*, I thought, whenever one of those fools said "round."

Afterward I was invited by Abravanel for a cup of coffee at a local luncheonette, along with Andrea, my professor, and a member of the sociology department, an old friend from Abravanel's youth, who had been waiting outside the classroom door to give Abravanel a nostalgic hug (which the author managed graciously to accept even while backing away). Abravanel had extended the invitation personally (as I was to write my parents) and with what sounded for the first time like real sympathy: "They're a rough bunch, Zuckerman. You better come along for a transfusion." I figured he would tell me over the cup of coffee that he was taking his copy of my story to New York to show to Seymour Knebel. For a hundred reasons I was in ecstasy. When he told me to come along for my transfusion, I could not remember having *myself* ever felt like such a round character before. What Mann had done for him, he was about to do for me. Literary history in the making. Good thing Andrea was there to get it all down for posterity.

But over his coffee Abravanel said not a word, just leaned his long demi-emaciated frame back in his chair, looking smooth and strokable as a cat in his teaching attire of soft gray flannel slacks, light mauve pullover, and cashmere sports coat. With hands and ankles elegantly crossed, he left it to his buoyant young companion to do the talking—lively, funny stories, mostly, about Felix's old father, an L.A. housepainter, and the winning remarks he made to her in his homely mixture of two languages. Even the sociology professor was bowled over, though from campus gossip I knew he was a dear friend of Abravanel's litigious first wife and disapproved of the writer's treatment of her, first in the flesh, then in fiction. Moreover, he was said to disapprove of Abravanel's way with women generally, and, on top of that, believed that a novelist of



"Yes, this is the nude-bathing area, but it's the non-smoking section of the nude-bathing area."



"You've left out one thing, Phil—money."

• •

his stature oughtn't to have articles about himself in *The Saturday Evening Post.* Yet now the sociology professor began lifting his voice so as to get Andrea to hear him. As a boy, he also had been a great fan of Felix's father's malapropisms, and wanted it known. "'That fellow,'" shouted the sociologist, imitating the elder Abravanel, "'he ain't here no more—poor guy committed suitcase.'" If Abravanel thought the retired housepainter was so impressive for speaking cockeyed English all his life, he didn't let on. So genteel and assured and courtly was the posture he'd assumed to listen to Andrea tell her stories that I found myself doubting it. Out in the open, Abravanel's cup did not spill over with sentiment for the old bunch in L.A.; such effusions he left to readers of his novels who had come to love the supercharged emotional world of his childhood as though it had been their own. He himself seemed to prefer to look down at us from a long way off, like a llama or a camel.

"Good luck" was what he said to me when they got up to catch the New York train—and Andrea said even less. This time, because we knew each other, she took my hand in five soft fingers, but the touch of the fairy princess seemed to mean much the same to me as the garrison handshake at the faculty-club reception. She's forgotten, I thought, about Knebel. Or maybe she's told Abravanel and figured he'd take care of it, and he's forgotten. Or maybe she's told him and he said, "Forget it." Watching her leave the luncheonette on Abravanel's arm—seeing her hair brush his shoulder as out on the street she rose up on her toes to whisper something into his ear—I realized that they'd had other things than my story to think about when they got back to the Windermere the night before.

All of this was why, from Quahsay, I had mailed my four published stories to Lonoff. Felix Abravanel was clearly not in the market for a twenty-three-year-old son.

JUST before nine, having checked the time on his watch, Lonoff drank up his last drop of brandy, which had sat thirty minutes at the bottom of the glass. He said that though he must be off, I might stay in the living room and listen to music, or if I preferred, I could retire to his study, where I would be sleeping. Beneath the corduroy cover I would find that the study daybed was already made up with fresh linens. Blankets and an extra pillow were in the closet there, on the bottom shelf, and fresh towels were in the downstairs-bathroom cupboard—please, I mustn't hesitate to use the striped ones, they were the least worn and best for a shower—and also in the cupboard, at the rear of the second shelf down, I would find a toothbrush in its original unopened plastic case, and a small new tube of Ipana. Any questions?

"No."

Was there anything else that I would need?

"Thank you, this is all perfect."

He winced when he stood—lumbago, he explained, from turning one too many sentences around that day—and said that he still had his evening's reading. He did not do justice to a writer unless he read him on consecutive days and for no less than three hours at a sitting. Otherwise, despite his note-taking and underlining, he lost touch with a book's inner life and might as well not have begun. Sometimes when he unavoidably had to miss a day, he would go back and begin all over again rather than be nagged by his sense that he was wronging a serious author.

He told me all this in the same fastidious way he had described the location of the toothpaste and towels: a blunt, colloquial, pointedly ungrandiloquent Lonoff seemed to take turns with a finicky, floorwalker Lonoff as official representative to the unwritten world.

"My wife considers this a grave affliction," he added. "I don't know how to relax. Soon she'll be telling me to go out and have a good time."

"Not that soon," I said.

"It's only as it should be," he said, "for somebody else to think I'm a fool. But I can't afford the luxury myself. How else am I supposed to read a book of real depth? For 'enjoyment'? For the hell of it—to put me to sleep?" Wearily—more ready for bed, I would have thought, from the tired, irascible tone, than for one hundred and eighty minutes concentrating on the inner life of a deep book by a serious author—he asked, "How else am I to conduct my life?"

"How else would you like to?"

Well, I had done it, escaped at last from wooden self-consciousness and egregious overearnestness—and sporadic attempts to be witty in the Lonovian mode—and put to him a direct, simple question, the answer to which I wanted very much to hear.

"How else *might I like to?*"

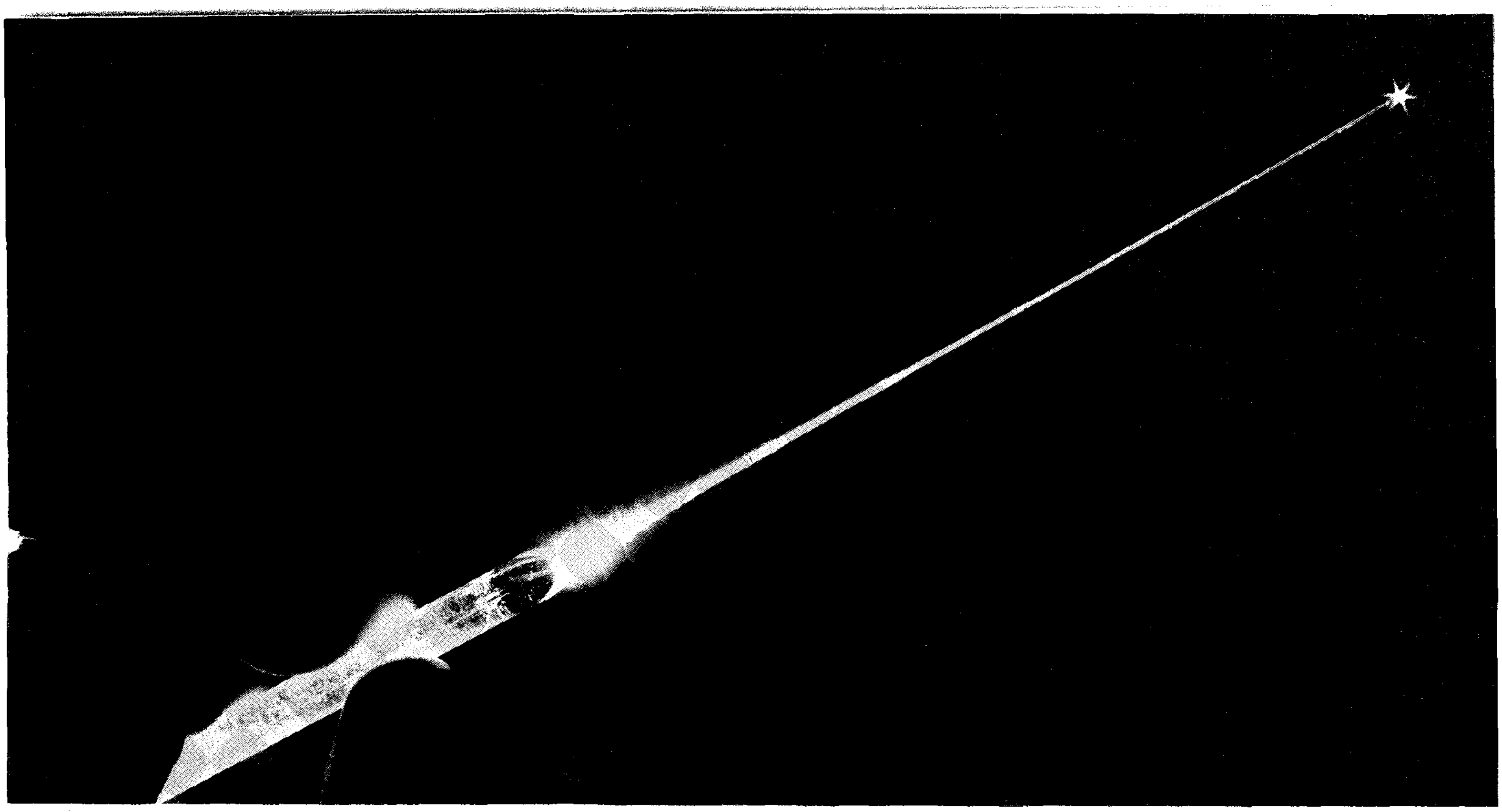
It thrilled me to see him standing there taking altogether seriously what I had asked. "Yes. How would you live now, if you had your way?"

Rubbing at the small of his back, he replied, "I would live in a villa outside Florence."

"Yes? With whom?"

"A woman, of course." He answered without hesitation, as though I were another grown man.

So, as though I were one, I went



Why this one-of-a-kind invention didn't end up as the only one of its kind.

Every new invention needs another new invention—the one that can mass-produce it at an affordable cost.

For example, Bell Labs invented a process for making the glass rods from which hair-thin fibers used in lightwave communications can be drawn. The fibers have far greater capacity than conventional copper wires, so they'll help keep costs down. In fact, they've been carrying voice, data, and video signals under city streets for about two years in a Bell System demonstration.

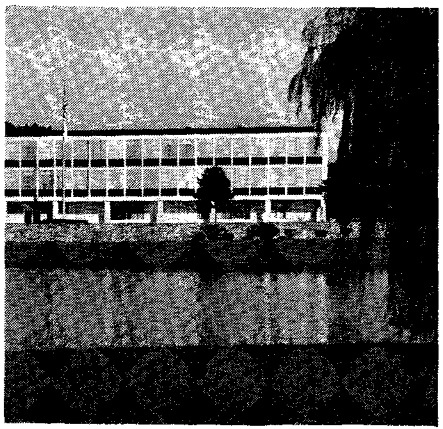
But standard lightwave systems will require *miles* of the fiber, produced at low cost and to specifications nothing short of microscopic.

That's where Western Electric's Engineering Research Center comes in.

A Unique Center

The Center is devoted exclusively to manufacturing research.

Here, a highly trained team of scientists and engineers probe fundamental questions about materials and processes. They provide Western Electric factories with pre-tested, proven ways to manufacture products based on the latest technology coming out of the laboratory.



For example, while Bell Labs scientists were inventing new glass fibers, Western Electric engineers and scientists were tackling the manufacturing problems involved.

The fibers had to be drawn from molten glass at high speeds, with less than a 1% deviation in diameter.

But how do you control a "thread" of glass being spun at rates up to 15 feet per second?

Scientists and engineers at the Center discovered that laser light beamed onto the fiber cast a characteristic pattern. By correlating the pattern to the fiber's diameter, they were able to build a monitoring system into the fiber drawing machinery. It measures the fiber 1000 times per second, automatically adjusting production to keep the diameter constant.

The system works so well that in all the miles of fiber produced by Western Electric, the diameter varies by no more than 30-millionths of an inch.

The Key to the Future

In the Bell System, technology is the key to keeping costs down. It is the key to constantly improving your phone service.

And Western Electric's Engineering Research Center is an essential link between the ideas of the laboratory and the realities of the factory.

So your Bell Telephone Company can make the best one-of-a-kind inventions a part of your phone service.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

ahead and asked, “How old would she be, this woman?”

He smiled down at me. “We have both had too much to drink.”

I showed him that there was brandy enough still to swirl in my snifter.

“For us,” he added, and not bothering this time to catch the trouser crease in his fingers, sat back down somewhat gracelessly in his chair.

“Please,” I said, “I don’t mean to keep you from reading. I’ll be fine alone.”

“Sometimes,” he said, “I like to imagine I’ve read my last book. And looked for the last time at my watch. How old would you think she should be?” he asked. “The woman in Florence. As a writer, what would be your guess?”

“I think you’ll have to ask me to guess that thirty years from now. I don’t know.”

“I say thirty-five. How does that strike you?”

“As right, if you say so.”

“She would be thirty-five and she would make life beautiful for me. She would make life comfortable and beautiful and new. She would drive me in the afternoon to San Gimignano, to the Uffizi, to Siena. In Siena we would visit the cathedral and drink coffee in the square. At the breakfast table she would wear long feminine nightgowns under her pretty robe. They would be things I had bought for her in a shop by the Ponte Vecchio. I would work in a cool stone room with French windows. There would be flowers in a vase. She would cut them and put them there. And so on, Nathan, in this vein.”

Most men want to be children again, or kings, or quarterbacks, or multimillionaires. All Lonoff seemed to want was a thirty-five-year-old woman and a year abroad. I thought of Abravanel, that fruit-gatherer, and the Israeli actress—“like lava”—who was Abravanel’s third wife. And of that rounded character Andrea Rumbough. *In whose sea did Andrea bob now?* “If that’s all . . .” I said.

“Go on. We’re having a drunken conversation.”

“If that’s all, it doesn’t sound too hard to arrange,” I heard myself telling him.

“Oh, yes? What young woman that you know is out looking for a fifty-six-year-old bald man to accompany to Italy?”

“You’re not the stereotypical bald man of fifty-six. Italy with you wouldn’t be Italy with anyone.”

“What does that mean? I’m supposed to cash in the seven books for a piece of ass?”

The unforeseen plunge into street talk made *me* feel momentarily like the boutonnièred floorwalker. “That isn’t what I meant. Though of course that happens, such things are done. . . .”

“Yes, in New York you must see a lot of it.”

“No one with seven books in New York City settles for one piece of ass. That’s what you get for a couplet.” I had spoken as though I knew what I was talking about. “All I meant was that you’re not exactly asking for a harem.”

“Like the fat lady said about the polka-dot dress, ‘It’s nice, but it’s not Lonoff.’ ”

“Why not?”

“Why not?” he repeated, a little scornfully.

“I meant—why couldn’t it be?”

“Why should it be?”

“Because—you want it.”

His answer: “Not a good enough reason.”

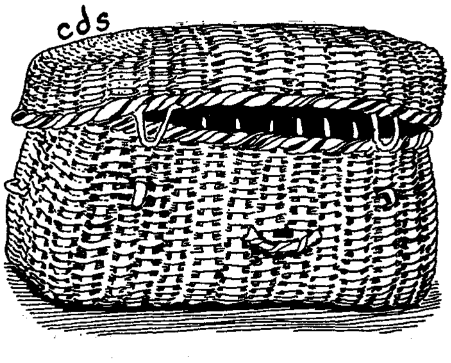
I lacked the courage to ask “Why not?” yet again. If drunk, still only drunk Jews. So far and no farther, I was sure. And I was right.

“No,” he said, “you don’t chuck a woman out after thirty-five years because you’d prefer to see a new face over your fruit juice.”

Thinking of his fiction, I had to wonder if he had ever let her in—or the children, either, who, he had told me earlier, had provided him with diversion and brought a certain gaiety into his world for as long as they lived at home. In his seven volumes of stories I could not think of a single hero who was not a bachelor, a widower, an orphan, a foundling, or a reluctant fiancé.

“But there’s more to it than that,” I said. “More to it than the new face . . . isn’t there?”

“What, the bed? I had the bed. I know my singularity,” said Lonoff, “and what I owe to it.” Here, abruptly, he concluded our drunken conversation. “I’ve got my reading. Let me show you before I go how to work the phonograph. We have an excellent classical-record collection. You know about wiping the records? There is a cloth—”



He came heavily to his feet—slowly and heavily, like an elephant. All the obstinacy seemed to have gone out of him, whether owing to our exchange or the pain in his back—or exhaustion with his singularity—I didn’t know. Maybe every day ended like this.

“Mr. Lonoff—Manny,” I said, “may I ask you something before you go, while we’re alone—about my stories? I don’t know if I entirely understood what you meant by ‘turbulence.’ At dinner. I don’t mean to hang on to one word, but any word from you—well, I’d like to be sure I understand it. That is, I’m thrilled just that you read them, and I’m still amazed even to have been invited, and now staying over—all that should be enough. It is enough. And the toast you made”—I felt my emotions getting out of hand, as I had, to my astonishment, while receiving my college diploma with my parents looking on—“I hope I can live up to it. I don’t take those words lightly. But about the stories themselves, what I’d like to know is what you think is wrong with them, what you think I might do—to be better?”

How benign was his smile! Even while kneading the lumbago. “Wrong?”

“Yes.”

“Look, I told Hope this morning: Zuckerman has the most compelling voice I’ve encountered in years, certainly for somebody starting out.”

“Do I?”

“I don’t mean style”—raising a finger to make the distinction. “I mean voice: something that begins at around the back of the knees and reaches well above the head. Don’t worry too much about ‘wrong.’ Just keep going. You’ll get there.”

There. I tried to envision it, but couldn’t. It was more than I could take being *here.*

I told Hope this morning.

Meanwhile, buttoning his jacket and smoothing down his tie—and checking his watch with the glance that ruined his wife’s every Sunday—he attended to the last item of business on the agenda. Working the record-player. I had interrupted his train of thought.

“I want to show you what happens if the arm doesn’t go all the way back at the end of the record.”

“Sure,” I said, “absolutely.”

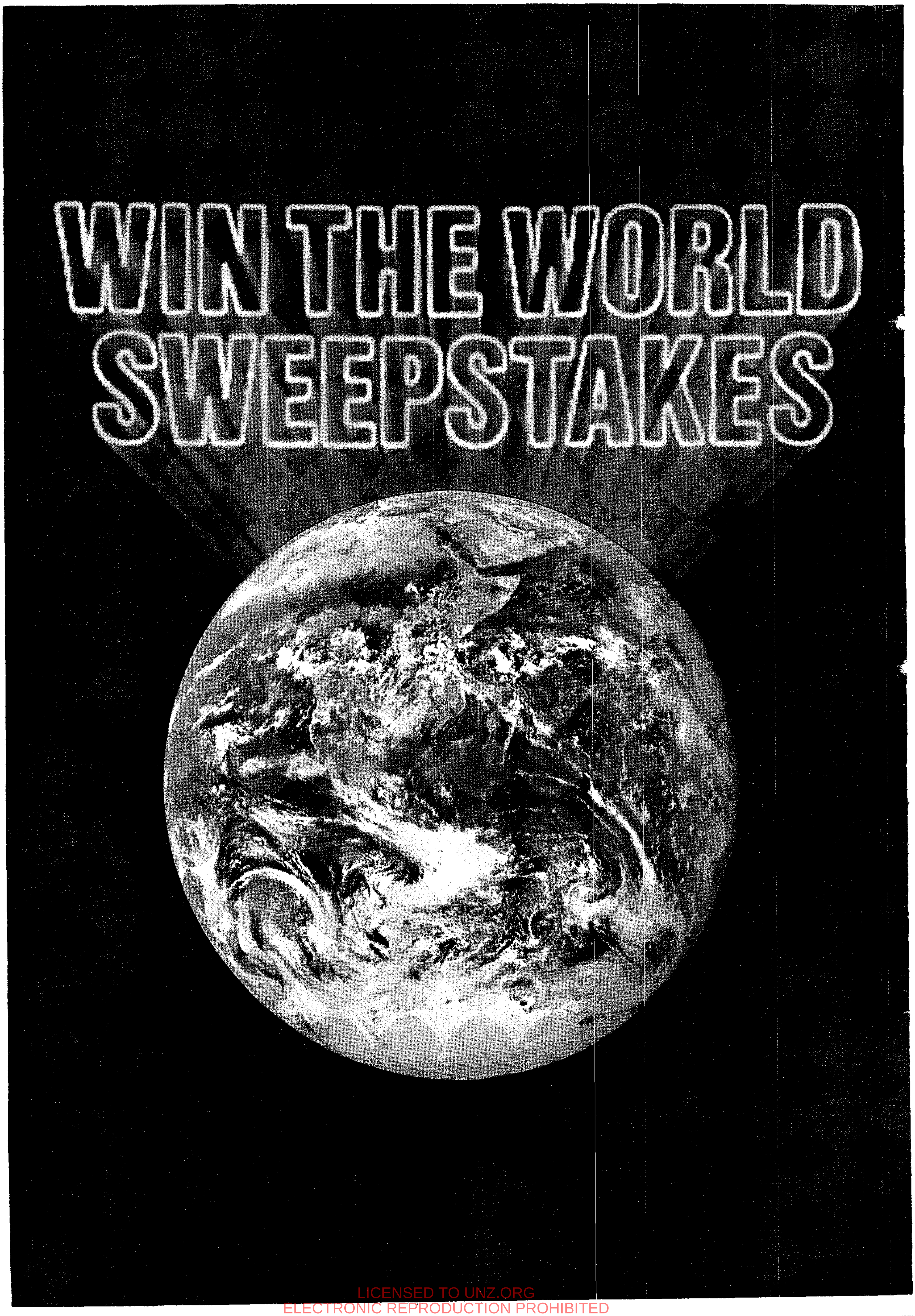
“It’s been acting up lately and nobody is able to fix it. Some days it

Imported by Browne Vintners Co. New York © 1979

1973
CONTENTS 1 PT. 10 FL. OZS, ALC. 12
G.H.MUMM
ST VINICOLE DE CHAM
RE
CHAMPAGNE BRUT
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
PRODUIT DE FRANCE
REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE

Mumm's the word.

For 150 years, people who know how to live have been celebrating life with Mumm premium French Champagne.

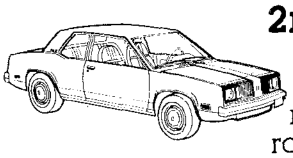

WIN THE WORLD
SWEEPSTAKES

BANKAMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUE
50

World Money® gives you a chance to win a dream vacation for two, anywhere in the world.

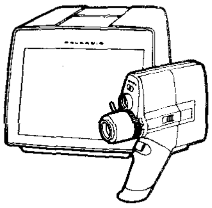
The whole world welcomes World Money. And now World Money welcomes you to the world. Because this is your chance to win a two-week vacation for two, anywhere you ever dreamed of going. Including round-trip jet tickets, hotels, meals, sightseeing and $500 in BankAmerica Travelers Cheques.

Plus there are 1065 other exciting prizes:



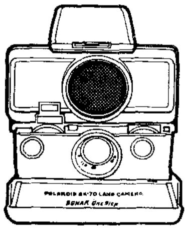
2nd Prize

A brand-new 1980 Oldsmobile Omega Coupe to make your driving a year-round vacation.



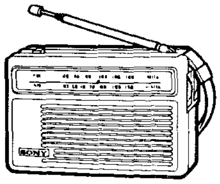
3rd Prizes

4 Polavision Instant Movie Systems. Lets you see your vacation movies while you're still on vacation!



4th Prizes

10 Polaroid SX-70 OneStep Sonar Cameras. Focuses itself automatically so your color pictures are sharp, precise . . . and instant.



5th Prizes

50 Sony FM/AM Slim Line Transistor Radios. Tough enough to take rugged travel, small enough to fit in your pocket!

World Money
BankAmerica Travelers Cheques

6th Prizes

1000 AirTex Flight bags with the World Money signature. Your own 'money bag': so flexible there's always room for one more thing.

How to enter

Whenever you buy BankAmerica Travelers Cheques, you automatically enter the sweepstakes. (You automatically get the best way to carry your travel money, too.) For the nearest seller's location, call toll-free (800) 227-3333, excluding California.

Free entry blanks

You can also enter just by filling out free entry blanks at any participating financial institution. No purchase needed.

Sweepstakes rules

1. You may enter: 1) by buying BankAmerica Travelers Cheques; 2) by mailing the free entry blanks; or 3) by hand printing your name, address and zip code on a plain piece of 3" x 5" paper and mailing it to BankAmerica Travelers Cheques, "Win the World" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 910, Lomita, CA 90717.

2. Enter as often as you wish, but mail each official entry blank separately.

3. All residents of the United States, the District of Columbia and Puerto Rico are eligible, except for employees and their immediate families of BA Cheque Corporation, Bank of America, the Bank's advertising agencies, and seller institutions. Entrants must be 18 and older.

4. Sweepstakes starts June 18, 1979. Winners will be determined by a random drawing at BA Cheque Corporation under the supervision of Marden-Kane, Inc., an independent judging organization, from all entry blanks and Purchasers' Applications postmarked before midnight, September 28, 1979.

5. Winners will be notified by mail within sixty days from the closing date of the sweepstakes. For a list of winners write to BankAmerica Travelers Cheques, Seller Relations Department, P.O. Box 37010, San Francisco, CA 94137, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

6. All prizes have been selected by Marden-Kane, Inc. of New York. Grand Prize winner may choose cash equivalent. No substitutes are permitted for other prizes.

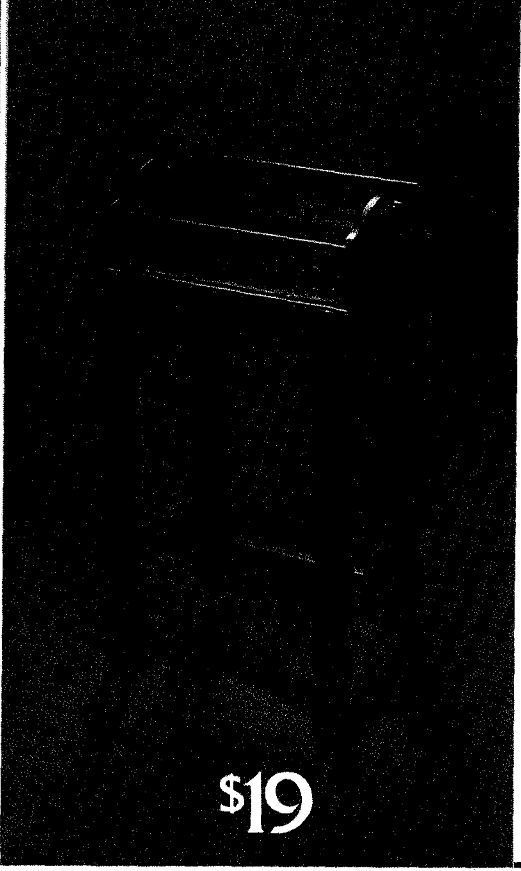
7. Tax liability on all prizes will be the sole responsibility of the prize winners.

8. Only one prize per person is permitted.

9. Sweepstakes void where prohibited by Federal, State, or local laws or regulations.

BankAmerica Travelers Cheques. Win the World Sweepstakes.

BA Cheque Corporation
A BankAmerica Company

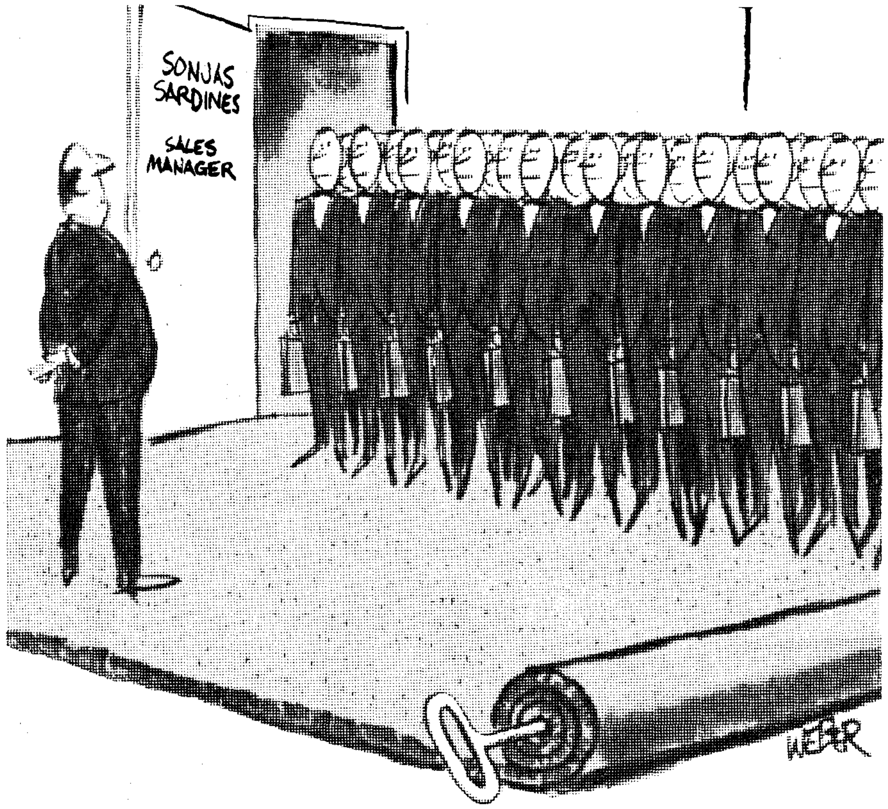


The
English
Kent Table

An appealing reproduction of an indispensable English design treasured for its warm characteristics and wide variety of uses throughout the home. A most unique accent piece made of mahogany. 23" high, 12" x 9" top. The price is just as warming: $19 each. Please add $3 each for shipping and handling. Your delight is guaranteed. To expedite your order telephone us or send check or money order or charge AE, VISA, MC or DC. Please include your exp. date. Send $2 for our color catalogue.

The Bombay Company
P. O. Box 53323 – Dept. NY
New Orleans, LA 70153
Showrooms: Uptown Square
Call Toll-Free 1-800-621-5809
(In Illinois 1-800-972-5858)
24 hours, 7 days a week

$19



A title on the door...rates a **Bigelow** on the floor.

Whether it's a title on the door, or taking title on a house, be sure it's a Bigelow Carpet on your floor. For Residential Carpet information: send for our "Great Beginnings" Booklet. For Contract Carpet information: send for our "Proven Performers" Booklet. Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., P.O. Box 3089, Greenville, SC 29602.

A SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY

somehow fixes itself, and then out of the blue it's on the blink again."

I followed him over to the turntable, thinking less about his classical-record collection than about my voice starting back of my knees.

"This is the volume, of course. This is the start button. This is the reject, you push it—"

And this, I realized, is the excruciating scrupulosity, the same maddening, meticulous attention to every last detail that makes you great, that keeps you going and got you through and now is dragging you down. Standing with E. I. Lonoff over the disobedient arm of his record-player, I understood the celebrated phenomenon for the first time: a man, his destiny, and his work—all one. What a terrible triumph!

"And," he reminded me, "it would be best for the records, and for your own pleasure, if you remember to wipe them first."

Oh, the fussiness, the fastidiousness! The floorwalker incarnate! To wrestle the blessing of his fiction out of that misfortune—"triumph" didn't begin to describe it.

I wanted suddenly to kiss him. I know this happens to men more often than is reported, but I was new to manhood (about five minutes into it, actually) and was bewildered by the strength of a feeling that I had rarely had toward my own father once I'd begun to shave. It seemed, at the moment, even stronger than what invariably came over me when I was left alone with those long-necked aerial friends of Betsy's, who walked with their feet turned charmingly outward and looked (just like Betsy!) so appetizingly wan and light and liftable. But in this house of forbearance I was better at suppressing my amorous impulses than I had been lately, unchained in Manhattan.

—PHILIP ROTH

(*This is the first part of a novel. The conclusion will appear in the next issue.*)

•

THE WEATHER

TODAY: Showers or thunderstorms likely. High in 70s. Lows tonight in 50s.
TOMORROW: No chance.

—*Richmond* (*Va.*) *Times-Dispatch.*

You trying to scare us?

•

A specially designed and built 180-foot sycamore dining table with 17 matching chairs is the center of attraction in the formal dining room.—*Washington Motorist.*

And one hell of a conversation piece.

THE THEATRE

Self-Made Villain

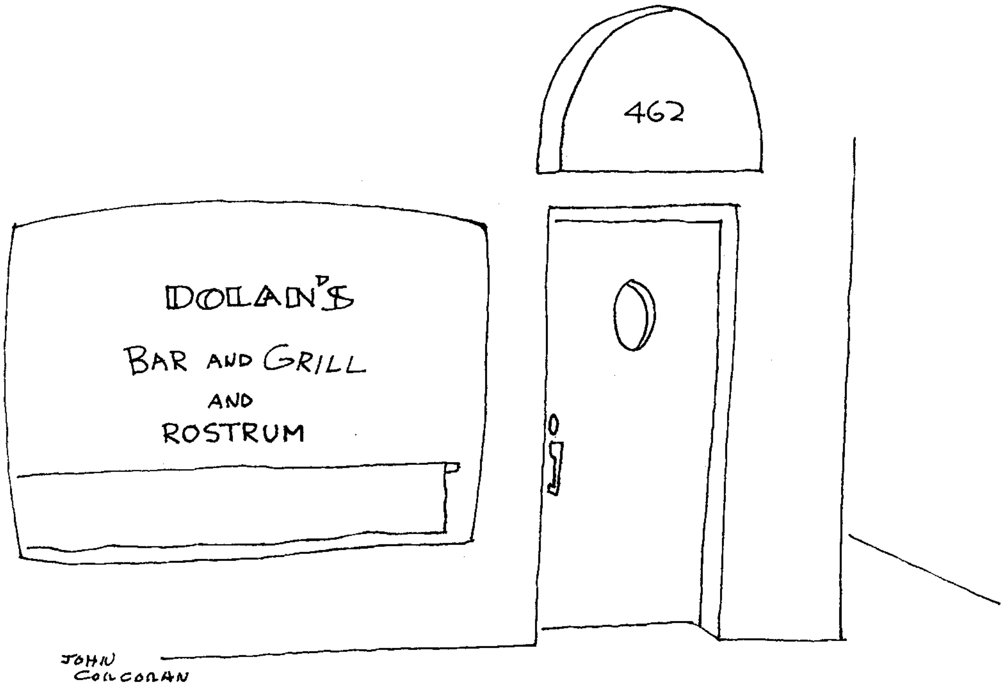
SHAKESPEARE's "Richard III" is one of the most durable melodramas in theatre history. It is so tightly packed with murders, curses, ghosts, prophecies, battles, beheadings, and protracted family quarrels that we all feel quite happily at home in it. As for actors, how eagerly they hurl themselves into the gorgeous fustian of the title role! The opportunity to transform oneself into a monster, physically and mentally deformed, to boast of what a truly wicked villain one is determined to be, and then to make that boast come true is understandably a temptation to actors of all ages, and especially to actors near the beginning of their careers. Here in New York, in 1750, Thomas Kean, one of the founders of the earliest acting company in America, played his first Richard. Edmund Kean made his American début in this city in 1820 as Richard, and a year later, in Richmond, Junius Booth made *his* American début in the same role. In 1920, John Barrymore, who up to then had been playing in drawing-room comedies, essayed his first Shakespearean role; again, it was Richard. So it has gone and so it goes, right up to the present moment and our latest Richard, Al Pacino, who is frightening and delighting large audiences at the Cort.

Some admirers of Billy Bigboy—the affectionate diminutive by which, I am informed, Shakespeare is known in Hollywood—may have feared that Mr. Pacino would play Richard as a sort of aging dead-end kid, employing the contemporary urban gangster tics and snarls of which he is a master. Mr. Pacino is far too intelligent to fall into so obvious a trap; he plays Richard straight, speaking the Elizabethan verses with laudable clarity and force, and giving them the just weight of their age and familiarity. From the moment of his entrance, the slouching, shambling, hunchbacked figure commands the stage and plainly will surrender it only in death; superbly impatient, he is the first of the cast to address us, and he launches the action of the plot with one of the most famous puns in literature: "Now is the winter of our discontent/ Made glorious summer by this sun of York." Quickly he takes us into his confidence; willy-nilly, we become his accomplices. For Richard is an early version of the man you love to hate. We would certainly never buy a second-hand horse from him, but we tend to find his candid villainy endearing. He is so patently eager to make our flesh creep and as a statesman to be given credit for his Machiavellian infamies. The dead pile up all round him; with relish, he woos their widows and conspires to assassinate their sons. The exercise of power has an insidious charm, as Shakespeare takes care to demonstrate by giving Richard all the best lines; it is the unavoidable facts of history that do Richard in on Bosworth field, and not the tamely pleasing Earl of Richmond.

This "Richard III" is an unexpectedly old-fashioned production. During it, I felt myself drifting back in time to the helter-skelter Shakespearean productions of my youth, where a star was what mattered and other members of the cast often seemed unsure whether they were playing in "Lear" or "Macbeth." The numerous company at the Cort, under the direction of David Wheeler, is as uneven as a sand dune; still, I can find words of praise for Ronald Hunter, Larry Bryggman, and Paul Guilfoyle. The setting, by Tony Straiges, is something of a nuisance; it consists of a series of crude wooden platforms, the largest of which rolls back and forth on tracks in a thoroughly un-Elizabethan fashion. The costumes, by Jeanne Button, are often downright silly; many of the courtiers wear three-piece velvet suits that are modly Madison Avenue (one noble lord, dressing in haste, is seen to zip up his fly), while the women bustle about in period cloaks and skirts. The excellent lighting, which warms the stage with handsome, tapestry-like projections, is by Thomas Skelton.

PHYLLIS NEWMAN's "The Madwoman of Central Park West," which has opened in a new/old theatre called 22 Steps, is a curiosity. It is billed as a musical comedy, and it comes close to matching my dictionary's definition of what a musical comedy should be: "a type of theatrical performance, typically whimsical or picturesque, consisting of musical numbers and of dialogue, with a slender plot." Miss Newman is certainly whimsical, the setting (supposedly her cluttered bedroom on Central Park West) is certainly picturesque, and the plot is certainly slender. But dialogue? No, for the cast of the show consists entirely of Miss Newman, who, between songs, gives us an extended monologue of a kind that only Ruth Draper ever made convincing to me. Miss Newman addresses frequent remarks to two brattish children who are most intensely *not* within earshot; she also chats by telephone with her agent, apostrophizes a beloved husband, and, with an awkward ardor younger than her years, attempts to begin an affair with a teacher whom she has met in the line of parental duty. By a damnable paradox, the words that we know have never been uttered in response to hers become through their absence a presence, fatal to the suspension of our disbelief.

There is, moreover, a difficulty with the "musical" 's book, written by Miss Newman and Arthur Laurents (he also directed the production). The



The trend to magazines is now three times as clear:

1978 proved it in no uncertain terms.

It was the third year in a row in which more than two out of three of the top 100 television advertisers increased their magazine advertising investments.

And in most cases last year, the largest percentage increases reflected the largest dollar increases. For example:

Procter & Gamble Co. up 57% from $21,442,481 to $33,753,788.

General Motors Corp. up 28% from $43,951,931 to $56,305,104.

General Foods Corp. up 26% from $28,824,525 to $36,234,946.

General Electric Co. up 81% from $10,408,550 to $18,848,565.

Kraft Inc. up 49% from $14,688,017 to $21,878,946.

A.T.&T. Co. up 62% from $10,333,115 to $16,742,417.

And just think: 1978 was also the year in which more than two out of three of the top 100 *magazine* advertisers increased their magazine advertising, too.

Make this your year to re-evaluate the balance of power between television and magazines in your media planning. And ask the MPA for an IMS computer run based on the Media Imperatives® and your prospects, your data, your dollars.

Magazine Publishers Association, Inc.
575 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. (212) 752-0055

Source: PIB/LNA ® Simmons Media Studies

Magazines. The balance of power.

MPA

book tells of a brilliant young woman who is married to a successful theatrical writer, and who, abandoning her career as an entertainer in order to bring up her children, nevertheless finds time to gain a reputation as an amusing wisecracker on TV talk shows and in other fugitively professional activities. Now her children are grown, and she is seeking to fulfill herself at last. Since Miss Newman's personal and professional lives happen to have been spread before us in the so-called media for many years, and since they appear to bear a close resemblance to the life of "the madwoman of Central Park West," we are faced with a dilemma: are we to congratulate Miss Newman on the courage she displays in putting portions of her biography onstage, or would our congratulations amount to an impertinence? I am truly at a loss to know.

As for the songs in the show, they were written by Miss Newman, Adolph Green (her husband), and such well-known friends of theirs as Leonard Bernstein, Stephen Sondheim, Betty Comden, Fred Ebb, and other crewmen in that hard-rowing *galère*. Miss Newman sings them with great verve and sympathy; a song indicting the age-old sexism of Tin Pan Alley is hilarious, and some of the others, having to do with self-discovery and self-reproach, are agreeably sad. The setting for "Madwoman" is by Philipp Jung, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Ken Billington. Miss Newman is indeed an able performer and a witty writer, and I wish her a long run at 22 Steps, which was once a night club called the Latin Quarter and is peopled for me with ghosts more lithe and winsome than I ordinarily encounter on Broadway. —BRENDAN GILL

•

FUN ON CAPITOL HILL

[*From the Congressional Record*]

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Mr. President, I move that the Senate stand in adjournment for 1 second.

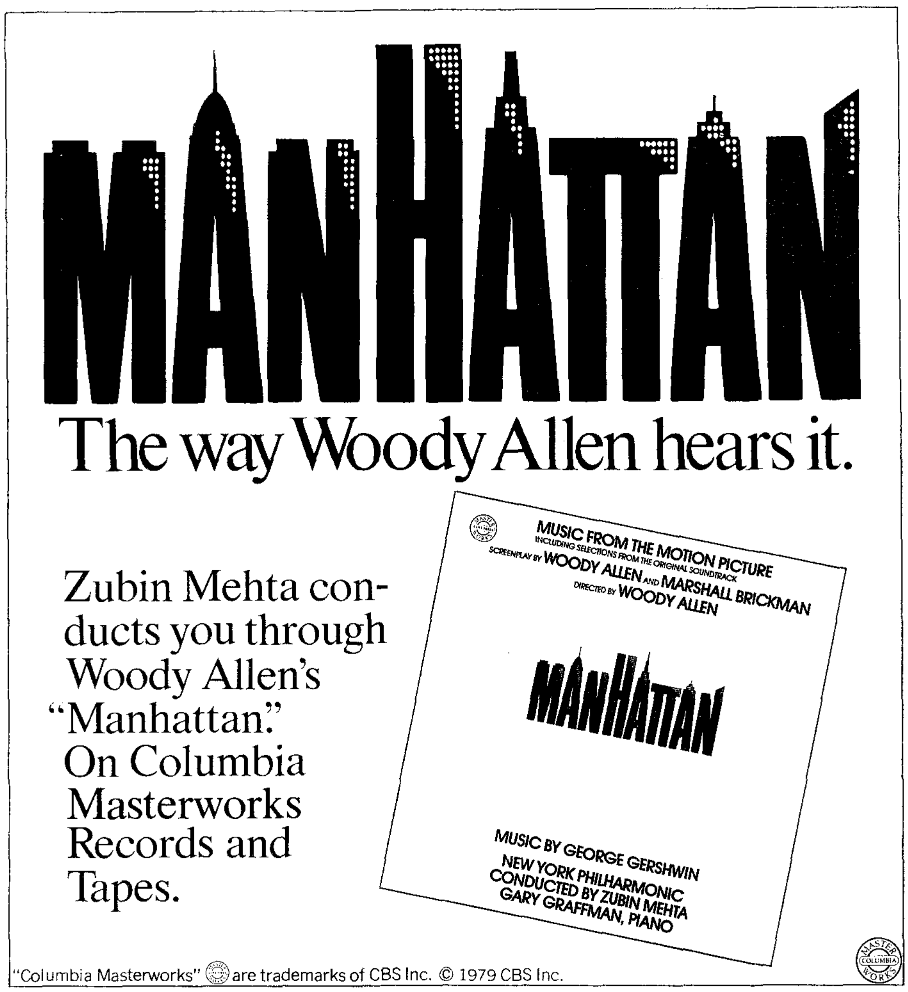
The motion was agreed to; and (at 12:22 and 14 seconds p.m.) the Senate adjourned for 1 second.

The Senate reassembled at 12:22 and 15 seconds p.m., when called to order by the Acting President pro tempore (Mr. BAUCUS).

•

Carl Sandburg said it. He wrote when fog shuts out the land, it is like a pussy-footing cat laying down a paw.—*Bud Leavitt in the Bangor (Maine) Daily News.*

And then revised it.



MANHATTAN

The way Woody Allen hears it.

Zubin Mehta conducts you through Woody Allen's "Manhattan." On Columbia Masterworks Records and Tapes.

MUSIC FROM THE MOTION PICTURE
INCLUDING SELECTIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
SCREENPLAY BY WOODY ALLEN AND MARSHALL BRICKMAN
DIRECTED BY WOODY ALLEN
MANHATTAN
MUSIC BY GEORGE GERSHWIN
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
CONDUCTED BY ZUBIN MEHTA
GARY GRAFFMAN, PIANO

"Columbia Masterworks" are trademarks of CBS Inc. © 1979 CBS Inc.

"Like the American Museum of Natural History itself, a Discovery Tour illuminates and synthesizes many themes—from archeology to art to bird-watching; from interests in the immediate, to total immersion in an imperial past…and the combination works!"

Dr. J. Lawrence Pool sketching at Corinth, Discovery Tour of Greece 1979

Create your own set of memories with an American Museum of Natural History Discovery Tour

TO: Ron Valente, Discovery Tours, American Museum of Natural History
Central Park West at 79th Street, New York, N.Y. 10024 (212) 873-1440

A

Please send me information about 1980 Discovery Tours to such exciting places as Mexico, the Nile, Mongolia, Morocco, Alaska, United Kingdom, Ireland, the Pacific, New Guinea & New Zealand.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________

A REPORTER AT LARGE

WHO CARES? . . . WE DO!

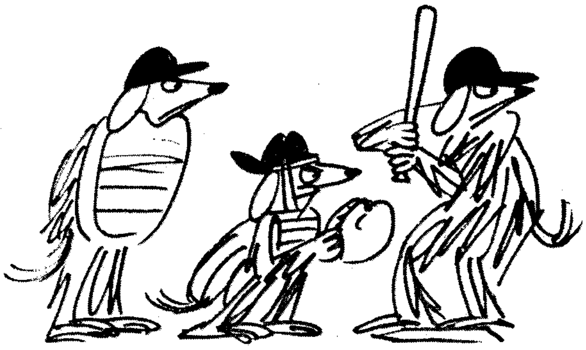
"The United States must help us get rid of the South African government."

THOSE words were addressed to me when I was first in the territory of South-West Africa, a dozen years ago, by Clemens Kapuuo, a schoolteacher and shopkeeper who in 1970 would become chief of the Herero, the region's fourth-largest ethnic group. Chief Kapuuo was assassinated last spring, shortly before a tentative agreement—achieved largely through the efforts of the United States—was reached for the loosening of the tight grip that South Africa has had on South-West for more than sixty years. The agreement called for, among other things, a ceasefire in a border war that has long plagued the area, the arrival of a peacekeeping force called the United Nations Transition Advisory Group, or UNTAG, and territorywide elections this September under U.N. supervision, followed by the emergence of a new independent African nation. It was an arrangement that, until it fell apart in March, had been widely hailed, around a world where negotiation has so often failed as an instrument of progressive change, as a triumph of diplomacy.

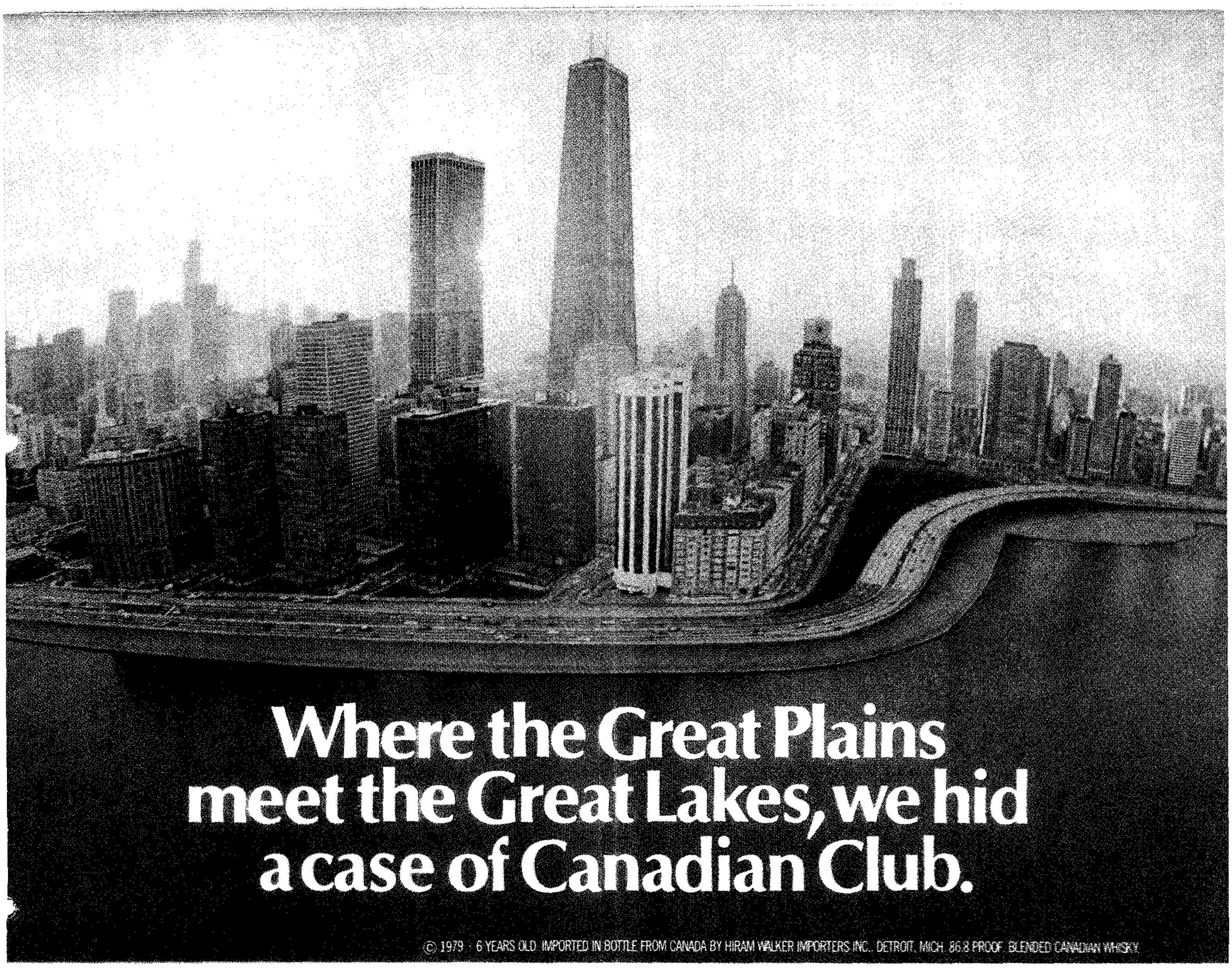
From 1884 to 1915, this controversial territory was known as German Southwest Africa and was governed with Prussian efficiency by satraps from Berlin, among them Hermann Göring's father. Early in the First World War, South African armed forces, on orders from London, marched into and seized the colony; in due course, the "German" was dropped from the area's name and it became a mandated territory under the League of Nations, with the then Union of South Africa designated to administer it until such time as it was ready for independence—a time that South Africa, which fancied the region's natural resources and also its strategic location, appeared to hope would never come.

There are only a million or so South-West Africans. They constitute one-fiftieth of one per cent of the inhabitants of the earth. Yet in the last thirty-odd years the United Nations has probably devoted as much time to their strange and spooky territory as to any other patch on the globe, and so has the International Court of Justice, at The Hague. The U.N., of course, has other and larger fish to fry, but to South-West Africans, who have long been isolated by both geography and history, finding their proper niche in the international scheme of things is a matter of overriding consequence. Their feelings have been well and tersely—if unwittingly—expressed by the management of the Kalahari Sands Hotel, the biggest hotel in their capital city of Windhoek, in the course of inviting guests to comment on the service. The sentiment is phrased, like many communications in this linguistically complex land, in more than one tongue. It reads, in Afrikaans, "*Wie Gee Om? . . . Ons!*" and, in English, "Who Cares? . . . We Do!" The Kalahari Sands occupies part of a main-street structure called the French Bank Centre, which has indoor escalators. Watching these rise and fall is a favorite Saturday-morning spectator sport of residents of Windhoek who have little better to do. "There!" a South-Wester taking in the tidal scene said to me one weekend morning while we were having coffee overlooking the moving traffic. He happened to be black; hotels and restaurants in Windhoek are now open to all races. I had no idea what he was talking about. "*There!*" he repeated, pointing to the escalators. "There's the future of this place, right before your eyes." Then I saw what he meant. A family of three whites, riding a down escalator, had just passed a family of four blacks, ascending.

It was in the spring of 1977 that the five Western members of the United Nations Security Council (the United States, the United Kingdom, Canada, France, and West Germany) began formulating a plan to end the fighting between South Africa and its principal armed antagonist, the political group—in South Africa's view a terrorist force—called the South-West Africa People's Organization, or SWAPO. The five were hoping, among other things, to preclude the invocation of economic sanctions—military sanctions already exist—against South Africa by the Security Council, which was growing increasingly impatient about South Africa's refusal to quit administering a territory that the U.N. had long insisted it had no right occupying. By July, 1978, both South Africa and SWAPO had agreed to the plan, in accordance



Drucker



Where the Great Plains meet the Great Lakes, we hid a case of Canadian Club.

© 1979 · 6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

Chicago.

If you ever needed more reason to visit than its spectacular architecture and windy spirit, you've got it now. For here we've hidden a case of Canadian Club.

To find the C.C., start at a tower with stones from around the world, and cross the street nearest the Alamo stone to an ex-president. Hail the Chief with "The Best In The House," then walk right to the nearest flagpole, turn left and pass eight more. Pass 11 light poles, cross a street and pass three more. Still with us?

Who said "Less is more"?

Now look right and find Mr. "Less is more." Back on your former path, continue past a plaque recalling the last time the "outs" were "in," and head straight across an island to an "old bald cheater." Next, head toward Chicago's oldest dwelling, counting columns in the street to 14. Here cross the street, turn right, and walk till you reach footloose rocks (not the kind you'd pour C.C. over). Then traverse the nearest lobby, and head again for the oldest dwelling until you find "Arris."

Find an island and a mountain.

You're warm now, so retrace your path past an eastern island and mountain until you're kitty-corner from a famous paddler's place. Here turn left, walk to the ninth light pole, and find a date four years older than C.C. inside the second door to the right. Now retrace your steps to the corner. In sight once stood a warehouse designed by a famous Bostonian. Learn what its owners did, enter the nearest building whose owners are in the same business, then exit toward water. But don't get wet 'cause now you're very hot.

Ascend and descend.

Go against the flow till you spot what Chicago newspapers are full of. Count 'em, ascend that number of floors, descend 90 steps. Enter a place that doubles itself, say "C.C., please," and claim your case. Armchair adventurers can discover C.C. at any of Chicago's bars, restaurants or package stores with the same request. Just say "C.C., please."

IMPORTED
Canadian Club
C.C.

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

In blind taste tests, people clearly saw Cinzano as the best.

CINZANO
EXTRA DRY WHITE VERMOUTH
THIS VERMOUTH IS PRODUCED IN THE U.S.A. EXCLUSIVELY FROM IMPORTED HERBS AND SELECTED WINES ACCORDING TO THE ORIGINAL FORMULA UNDER SUPERVISION OF CINZANO TORINO, ITALY

See for yourself. Cinzano won every category.

	On the rocks	In martinis
#1 in taste	Cinzano	Cinzano
#1 in color	Cinzano	Cinzano
#1 in aroma	Cinzano	Cinzano
#1 in dryness	Cinzano	Cinzano
Likely to buy	Cinzano	Cinzano

When the four leading imported and domestic vermouths were compared, Cinzano Extra Dry was the people's choice.*

As soon as you taste Cinzano, you'll see why.

*Tests conducted by Consensus, Inc. in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. Results available on request.

Imported by Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Square, N.Y., N.Y. 10003

Born Again...

the pride of Palm Beach.

Born in 1927 as the most luxurious hotel in a luxurious area, the magnificent Biltmore has been reborn in 1979 as the ultimate amongst luxury condominiums.

Unequaled amenities include the Beach Club on the ocean (already open and being used by future owners), the marina, tennis courts, putting green, splendid pool and cabana club surrounded by lush tropical gardens.

Ready for occupancy by year end. Less than twenty-five apartments remain.

Gentlemen: I am interested in the Biltmore. Please send me complete details.

Biltmore Sales Offices:
136-138 No. County Rd.
Palm Beach, FL 33480
(305) 659-4432
NY 6/25/79

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
PHONE (If you would like us to call)

This is not an offer, which can only be made by formal prospectus and only in those states where permitted by law.

with which South African troops stationed in South-West would, after a ceasefire, be gradually withdrawn and a one-man, one-vote U.N.-monitored election held in the territory, with all exiles and political prisoners of South-West origin eligible to return home, if they wished, and exercise their franchise. UNTAG, to consist at full strength of seventy-five hundred soldiers, twelve hundred civilians, and three hundred and sixty police, was to oversee the whole sequence of events. By the time it had completed its mission, it might well have rated as the most grandiose piece of peacekeeping machinery in history. Its maintenance was budgeted at three hundred million dollars a year.

As far back as 1973, the U.N. General Assembly proclaimed SWAPO to be the sole and authentic representative of the indigenous people of South-West Africa. That unqualified characterization led to difficulties. The South African government has said that it is "utter nonsense" to recognize SWAPO as such, and quite a few blacks in South-West share that dissenting view. Within the U.N. itself, both the Secretariat and the Security Council have been at pains to assert that, however they may feel about SWAPO, *they* never conferred exclusive authenticity upon it; it was only the General Assembly that had gone that far. The U.N. spokesman who has most often had to juggle that particular hot potato is a Finnish educator, Martti Ahtisaari, who for more than two years now has been the organization's chief spokesman in trying to work out arrangements with South Africa for South-West's independence. Ahtisaari wears two hats. He is both Special Representative of the Secretary-General for Namibia—as South-West will almost certainly become known once it attains independence—and United Nations Commissioner for Namibia, in which capacity he acts as executive officer of the U.N. Council for Namibia (a notably impotent thirty-one-member body that was established by the General Assembly in 1967 to supplant South Africa as the governing authority for South-West). South Africa has never let the Council set foot in South-West. (This past February, members of the Council, curiously, were travelling around the world explaining the South-West African situation to China, Pakistan, Turkey, and Japan, and when last heard of, in May, they had set out on a similar mission to the Soviet Union, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland.) Ahtisaari knows Africa. From 1973 to 1976, he was Finland's

Ambassador, based in Dar es Salaam, to Tanzania, Zambia, Somalia, and, after *it* became independent, Mozambique. His South African counterpart in attempting to sort out the intricacies of a U.N. presence that may or may not eventuate has been Marthinus Theunis Steyn, a judge from the Orange Free State, who since September, 1977, has served as the South African-appointed Administrator-General of South-West Africa. A member of a distinguished South African family (his paternal grandfather was the President of the old Free State Republic, and his father was Minister of Justice under Prime Minister Jan Smuts), Steyn had never set foot in the territory himself until he became its Administrator-General. Steyn and Ahtisaari first conferred, at Windhoek, last August. "After we had been together for only ten minutes," Ahtisaari told me, "the Administrator-General was kind enough to say he had found a friend. I was bemused. Coming from a cold country, I had never before made friends that fast." They convened again, in reasonably amicable circumstances, this past January, meeting at the South-West seaside resort of Swakopmund, where Mr. Justice Steyn had elected to stay during the heat of the Southern Hemisphere midsummer. (It was the German governors who began the practice of spending summers at Swakopmund, which was, and still is, the most Teutonic town on earth outside Europe.) "It's much easier to work here," the Judge told me in Swakopmund one morning. "Ahtisaari liked it here, too; he likes to keep cool." Steyn has the reputation of being a prodigious talker. He told me with relish that at one point when he was conversing with the U.N. emissary he held the floor for two and a half hours, non-stop. Some critics of South Africa contend that while it may be resigned to losing control of South-West someday sooner or later, its tactics have been to stall as long as possible, and there has been little lately in the behavior of its leaders to indicate that its dilatoriness could not last for an additional two and a half years or more. It was prescribed in the agreement that a lot of people thought had been approved all around that UNTAG would have to be on the scene seven months before the election under the United Nations' aegis. September 30th was supposed to be the terminal date for voting. That meant that UNTAG had to arrive, at least symbolically, before the end of February. It didn't. Secretary-General of the U.N. Kurt Waldheim tried to get the principal parties concerned to settle their differences by March 15th. They couldn't. South Africa contended, for its part, that the United Nations was now proposing, as it had not specifically proposed earlier, to sequester armed SWAPO guerrillas inside South-West Africa at the time of a ceasefire in camps where they might or might not be strictly supervised; South Africa objected even more strongly to the possibility that the United Nations might not be able to maintain close and objective surveillance of guerrilla camps in Angola and Zambia, whence SWAPO assaults have long been mounted. Indeed, in early March, as if to show everybody else its resoluteness, South Africa launched an attack on SWAPO bases in Angola. SWAPO, for its own stubborn part, was by then describing the projected United Nations-sponsored elections as an "impossible dream." By mid-May, South Africa had backed so far off from the plan of the five Western powers that its Foreign Minister was saying that rather than accept it his country would accept the U.N. sanctions that the plan had been designed to forestall. On May 23rd, when the General Assembly convened to devote a week to its own continuing war with South Africa, the enemy surprised it by occupying its seats in the meeting hall. It had been nearly five years since South Africa, a founding member of the U.N., had sent a delegation to that chamber, mainly for the reason that the country had been expelled from that body—though not from the rest of the U.N.—because of its apartheid policy. The General Assembly reacted swiftly to the unexpected incursion: its nine-person Credentials Committee at once voted—the United States and Denmark defiantly upholding the negative—that South Africa's credentials, though discernibly no different from any other nation's, were not in order, and on May 24th the South African delegation walked out again. (Many people thought they had walked in to begin with only to generate publicity.) Before the session ended, the General Assembly had once more, predictably, called upon the Security Council to take punitive steps, presumably in the form of economic sanctions, against the recalcitrant Republic, and the ball, at last bounce, was in the Council's court. Meanwhile, negotiations between South Africa and the five Western powers, though continuing behind the scenes, remain more or less at a standstill.

NAMIBIA has had other names. Once, it was known as Transgariep—the land across the Gariep River, itself now called the Orange River. Thirteen hundred miles long, the Orange is the principal watercourse of South Africa ("*gariep*" means, in the tongue of the Nama tribe, "great water"), and it forms part of the existing border between that country and South-West. (One of the questions to be resolved when and if independence comes is exactly where a new border will be fixed. South Africa has long insisted that its sovereignty extends up to and including the north bank of the Orange, but it is elsewhere generally accepted under international law that nations sharing a river also share its bed.) The name Namibia was first more or less formally appended to South-West in June, 1968, by the General Assembly; by that time, the United Nations had in its view taken over stewardship of the territory from the League, and the International Court of Justice has affirmed that judgment. The name derives from the Namib Desert, a bleak stretch some scientists believe to be the world's oldest desert; it harbors, among other outlandish fauna and flora, the only white-backed beetles on earth and a most peculiar plant, the *Welwitschia bainesii*, which flourishes for hundreds of years on practically no water.

Some native South-Westers at first rejected the name Namibia, because they hadn't been consulted about it. Inasmuch as South-West Africa is fifty per cent desert, the Kalahari contributing along with the Namib to that statistic, the dissidents proposed Kalanami. Many Afrikaners in the ruling power structure also demurred. "The name Namibia was sort of pushed down our throats," I was told by A. H. du Plessis, the former chairman of the Executive Committee of South-West Africa's all-white Legislative Assembly and a former Cabinet minister in the South African government. "I'm not going to kick up a fuss about it, but I don't like it, and don't use it, and that goes for a lot of blacks, too." By now, though, the ranks of the holdouts are dwindling. The local airline that when I was last in South-West was called South-West African Airways is now Namib Air. A local historian who in 1976 published a book entitled "South West Africa" revised it in 1978 and retitled it "Story of Namibia." A year ago, the then Prime Minister of South Africa, John Vorster, was discussing the future of the territory with Donald McHenry, Ambassador Andrew Young's chief deputy at the United Nations and a key figure in the American push toward Namibian independence. The Prime Minister and McHenry held a press conference at which each issued a statement agreed on beforehand and containing exactly the same words, with one exception: the American deferentially referred to the subject of their colloquy as Namibia and the South African referred to it as South-West Africa. Somebody remarked afterward that it was no wonder the people debating the territory's fate were having such trouble agreeing about anything—why, they weren't even talking about the same place. The South African government—which, under Vorster's successor, Pieter W. Botha, castigated McHenry, who happens to be black, as "this anti-South African person"—has lately adopted what is sometimes referred to as a slash policy; it calls the territory SWA/Namibia. Two years ago, when a Windhoek man was in New York, he wrote his wife a letter and put "SWA/Namibia" on the envelope. Before it was delivered, a diehard postal clerk deleted the "Namibia" with angry slashes of his own. It is possible now to address a letter to plain "Namibia" and have it delivered without emendation.

•

"You can never bring these people up to our level, and, besides, they much prefer to keep to themselves. Why can't the Bantu be left alone in his ways and the white in his?"

THE speaker was an Afrikaner up in Ovamboland, the northernmost and most heavily populated section of Namibia, named after the predominant ethnic group in the area. He was an inspector of schools, but he seemed never to have been informed (or to have inquired about) such fundamental educational statistics as the number of black Namibians with college degrees, or even the number who are literate. The inspector foresaw nothing but continuing strife for his part of the globe—a prospect that did not seem to jar his equanimity or the hand that held his beer. There are approximately four hundred thousand Ovambo in Namibia, as opposed to one hundred thousand whites of all shades; it was not ascertainable from him—the chap did not cotton to prying foreign journalists—how many nonwhites had ever assured him that they shared his espousal of separate development. As recently as four years ago, there were just seven black Namibians at home with college degrees. Inasmuch as there has never been an institution of higher learning in the territory, all South-Westers who have aspired to get beyond high school have had to go outside—whites mainly to South Africa, most others (a very few others) farther afield. In Lusaka, Zambia, there is a U.N. Institute for Namibia, which has been training some technicians, but its matriculating students have often had so little academic preparation that much of their instruction has had to be purely remedial. This state of affairs is no surprise to the indigenes. "If you keep a child in a dark room all his life and then open a door and let him into the sunlight," a Windhoek teacher asked me, "and if he then blinks and closes his eyes, are you justified in saying, 'See, I told you he was blind'?"

One of a precious handful of Namibians with a Ph.D. to his name, Zedekia Ngavirue, has recently come home after a seventeen-year absence during which he went to college in Sweden, earned his doctorate in political science at Oxford, and taught African history for six and a half years at the University of Papua, in New Guinea. He has two daughters doing graduate work there now—one in law, one in medicine. A strikingly unusual Namibian family. Dr. Ngavirue was not particularly sanguine, when I talked to him, about the immediate prospects for an independent Namibia. "How can we take over the government of a country without even the slightest clue as to how to go about it?" he asked. "It's bad enough that the South Africans failed to train us to supplant them; it's worse that their neglect doesn't seem to bother them." (Later, though, I ran into a senior official of the South African Foreign Ministry who had been dispatched from Pretoria to Windhoek on a special assignment. His mission, he told me, was to start drawing up lists, in anticipation of independence, of Namibians who had the potential of serving as Cabinet ministers and ambassadors. He was compiling this roster—on which, he assured me, he already had a satisfying number of names—with no fanfare. It might do a person little good at this moment of history to be identified as someone whom the outgoing administration had picked as a comer.) Dr. Ngavirue told me that he knew of just one other Namibian with a doctoral degree—in education—but

that that man was not then in Namibia. There is supposed to be yet another one somewhere, who was awarded a law degree in Moscow, but he is said to be a SWAPO chap with strong Marxist leanings whose credentials are suspect, because when the Soviet Union conferred that distinction on him he had not finished high school. In one of SWAPO's many manifestos, it should perhaps be quickly noted, the organization avers that it has educated more Namibians in its comparatively short existence than South Africa did in fifty years.

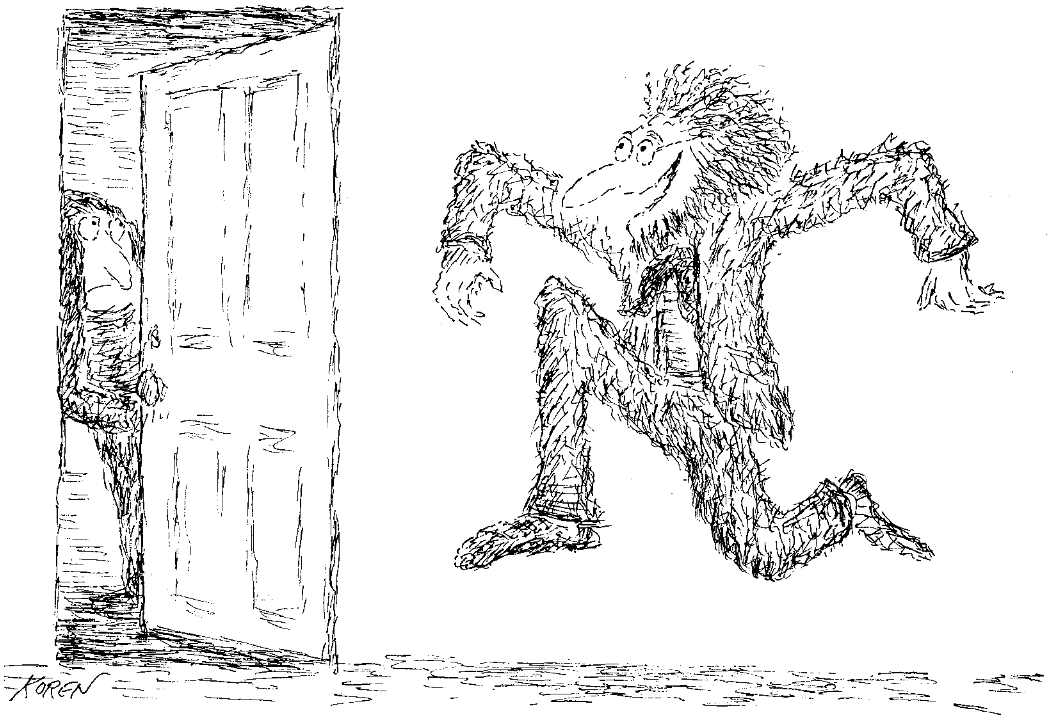
There has never been compulsory schooling for nonwhite children in Namibia. Until recently, no more than twenty-five per cent of these children had gone beyond three grades of primary school, and only about fifty of them finished high school annually. Under external pressures, the incumbent administration has decreed that there be a single uniform syllabus for all schools, but to try to give every young Namibian the same kind of education would be a challenging undertaking in a place with a dozen major languages (the Bushmen alone have seven separate dialects) and a population density of three per square mile. In the context of how the South African government has met its mandated responsibility to prepare the territory for independence, it may be revealing that as recently as 1975 its per-capita expenditure on education was six hundred and fourteen rands for each white (the rand is worth a dollar and eighteen cents), one hundred and sixty-three rands for each brown, sixty-eight rands for each black.

•

"Everything in this country is and long has been political. You can't get a secondary-school education here, so if, like me, you want one and you go away and get one, you are doing so in defiance of established norms. The mere doing of it thus becomes a political act. And that's quite apart from the fact that to get a South African passport, if you are one of us, you have to deposit four hundred rands in a bank as an assurance of good faith or some such. And how many students can do that?"

THE speaker, a black with a B.A., had just returned from exile, and had plunged straight into orthodox politics. Lacking college campuses, Namibia lacks politically activist students. Otherwise, it is one of the most politicized spots on earth. At last count—and this in a territory with an electorate less than half a million strong—it had, or had just had, some forty political parties, known, for the most part, by what to the outsider seems at first an impenetrable forest of initials and acronyms. There is SWAPO, of course, and, in its formidable shadow, AKTUR, CANU, DEMCOP, D.T.A., H.N.P., NAPDO, N.N.F., NUDO, SWADU, SWANU, SWAPO-D, SWAUNIO, UNIPP, and VOSWA. (Apparently, not all of these are still in existence, but, in the confusion of splinter groups, nobody seems to know for sure.) AKTUR is at the moment the principal laager in which most whites are massed. Its symbol is an elephant (a black one, oddly), which it chose without being aware that a party in the United States had preëmpted it. On the political spectrum, AKTUR lies fairly far to the right, but to *its* right is the H.N.P. (in the English translation of its Afrikaans name, the Reformed National Party), which looks with unabashed disapproval upon the United Nations, the United States, the Soviet Union, blacks, Jews, and the incumbent government of South Africa. It considers the last too liberal. Slightly to the left of AKTUR is to be found the now mighty D.T.A., a multiracial party advocating a two-tier form of government—an integrated tier to deal with big national problems and a segregated tier for the internal problems of different ethnic groups. D.T.A. stands for Democratic Turnhalle Alliance—a name that stems from a 1975 conference held at the Turnhalle, an old German hall in Windhoek. That gathering spawned a scheme, much admired by South Africa, that kept South-West divided up into ethnic entities. (AKTUR stands, in *its* English translation, for Action Front for the Preservation of the Turnhalle Principles. For a while, AKTUR sought to equate the D.T.A. with donkeys, being unaware that these were also symbolically significant elsewhere.) The D.T.A. is led by a farmer, Dirk Mudge, long prominent in South-West politics, who apparently concluded quite a while ago that the best chance for the white man to survive was to collaborate with—some of Mudge's rivals say to co-opt—nonwhites. Because Mudge, a conservative from way back, has taken browns and blacks into his camp—though he often stresses that the differences among groups must be respected just as much as their similarities—his former white allies now sometimes call him a Communist. A joke that has been going around Windhoek has Mudge consulting a fortune-teller, who gazes into her crystal ball and says, "I see in your future, maybe ten years from now, a settled, independent Namibia, with a white government." Farmer Mudge, in the story, looks enormously pleased and asks what the price of beef will be then. "Ten rubles a kilo," he is told.

Most of Mudge's present-day nonwhite associates are tribal leaders who have been connected in one way or another with past South African administrations of the territory and seem to favor some sort of cozy ongoing rela-



"It's me—Mr. Rhythm himself!"

tionship with Pretoria. Among them are quite a few Herero. The Herero are, among other things, Namibia's nattiest dressers. Herero men wear suit coats and neckties even in midsummer, when their Afrikaner peers are more likely to turn out in ensembles of matching short-sleeved shirts, creased shorts, knee socks, and shoes. Herero women, still obedient to the teachings of nineteenth-century missionaries who urged their forebears to cover up, wear at all times of the year multicolored turbans and long-sleeved multicolored ankle-length dresses that consume five or six yards of material apiece. From 1915 to 1970, when he died at the age of a hundred, the chief of the Herero was Hosea Kutako, a legendary figure who hoped as late as the nineteen-sixties to strive for independence together with the Ovambo. So, for a while, did his successor, the late Chief Kapuuo, who was important in the councils of the D.T.A. and was thought by many Namibians to have a reasonable chance of becoming their first President after independence. Kapuuo's murder, still unsolved, did not improve relations between the Herero and the Ovambo; five of the latter died in a fracas during his funeral procession. Kapuuo's portrait now hangs over the desk in the closely guarded office of *his* successor, Chief Kuaimo Riruako, a nephew of the venerable Kutako who claims a hundred and fifty thousand followers, many of whom presumably do not agree with the U.N. General Assembly's finding that SWAPO is sole and authentic. Riruako has studied in Ghana, has spent several years in the United States, and, like many of the blacks aspiring to national leadership in Namibia, has also spent a year in a South African prison. "We are not against Ovambo," Chief Riruako told me. "We are against SWAPO, because it doesn't want to share the government of Namibia with other Namibians. SWAPO doesn't really want to fight whites. It wants to destroy Herero. I've suffered under the South African government, but I'm not a person who has a grudge against another person just because he's white. I don't want black apartheid any more than white apartheid. I want people to live free here. And, whatever happens to Namibia, I don't want any more hatred. Things are always better when people realize it's a waste of time to hate."

•

It is clear that the year 1979 will be an important year in the history of the territory, and that every inhabitant with the interests of the country at heart must make certain he will vote 4-8 December. In this manner he can defeat the protagonists of chaos and bloodshed. A vote in this election is a vote against terrorism and intimidation, and a vote for stability and progress.

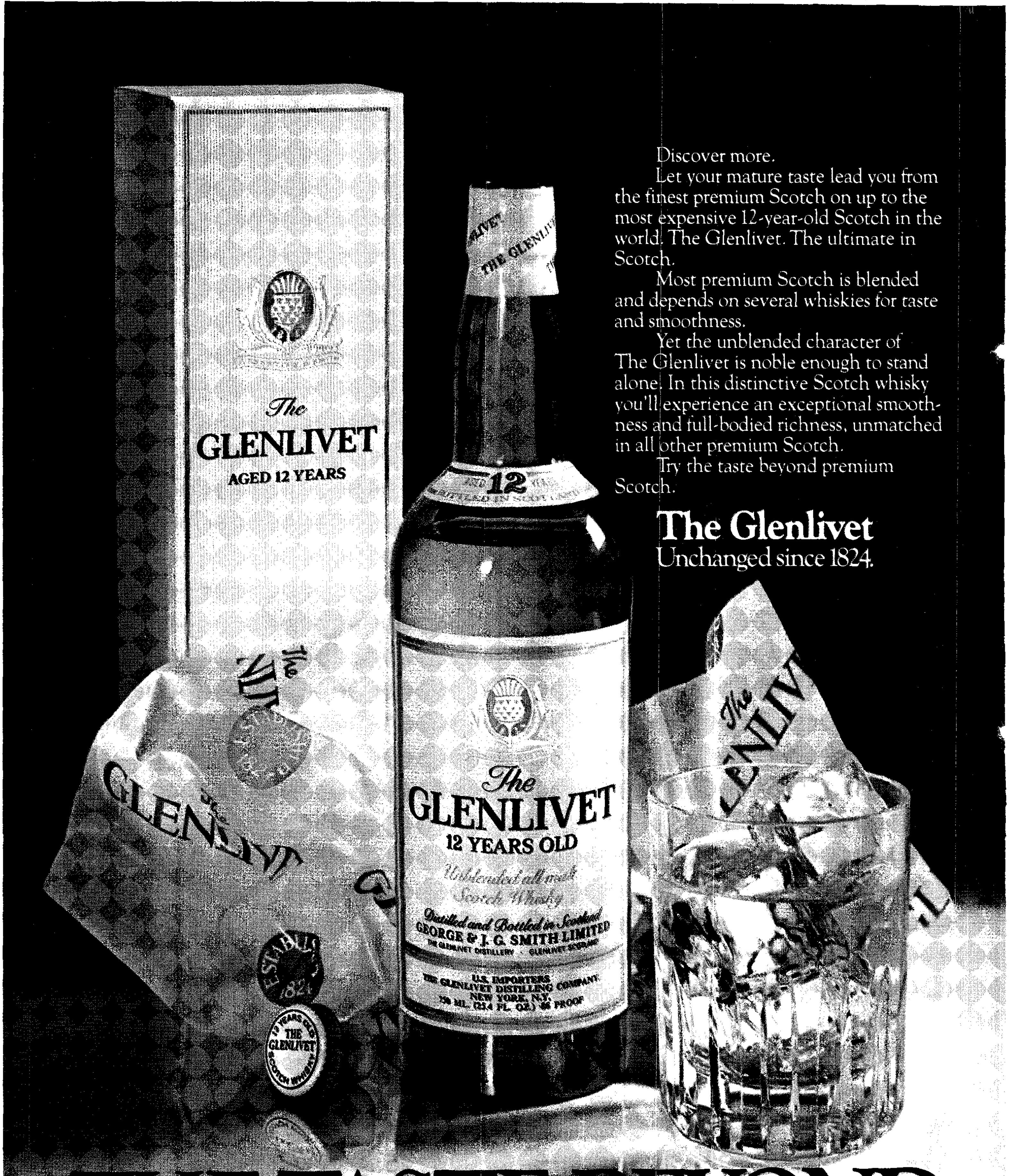
SO went a tract that at the end of last year was placed by the postal service, which South Africa controls, in Windhoek mailboxes. Letters at that time were cancelled with a "To Vote Is Your Duty" postmark. It had been the original concept of the U.N. Security Council that Namibia should become independent not later than the end of 1978. Last December, professing to be tired of waiting around for the Western powers and SWAPO and others concerned to agree on the precise terms of an internationally supervised election, South Africa held one under its own aegis. The announced purpose was to bring forth a multiracial assembly that could draw up a constitution for the emerging state. The United Nations declared long before the polls opened that it would regard the entire exercise as null and void. The only groups that took part in it were the D.T.A., AKTUR, the H.N.P., and a couple of other tiny ones. Four hundred and twelve thousand Namibians—anyone who was over eighteen and had been in residence for at least four years—registered in advance. (The eligibility list included some South African civil servants who were not thought especially likely, once their tours of duty were completed, to take up permanent residence in an independent Namibia.) Eighty-one per cent of those registered went to the polls. Many of the voters were illiterate, and identified themselves by fingerprints; South Africa sent forty fingerprint experts to the territory to help out. The D.T.A. won—in large measure, some of its critics groused, because it had the backing of the South African government and access to apparently limitless funds. It spent some five million dollars—nearly fifteen dollars per capita—in its preëlection campaign. It sponsored barbecues, with free food and drink. It gave out T-shirts. So did AKTUR, but it spent, it maintained afterward, less than a tenth of what the D.T.A. did. If the kinds of T-shirts visible in an area have any sociological significance, I can report having spotted some on Namibian chests bearing the legends "Coke Adds Life," "Pepsi-Cola," "U.S. Marines," "I Love Namibia" (yes, it had a red heart on it), "S.A. Spear-Fishing Championships, Zululand 1977," and "Princeton University"—this last adorning a black boy about twelve years old. Namibia has no television. The D.T.A. put on closed-circuit-television programs in regions where the magic tube had never before glowed, and it broadcast exhortatory messages from low-flying airplanes. Not long before the election, the editors of two daily newspapers in Windhoek, one in English, one in German—men who were celebrated for their independent views—were deposed and new, pro-D.T.A. editors installed. SWAPO did not take part in the election, but, even so, anti-SWAPO "banknotes" were circulated; they depicted a guerrilla with a machine gun saying, "I promise to pay nothing to nobody, nowhere." Up in Ovamboland, not to have a D.T.A. membership card on one's person when asked by a policeman to furnish some identification was regarded as suspicious; accordingly, a number of SWAPO guerrillas betook themselves to the nearest D.T.A. office and signed up. When it subsequently turned out that the D.T.A. received eighty-two per cent of the votes cast, nobody was surprised. That thumping margin of victory entitled Mudge's party to forty-one of the fifty seats in a newly formed Constituent Assembly. AKTUR got six, the H.N.P. one. There was a touch of irony to this. The virulently racist H.N.P. had been trying in vain for quite a few years to win a seat in the all-white South African Parliament, and now that it finally had a place in a legislative body its lone representative was adrift in a sea of black and brown faces. The Assembly began meeting just before Christmas last year, solemnly debating all manner of resolutions. But inasmuch as the U.N. condemned it to meaninglessness before it was born, no one at first took it particularly seriously, beyond its own members and Administrator-General Steyn, who said he needed its advice, even though he had already been vested with such sweeping powers that by simple proclamation he could accomplish just about anything he desired—including the detaining without trial of anyone he chose. But last month South Africa took the Assembly seriously. The guardian nation announced that thenceforth it would be vested with real legislative powers—executive authority to remain for the moment in the hands of Mr. Justice Steyn—as a prelude to an internal settlement of the independence question. There were to be up to fifteen more members added to the Assembly, now dubbed a

VAL BELGIUM St. LAMBERT

VAL St. LAMBERT

Bruxelles. The crystal is superb. The fruit is delicious.

The highly skilled artisans of Val St. Lambert have filled these elegant, lead crystal serving pieces
with the natural beauty of fruit. Experience the entire collection.
For literature write: Val St. Lambert, Dept. NY25, (Represented by William Adams Inc.), 208 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010.


The GLENLIVET
AGED 12 YEARS
12
The GLENLIVET
12 YEARS OLD
Unblended all malt Scotch Whisky
Distilled and Bottled in Scotland
GEORGE & J. G. SMITH LIMITED
U.S. IMPORTERS
THE GLENLIVET DISTILLING COMPANY
NEW YORK, N.Y.
PROOF
THE GLENLIVET
12 YEARS OLD
SCOTCH WHISKY

Discover more.

Let your mature taste lead you from the finest premium Scotch on up to the most expensive 12-year-old Scotch in the world. The Glenlivet. The ultimate in Scotch.

Most premium Scotch is blended and depends on several whiskies for taste and smoothness.

Yet the unblended character of The Glenlivet is noble enough to stand alone. In this distinctive Scotch whisky you'll experience an exceptional smoothness and full-bodied richness, unmatched in all other premium Scotch.

Try the taste beyond premium Scotch.

The Glenlivet
Unchanged since 1824.

THE TASTE BEYOND
PREMIUM SCOTCH

National one, and these were to be drawn from parties that had abstained from the December election, but not to include SWAPO, nearly all of whose resident representatives the Administrator-General had by then ushered into custody. The N.N.F. and SWAPO-D asked, for the time being at least, to be counted out; they still hoped that the United Nations would find some oil—if oil of any sort is obtainable these edgy days—to throw on their troubled waters.

◆

> "The December election was to my mind of very high persuasive value. I invited the international press to be my watchdogs, to go wherever they wanted, to report back to me, and, except in one or two instances, they all came back and said there had been a gala atmosphere. The real surprise to me was the enthusiasm of the reaction of the voters—without duress. Now we have this legislative body which, as I said to Mr. Ahtisaari, may not be recognized but is nonetheless a political fact—for the first time, in this territory, a one-man, one-vote body."

THE Administrator-General told me that not long after the election, which I did not witness. Some observers who were around during the balloting have said that the gala atmosphere was to a degree attributable to the presence of reporters and photographers and to the feeling on the part of many voters that they were attending a new kind of social affair. Of the political parties that boycotted the December election, the most outspokenly multiracial is the N.N.F.—the Namibia National Front—which was created last year as an amalgam of several existing parties. Notable among these was SWANU—the South-West Africa National Union—which claims a membership of fifty thousand. (If the claims of all the parties are added up, the population of Namibia rockets.) An old party by Namibian standards—it dates back to 1959—SWANU is more urban and more intellectual than the other black groups, and it is generally committed to nonviolence. "Armed struggle should be the last resort," I was told by its president, Gerson H. Veii. Veii is living proof of the ineffectiveness of the so-called immorality laws that have long been a hallmark of southern Africa: his grandfather was a German soldier. (Mr. Justice Steyn has done away with these laws in Namibia; white men may now consort with nonwhite women, though they risk getting beaten up therefor by other white men if they do so publicly.) SWANU tries to play down ethnicity. When the Herero residents of Otjimbingwe agreed on a Damara as their leader, a SWANU newsletter declared, "The patriotic people of Otjimbingwe emphasized that they are all Namibians of ONE country and have shared the same history of brutal oppression at the hands of the same enemy. They can't afford to be separated on the grounds of superficial cultural differences. . . . The South-West Africa National Union pledges its unqualified support for the patriotic people of the Otjimbingwe-reserve for the most progressive move ever taken by people who are regarded as stiff-necked tribalists and traditionalists." Gerson Veii's appraisal of SWAPO is in similar vein. "The members of SWAPO are my fellow-countrymen, even though they are misguided," he told me. "We are not going to look at SWAPO through the eyes of our opponents; we cannot make ourselves a party to the South Africans' struggle." He does, however, resent the General Assembly's blanket endorsement of SWAPO, and five years ago he told a U.N. meeting in New York (most Namibian politicians have turned up at the U.N. at some time or other in the last decade), "The right to appoint a representative for the people of Namibia rests with the people in Namibia." Veii got into politics after having been thrown out of high school for writing a critical essay about South Africa's early Afrikaner settlers; some years later, for making pronouncements that the South African government interpreted as sabotage, he got thrown into its jail for political prisoners, on Robben Island, off Cape Town, and he spent five years there. For three of those years, his cellmate was Herman Toivo ja Toivo, a founder of SWAPO and a onetime South African railway policeman, who was given a twenty-year term in 1968. A long, passionate speech that Toivo made in

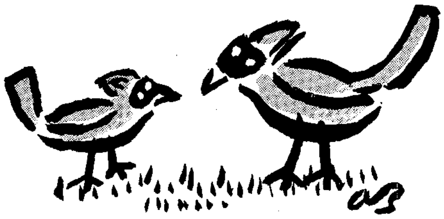
"So far, this party has failed to knock my socks off."

court before being sentenced, in which he visualized a democratic, God-fearing Namibian nation with no tribal divisions, is considered by some Namibians to be the closest thing they have so far to a declaration of independence, and Toivo has something of the status of a martyr hero. If, as a precondition of another election, all political prisoners are freed, Toivo will be able to come home. What he does and whom he backs could be telltale.

Principal among the whites in the N.N.F. are two outspoken lawyers, Bryan O'Linn and John Kirkpatrick. O'Linn, raised in South-West, has been involved in politics most of his adult life, nearly always in opposition. The practice of law in Namibia follows the British pattern, so O'Linn, who is a barrister, works only when a solicitor briefs him. His practice has in recent years been skimpy. Kirkpatrick has also suffered for what are regarded by many of his white neighbors as his political sins. Until last autumn, he was chairman of the board of the Standard Bank of South-West Africa. Most of the bank's customers are white—Afrikaans- or German-speaking, adherents of AKTUR or the D.T.A. They didn't like the notion of their bank's being run by an English-speaking liberal (English is the mother tongue of a mere seven per cent of Namibia's white population), and they let it be known that if Kirkpatrick didn't withdraw either from politics or from the bank they would put their money elsewhere. So he resigned from the board. And, like O'Linn, he was no outsider, no newcomer. Kirkpatrick was born in Windhoek and, except while in South Africa at school and university, has lived there for nearly half a century.

Looming above all the other political parties is SWAPO, which maintains that it would get a clear majority of the Namibian vote in any fair election, and which most of its opponents, of whatever tribe or color, concede would probably get at least forty per cent. The bulk of SWAPO's leaders, and followers, belong to one of seven Ovambo tribes. En masse, Ovambo outnumber Herero seven to one and whites four to one. (Fifteen years ago, South Africa allocated different sections of South-West to different groups. The way the distribution worked out, the per-capita acreage for each Ovambo came to forty; for each Herero, three hundred; for each white, eleven hundred.) Although SWAPO ignored the December election, its organizers did hold meetings among Ovambo employed as contract workers, far from their homes, in scattered Namibian mines. Few Ovambo thus removed from the direct influence of their chiefs and headmen bothered to vote.

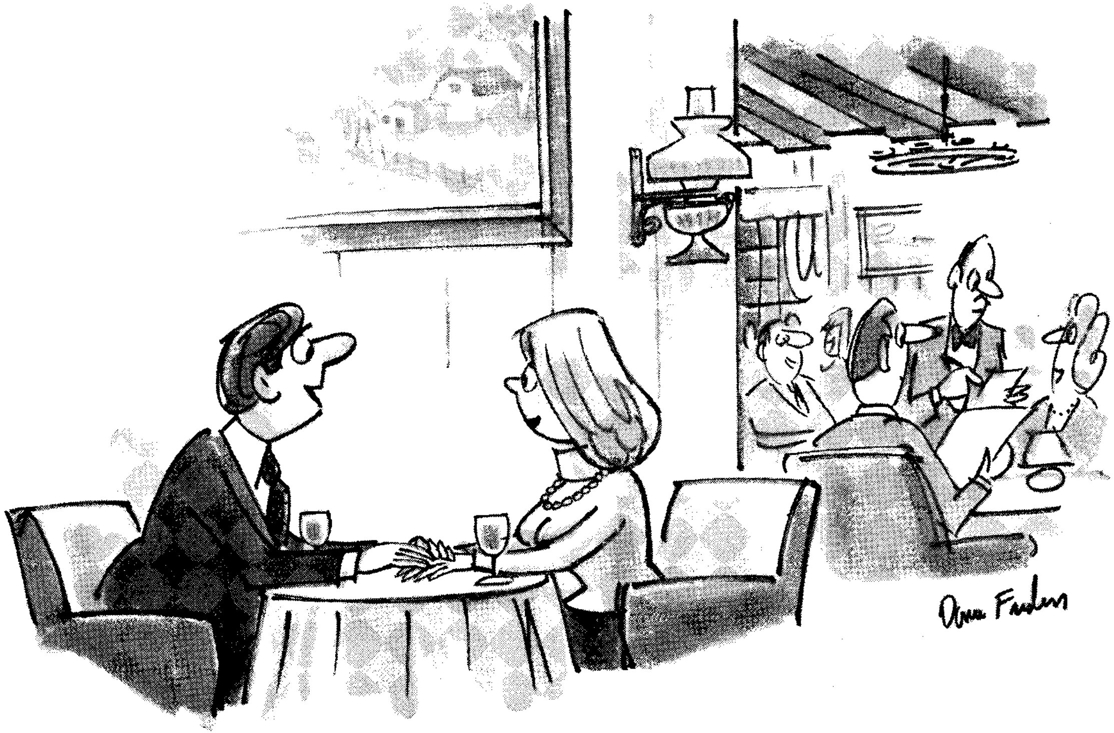
SWAPO has been around for a long time. *Its* chief, Sam Nujoma, is a familiar figure at the United Nations and at capital cities—Moscow, East Berlin, Stockholm, Lusaka, Luanda—whence he derives his principal financial and ideological support. Nujoma has not been in Namibia in nineteen years. His People's Liberation Army of Namibia, or PLAN, has been skirmishing with the South African armed forces along the Namibian borders with Angola and Zambia for thirteen years, but Administrator-General Steyn has promised the SWAPO leader safe conduct if he would care to stop by for a chat. "I've repeatedly attempted to meet Sam Nujoma, but with no success," Steyn told me. "A week after coming to South-West, I said I would talk to him here or go out and meet him at a place of his choice. But he just batted me to the side. He said it was presumptuous and illegal for me to want to talk to him, and that if he ever got hold of me he'd imprison me, or worse." It is hard to believe that Nujoma will not materialize inside Namibia at some point before any election in which SWAPO participates. Born on a farm near the Angola border, he went to an Anglican missionary school (his English teacher was Clemens Kapuuo, the murdered Herero) and then worked as a clerk for the South African Railways and the Windhoek municipal government. Nujoma was arrested after a 1959 protest against the forcible relocation of some blacks from one residential area to another. He escaped into Botswana. Soon afterward, he surfaced as a spokesman for Namibian freedom. At the moment, he seems as likely as anyone else to be the head of a Namibian government recognized as independent by the United Nations, but he is not regarded with much enthusiasm by many of the U.N. officials who know him, and even some of his indigenous admirers see him as a slightly flawed jewel; they mutter that not only has he never been in prison but he has spent much of his exile in comfortable hotels and restaurants. Although Nujoma is given to making statements like "The liberation struggle in southern Africa is approaching its climax—a climax which, for all practical purposes, and as a matter of historical inevitability, will result in violence and bloodshed," and although South Africa frequently alludes to his PLAN forces as outright terrorists ("a seeping flood of poison," Administrator-General Steyn has called them), SWAPO, like any other political party, had an office in Windhoek until just a few weeks ago, and it has had organizers, overt as well as covert, in other Namibian towns. The South African authorities may deem SWAPO's troops to be wild-eyed revolutionaries—and the photographs of atrocities they are alleged to have committed are not pretty—yet the SWAPO official who long presided over the Windhoek office, and at last report was still not in custody, is a soft-spoken young man, Daniël Tjongarero, who came there from the editorship of a church journal and who has long insisted that SWAPO has a basic commitment to nonviolent change. Some say there are two SWAPOs, an external one and an internal one—the external branch fomenting Marxist revolution (one of its posters depicts a black Namibian mother with a baby and a rifle slung on her back, and she seems to care equally about both), the internal one mending fences. The South African information office in Windhoek blandly distributes copies of SWAPO's organizational constitution (a document prepared externally and richly laced with Marxist jargon), but the South African authorities also lock up SWAPO functionaries who displease them. After a couple of bombs went off in Windhoek last December, for instance, Tjongarero, whose immunity from apprehension is ephemeral, was incarcerated for three weeks, then released without any charges having been lodged against him. It was a characteristic South African way of letting siblings know that Big Brother is watching.



•

"There is a time to fight and a time to talk. Now is the time to talk."

THE speaker was Andreas Shipanga, the urbane head of yet another SWAPO, called the SWAPO-Democrats, or SWAPO-D, for short. (Nowadays, some Namibians call SWAPO SWAPO-N—the "N" for "Nujoma.") Shipanga feels that he has an unchallengeable right to use the familiar acronym, because in 1958 he was a co-founder, with Toivo ja Toivo, of the Ovambo People's Congress, which evolved into SWAPO, and because for many years after that he was a SWAPO official in good standing. A onetime schoolteacher, Shipanga, now forty-six years old, fled the territory in 1964, and for him independence has been a lifetime cause. He returned to Namibia last August. "In the politics of exile, one is always involved in a struggle, with its frustrations and its hopes," Shipanga told me. "At times, you think things are moving all right, and then everything turns around and you realize you're not moving even as fast as you were the year before. Rhetoric, hopes, frustrations can lead to corruption, and that's what happened to SWAPO." Shipanga worked for SWAPO abroad for a dozen years, though with, he says, mounting misgivings. He believed Nujoma was becoming autocratic and was, moreover, converting to his own profit goods and funds that others sympathetic to his goals were giving him. In 1974, with the Portuguese empire collapsing and an independent Angola emerging, five or six thousand young Namibians, preponderantly Ovambo and many of them teachers and students, crossed their northern border to align themselves with SWAPO. Nujoma's headquarters were in Zambia. "When they reached Lusaka," Shipanga said, "they found they had boarded a SWAPO ship without a rudder. SWAPO soldiers were starving at the front, and Sam Nujoma was selling on the black market food, medicine, and clothing he'd received from Scandinavia. He had plenty of arms, but he sent his guerrillas off to fight with sticks and a few grenades. The newcomers to SWAPO felt, as I had come to feel, that the SWAPO leadership was losing sight of its objectives, and they demanded changes. Nujoma's response to that was to persuade President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia to have two thousand of us arrested." Most of the SWAPO dissidents went to detention camps. Shipanga and ten others went to prison. When lawyers retained by them instituted habeas-corpus proceedings, they were shuttled off to Tanzania, which does not recognize habeas corpus. After two years, through the efforts of Amnesty International, Andrew Young, and other outside intermediaries, they were released, and eventually got to Sweden. During the entire time Shipanga was in prison, he told me further, no official of the Zambian or the Tanzanian government ever stopped by to explain why he was being held. The Zambian explanation to the outside world was that the Namibians were in custody for their own protection. They would just as soon have taken their chances elsewhere. At one point, Shipanga was accused by Tanzania of having played an active role in a South African raid on a SWAPO military base. At the time of the attack, he had been in detention in Zambia for almost three months.



"It would work with us, Francine. We share the same narrow personal interests and concerns."

• •

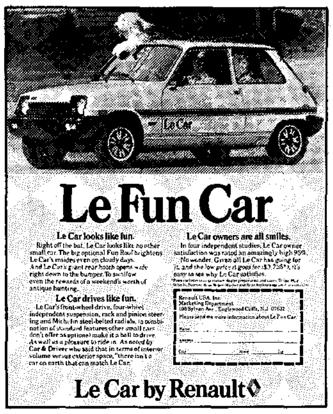
In Stockholm, last spring, Shipanga and other freed prisoners wondered what to do next. They came up with SWAPO-D, one of whose early manifestos included an allusion to "the incompetent and megalomaniac Nujoma leadership." (Nujoma, for his part, likes to refer to "Shipanga renegades," and to suggest that SWAPO-D is actually in cahoots with the South African government.) "Since armed struggle was out of the question for us," Shipanga told me, "the only recourse seemed to be to go back to our own people." Both the D.T.A. and the N.N.F. sent delegations to Europe (one of them including a brother Shipanga hadn't seen in fifteen years) in the hope of luring Shipanga and whatever strength he could muster into their ranks. But SWAPO-D decided to wait and see before committing itself to any alignments. Still, by the time Namibians next go to the polls some new coalitions will probably have been patched together. Shipanga and Nujoma found themselves in the same room in New York several months ago, but while their followers in Windhoek are generally civil toward one another, the rival SWAPO leaders did not exchange a word.

Shipanga and his SWAPO-D associates maintain that there are still hundreds of anti-SWAPO Namibians in detention, as a favor to Nujoma, in Zambia, and that somebody should do something about getting them released. (An independent Namibia will have little difficulty in finding someone to run its Ministry of Prisons; there are plenty of experienced men around to fill that slot.) Martti Ahtisaari, while visiting Lusaka this February, asked a Zambian government official about the detainees but was informed that they were nowhere on the scene. The U.N. Special Representative apparently made no further representations there; instead, he asked South Africa to provide him with a list of their names—thus in a sense seeming to further SWAPO's allegation that SWAPO-D has ties to Pretoria. SWAPO-D says that it gave Ahtisaari just such a list, though one of merely a hundred or so names, two years ago, but that it is unlikely any of those particular prisoners are

"le"

This 2-letter French word may well be the most successful (if not the only) 2-letter marketing strategy in the annals of advertising. This simple, yet eloquent "le" has put Renault's "Le Car" happily in the U.S. car-buying public's consciousness. It positions; it defines; and for the media-inundated consumer, provides an easy, memorable handle. Usually it takes many more letters and many more words to do all this.

Happily our little "le" has put across the fact that we are the car company of France. You can't blame us for sighing *"Vive le 'le'!"*



Le Fun Car

Le Car looks like fun.
Right off the bat, Le Car looks like no other small car. The big optional Fun Roof brightens Le Car's insides even on cloudy days. And Le Car's giant rear hatch opens wide right down to the bumper. To swallow even the rewards of a weekend's worth of antique hunting.

Le Car drives like fun.
Le Car's front-wheel drive, four-wheel independent suspension, rack and pinion steering and Michelin steel-belted radials, (a combination of standard features other small cars don't offer as options) make it a ball to drive. As well as a pleasure to ride in. As noted by Car & Driver who said that in terms of interior volume versus exterior space, "there isn't a car on earth that can match Le Car."

Le Car owners are all smiles.
In four independent studies, Le Car owner satisfaction was rated an amazingly high 95%. No wonder. Given all Le Car has going for it, and the low price it goes for ($3,725*), it's easy to see why Le Car satisfies.

Renault USA, Inc.
Marketing Department
100 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632
Please send me more information about Le Fun Car.
Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

Le Car by Renault

RENAULT

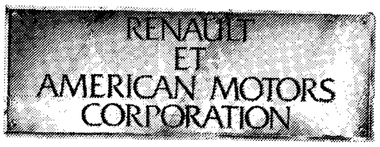
“et”

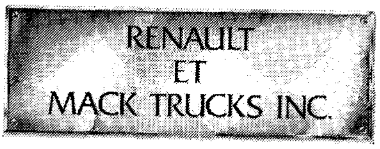
Another 2-letter French word. We believe this one laconically sums up our business philosophy yet is as eloquent as our “le” in indicating how we organise for future growth.

For that simple “et” expresses the agreements we’ve recently signed with three great U.S. corporations. That “et” in effect proclaims our growth policy of co-operation for mutual benefit; it says that we will work together to achieve our independent goals.

Finally, that little “et” says we’re not a “take-over” company, but rather, a “work-with” company. And so we sigh “*‘Et’. Bien.*”

RENAULT
ET
BENDIX CORPORATION


RENAULT
ET
AMERICAN MOTORS
CORPORATION


RENAULT
ET
MACK TRUCKS INC.

RENAULT

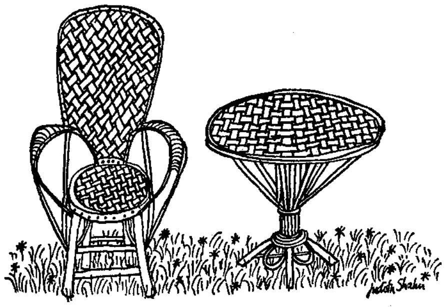
still where they were then. Wherever they are, and however many of them there may still be, they would presumably have to be located, released, and repatriated before another election. It is Shipanga's further view that Nujoma is in no hurry to have them freed—that as long as they remain in confinement South Africa will have a quid-pro-quo excuse for not releasing Toivo ja Toivo, who in the eyes of SWAPO-D is regarded by SWAPO as a threat to Nujoma's hegemony.

•

> "I think ethnicity is a God-given order, but I would hate to see it accepted as a permanent political program. For example—and I have said this to Prime Ministers Vorster and Botha—I see the population of this world as a great orchestra: violin, piano, flute, and all the rest. Every instrument has a duty to bring about harmony. That's how it should be with mankind—a great orchestra of God, with different instruments working together to play for the glory of God. I can't ask a violin to be or sound like a piano. I give everybody the right to his own culture and language and individual characteristics. But I ask each man to share his traits and possessions with all around him. I don't want white to become black, or black white. I must respect God's gifts. But I invite whites to share with us their culture and education, and we will share with them what we have. That's the only way a reconciliation of races can come about—by sharing."

THUS spoke to me Dr. Johannes Lukas de Vries, the *Präses* (roughly, bishop) of the Evangelical Lutheran Church and the president of the United Evangelical Lutheran Church of South-West Africa—an umbrella-like body that also includes the Evangelical Lutheran Ovambokavango Church. Namibians are, compared to most population groups, intensely religious. The two churches—both almost exclusively nonwhite—have between them nearly four hundred thousand communicants, and Dr. de Vries, accordingly, is one of the most respected and most influential persons in the land. The just retired head of the Ovambokavango church, Bishop Leonard Auala, had no less authority. His church was founded by missionaries from Finland, who arrived in Ovamboland in 1870. Some German missionaries who preceded them had a rough time. It took one of them fourteen years before he persuaded a single native family—man, wife, and six-year-old daughter—to be baptized. The Germans also were low on funds, so they gave Ovamboland, spiritually, to Finland, which kept it until 1954, when the Ovambokavango church became independent. The ties to Finland remained. Bishop Auala received an honorary degree from the University of Helsinki in 1967. Herman Toivo ja Toivo attended a local Finnish school, and other Namibians who had a similar education still speak Afrikaans with a Finnish accent. Attempts to discredit Martti Ahtisaari's impartiality as a negotiator have included snide assertions that his parents were Finnish missionaries in Ovamboland. In discussions about which nations would or would not contribute military units to UNTAG, assuming that there would ever be such an entity *in situ*, South Africa made it clear that it would not welcome Finns.

Dr. de Vries comes from Rehoboth, in central Namibia. He is one of the Rehoboth Basters, a light-skinned, mixed-blood ethnic group who are sometimes known, nonpejoratively, as Bastards. The Bastards supported South Africa in its 1915 battles with the South-West Germans, and were rewarded by being accorded the privilege—expressly denied to all other nonwhites—of possessing firearms. Sam Nujoma once described Bishop Auala and Präses de Vries, who does not tote sidearms, as "freedom fighters just like ourselves." (Auala has a daughter attached to SWAPO in Angola, and a son of his successor as ranking Ovambokavango minister is believed to have been killed when South African parachutists raided SWAPO bases there in May, 1978.) South African politicians appear to think that the church eminences have been on the side of what Pretoria considers the forces of evil. De Vries never met Sam Nujoma until three years ago. "He told me then, 'I'm not going to kill my own people,' " the Präses told me. De Vries added that he and his fellow black churchmen had been confronting the South African government, in a nonviolent way, for many years. "But when ministers proposed change, instead of listening the government put heavy pressure on them by banning local people and denying entry to outsiders of like faith," he said. "I am not now permitted a single missionary from abroad. The church did not die, however, when restrictions were imposed on it. It showed new life, in the sense that we came to a new experience of the Gospel—to the discovery that the mission theology had been wrong in seeing man only in relation to the salvation of his soul, that the Gospel relates, rather, to man as a whole, and that you can't divide a man into a Sunday part and a Monday part. We concluded that we had a responsibility for physical as well as spiritual care, and that the government was damaging the Gospel image of man. I once told some Christians in the United States that their churches had made many mistakes—blessing soldiers' weapons during wars, for instance, and keeping silent when they should have spoken out. In time of war, churches are too often like ambulances, turning up on the scene of combat too late, merely to attend to corpses. I want to see the church up on the front line in politics, and I've even prepared my church to cope theologically, if that becomes necessary, with Marxism. As a result of all this, the black Lutheran churches have been attacked as political organizations. At a cocktail party Mr. Justice Steyn gave not long ago, I was talking to the new Prime Minister, Mr. Botha, and he said to me, 'I can only warn you to keep out of politics.' I said to him, 'You can't tell me to keep out. I am both a church leader and a citizen. And you are a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, which has played a prominent role all these years in the implementation of apartheid.' "



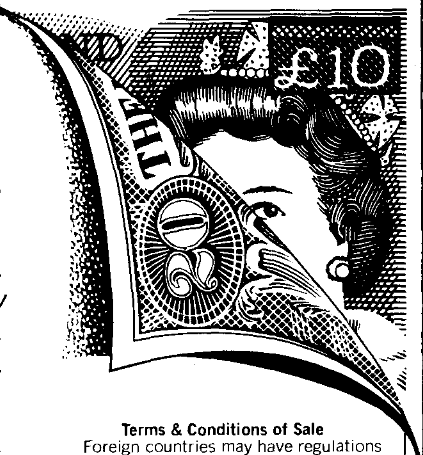
The Dutch Reformed Church, which during the border fighting has urged its parishioners from its pulpits to do their bit by purchasing South African defense bonds, proclaimed a Day of Penitence and Suffering late in January. Congregations of all denominations were adjured to beseech the end of a grievous drought and to confess their sins and their decadence. Most of the black churches in Namibia abstained. "If we had joined in, it would have been like fooling God," de Vries told me. "When everything is good, there is no fellowship between the Dutch Reformed Church and the rest of us. Why should there be in times of despair? We had our own Day of Prayer in the fall of 1976—prayer for reconciliation, for justice, for peace—and instead of joining us then the Dutch Reformed Church denounced our day as a political act."

After the December election, the D.T.A. said that the results demonstrated that the black Namibian churches didn't have the hold on their followers which they had been claiming

HOW MUCH FOREIGN CURRENCY SHOULD YOU ORDER BEFORE YOU TAKE OFF?

Deak-Perera
ORDER FORM

41 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017
17 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 60602
677 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Cal. 90017



FOREIGN CURRENCY TRAVELERS CHEQUES

Travelers cheques issued by the major banks of England, France, Italy, Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, West Germany, Canada, Australia, Hong Kong, Japan. Minimum order U.S. $150. Indicate country and U.S. dollar amount desired.

COUNTRY	AMOUNT IN U.S. $
Sub-Total	$
x 1%	$
Sub-Total Travelers Cheques	$

FOREIGN CURRENCY

For each country indicate amount of currency you wish. (Minimum order is $50)

COUNTRY	AMOUNT IN U.S. $
Sub-Total Currency	$
Shipping/Insurance	$ 3.50
GRAND TOTAL U.S. $	$

METHOD OF PAYMENT:

☐ Check enclosed (make check payable to Deak-Perera)
☐ Visa Cash Advance ☐ Master Charge Cash Advance

(For Master Charge Cash Advance...fill in 4-digit number above your name)

Card Number ___/___/___/___/

Exp. Date: Mo. ___ Yr. ___

SIGNATURE ___

All orders must be signed and are subject to Terms & Conditions listed at right.

IMPORTANT: PLEASE READ—Please print or type mailing address. This address should be the location where you wish us to send your currency. If using a business address, please indicate Company Name.

Name ___

Company ___

Address ___

City ___

State ___ Zip ___

Home Phone ___

Business Phone ___

Date of Departure ___

Terms & Conditions of Sale

Foreign countries may have regulations regarding the amount of currency that may be imported. Check the regulations of the countries in which you intend to travel. Deak-Perera is not responsible if the purchaser violates any currency laws or regulations.

I agree that a postal receipt signed by anyone at "Mailing Address" represents proper delivery and amount.

I agree that I will properly sign each check upon receipt and countersign it and fill in the name of the payee at the time of encashment and in front of the person cashing it. I also agree to safeguard the check against loss or theft and immediately notify the issuer in case of loss or theft specifying the checks and numbers lost or stolen. I understand that the issuer, his agent or principal, is not responsible to refund any loss or expense which I may incur if I fail to perform any part of this agreement.

Mail-in offer expires December 31, 1979.

Your order will be filled at the exchange rate prevailing on the day it's received.

DP113

Deak-Perera is the largest foreign currency exchange in the Western Hemisphere. So naturally we get asked the above question hundreds of times a day. And while the answer depends on whether the trip is for business or pleasure and how many countries are to be visited, most often we recommend taking enough foreign currency to get through the first two days—about $100 per person. Then take foreign currency travelers cheques for at least $25 per person per day.

When it comes to foreign currency, international travelers and banks have been coming to Deak-Perera for over 50 years. Today we offer more foreign currencies (120) and more foreign currency travelers cheques (12) than anyone else in the U.S. And Deak-Perera lets you order by mail or in person.

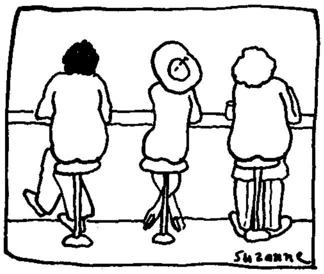
If you haven't been abroad lately, you should also be aware that, more often than not, the exchange rates at Deak-Perera are the same as, or better than, they are overseas. So there really isn't any benefit in waiting for foreign banks to open or standing in lines at airports. And, by converting here, you don't risk getting "ripped off" at foreign hotels, shops or restaurants.

To order your currency and travelers cheques, and to receive a free Currency Guide and Travel Tips booklet, simply send the above form to your nearest Deak-Perera office. You can even charge your order as a cash advance on your Visa or Master Charge card. (If you do, you should know that the bank that issued your card may charge a slight fee for this service.) Your order is fully insured and sent out immediately by registered or certified mail. We guarantee two week delivery on mail orders or we'll give you a full refund. So drop us a line, instead of waiting in one.

Deak-Perera SINCE 1928

THE INTERNATIONAL CURRENCY SERVICE
THAT BANKS BANK ON.

all along. De Vries, who believes that the population of Namibia is substantially greater than one million, and that South Africa has kept the official figure far below actuality to make the voter turnout seem more impressive, disagreed. "We didn't even try to use our full machinery to achieve a boycott," he told me. "We weren't interested. We didn't see any sense in having the election at all. We will put our full machinery to use in the next election, and we will show South Africa that we have power. We don't like to deal in terms of political parties, but we will have to take a stand against any party that is pro-South Africa. Whatever else may be said about SWAPO, it was the first political party around here to recognize the power of the church and to perceive the church as part of the struggle for liberation. In nearly every African nation that has been liberated to date, the churches have ended up in poor standing, because previously they had always been identified with the ruling colonial power. The churches had always compromised with the government. Here we don't compromise; we confront. And if SWAPO ever becomes the government and we disagree with what it does, we'll confront SWAPO, too."



Administrator-General Steyn naturally does not share all de Vries' views. "I've told the churches, 'Please help me to ameliorate political emotions,' " he said to me. "The moment religion is introduced into politics, you bugger up politics, and you don't help religion. Look at Northern Ireland. Look at the Reformation. Look at the Crusades. I told the churches, 'Look, you have got to take a stand against people who engage in violence. This is a vastly underpopulated country. We cannot afford to lose one man. We need every last individual. We need to preserve each one and need for each one to coöperate with every other one. When you take a political stand, you're playing with fire, and it can consume you.' The churches have a great role to play—the shepherds guiding the sheep safely along a path that discourages violence and discourages political and ethnic hatred. I told our clergymen, 'Study the history of religious interference in politics. It always ends up with auto-da-fé or the rack or the gas chamber or the concentration camp. So watch it!' "

They do watch. "I'm surprised that nothing directly has happened to me up to now," Präses de Vries told me. "My car is followed. I am followed into restaurants. My letters are opened. My phone is tapped. But I don't really worry, because I've never said anything secretly that I won't say openly." Namibia's ranking Anglican cleric not long ago was called from home, at 10 P.M., by the Security Police, who wanted to inspect his office. Without bothering to produce a warrant, they carried out a search that lasted over two hours. They said they were looking for weapons. They didn't find any. The major in charge of the raiding party later apologized for the way some of his chaps had messed up the place.

In Namibia, as in South Africa, Anglican ministers have been perennial thorns in the government's side. The Anglicans have kept importing outspoken white bishops, and the South Africans have kept deporting them. The incumbent Anglican bishop for Namibia was sent packing in 1978. The duties of his office have since been discharged by a black, James Kauluma, who holds the title of Bishop Suffragan. Bishop Kauluma is supposed to be forty-five years old, but he thinks he may be younger. One of at least twenty-five children, by a number of wives, of a high-placed Ovambo tribesman, Kauluma came from a family that was not Christian and did not scrupulously record vital statistics. The Bishop returned to Namibia last year after being educated in Canada and the United States—ultimately, at the Union Theological Seminary, in New York. He is technically the Bishop Suffragan of Damaraland, though as far as he knows there is not a single member of the Damara tribe in his flock. "Damaraland" was the common name for all of Namibia among English-speaking South Africans when the Anglican missionaries first arrived. Many of Kauluma's parishioners live in northern Namibia, close to the Angolan border. "When I visit my people up there," Bishop Kauluma told me, "I don't much like the idea of having my car stopped and searched or of having a South African soldier poke a gun in my mouth and say, 'Where are you going?' The guerrillas don't behave like that. Why, the South Africans have even charged that our churches ring their bells to give guerrillas information. Sure, the bells ring a lot, but they've been ringing like that for more than fifty years, for the Eucharist, for confirmations, for baptisms, for deaths—both to mourn and to inform—and for other purposes." I was told later by South Africans near the border that all that may be so but that nonetheless there have been times when the bells of a church close to one Army base start pealing vigorously whenever two or more vehicles depart simultaneously from that encampment.

The Anglican bishop has a white wife—an American missionary, who had taught in Namibia for four and a half years while he was studying abroad—but inasmuch as Mr. Justice Steyn revoked the territory's immorality law shortly before the Kaulumas arrived, they can live together openly, although they do attract occasional long stares. What one Dutch Reformed minister referred to not long ago on Radio South Africa as the "color-relationship situation" has become diminishingly oppressive in Namibia in the last couple of years, but it is hard to judge just how much it has improved. "To change laws is one thing. To change attitudes is another," a native-born Namibian white lawyer told me. "Perhaps we've been expecting too much if we expect old-fashioned Afrikaners to change their basic approach, which is that, no matter what else happens, political power is never to be shared with blacks." Though nonwhites now may and do frequent public gathering places in comparatively cosmopolitan Windhoek, at many rural establishments they are still unwelcome. Windhoek's post office and public toilets have been desegregated, but it still has two kinds of taxicabs, one for whites and one for others, and its white ambulances do not pick up nonwhites except in emergencies. (The only intensive-care unit in any Windhoek hospital happens to be in the nonwhite one; whites in need of its ministrations do not hesitate to use it.) The city's public swimming pool is still the exclusive domain of those who are still often termed "European." One light-skinned nonwhite woman was ejected from the pool recently even though she argued that she was a bona-fide European and produced a Swedish passport.

In recent months, a new and nasty white-supremacy group has surfaced in Windhoek, so far to the right that it is credited with having threatened to assassinate Administrator-General Steyn; some residents of the city attribute to it the vandalizing, shortly before they closed up shop, of the SWAPO offices at the mid-city junction of Kaiser and Göring Streets. All in all, however, the color-relationship situation in Namibia is more tolerable than that in South Africa. An Afrikaner businessman up from Pretoria tried to illustrate the difference to me at the crowded Kalahari Sands bar one evening. He depicted the relationship between blacks and whites in South Africa by clenching his hands into fists and banging them together. Then he opened up his hands and interlaced his fingers. That, he said, was how he thought things stood now in South-West.

Mr. Justice Steyn is eloquently proud of the steps he has taken to bridge gaps between races. "What amazes me is that this body of inhabitants, supposedly so unsophisticated, has been able to adjust to all this so well," he told me. "We have had multiracial government on a wide scale already, not only in our new Assembly but, for instance, in our National Development Corporation, which I reorganized. A majority of its directors today are nonwhite. There are Ovambo and Herero together on the board of our new Building & Loan Society, and on our new coördinating committee that deals with nature and wildlife and has to come to grips with such questions as: Which means more for the future of South-West Africa, the money an elephant will bring in from tourists who want to look at it or the money it will cost to replant the maize crop that the elephant destroys while foraging?" Still, frustrations persist. ("I believe that frustration is the father of evil," Präses de Vries told me. "Frustrated people are not always responsible for what they do. We shouldn't let the atmosphere here lead to frustration if we can avoid it, and we can. We shouldn't take chances with the patience of the people.") It frustrates some blacks to reflect that although whites constitute only twelve per cent of the population they hold a third of Namibia's public-sector jobs. It frustrates them to reflect that there are no black lawyers currently practicing in Namibia, and that one young black man who had enrolled in a correspondence course in law from the University of South Africa and who thought he had fulfilled all the requirements was advised in the end that he had not and that any further correspondence between him and the university would be fruitless. He remembered afterward that a security-police captain who had interrogated him while he was taking the course, and had evidently had access to his homework, asked him if he expected to get anywhere with it, and when the aspiring advocate replied that he most assuredly did the security policeman laughed. The disappointed student decided to switch to a métier that had no prerequisites, and became a politician.

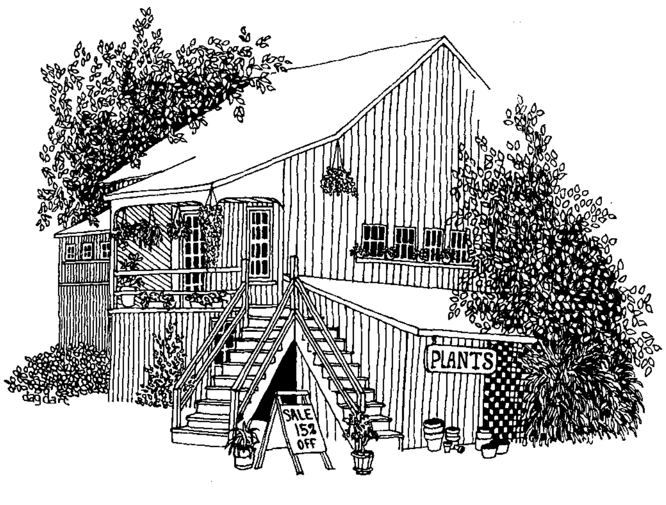
There are only a handful of qualified nonwhite physicians in Namibia. One of them, Dr. Kenneth Abrahams, is a SWAPO-D man who returned home last year after a long exile—mostly in Sweden, where he specialized in environmental medicine, a field unrepresented in Namibia by any doctor, of any color—but when I saw him last he had not yet obtained a permit to resume medical work, though his application had been filed six months earlier. Dr. Abrahams' wife and her sister are among the very few women who have been active in Namibian politics. It is perhaps indicative of the paradoxical nature of those politics that one of the sisters is high in the councils of SWAPO-D and the other no less prominent in SWANU.

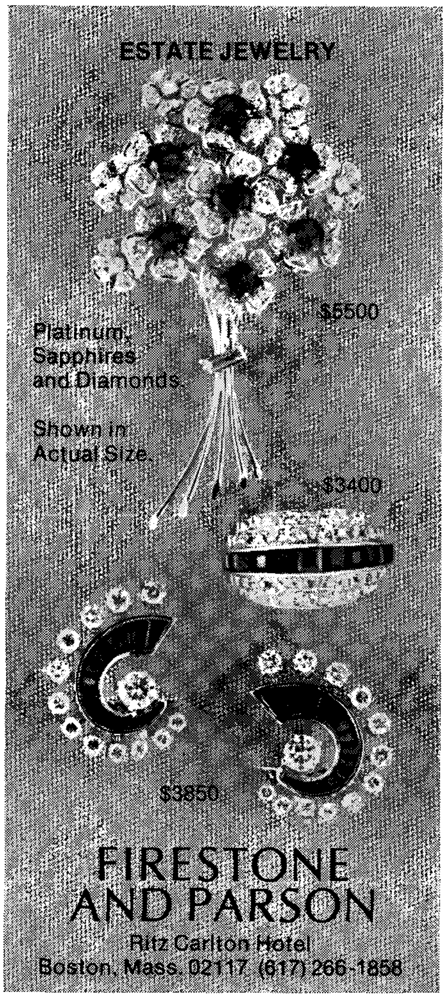
•

"Your twenty-first-birthday cake is waiting for you.... We're keeping the beers cold.... Soon it'll all be over and you'll have breakfast in bed.... Your girlfriend sends you a kiss."

THE woman announcer for Radio South Africa, as she reads messages from home to the "border boys" up north, stationed in what is called the Operational Area, usually tops off osculatory greetings with a smacking kiss of her own. Fighting of sorts along the nine-hundred-mile border of Namibia began in 1966, and for thirteen years it has kept occupied about twenty thousand members of the South African armed forces—most of these support troops—and three to five thousand members of PLAN, the SWAPO liberation army. (A half century before that, the zone was usually patrolled by a force of nine bored German policemen.) In Rhodesia, there were over five thousand deaths last year that could be more or less ascribed to, or associated with, guerrilla warfare. The war between South Africa and SWAPO ("if," a South African Army officer kept repeating to me, "it is a war") has been marked by one fairly major episode—the airborne attack in 1978 by South Africa on PLAN bases in Angola, after which SWAPO claimed the invaders had inflicted a thousand casualties, among them women and children. In the entire remainder of last year, though, South Africa totted up only ninety-seven SWAPO soldiers killed and fifteen captured. South Africa's losses, although formally undisclosed, were probably far smaller, and these included some inadvertent deaths—four of its own troops, for example, who were killed by a fifth while returning to their base from a night patrol. (There were also nine civilian deaths, hundreds of miles from the front, that were caused by a veldt fire ignited by practice shooting on a military range.) In 1978, there were by South African reckoning four hundred and fifty "incidents" in the Operational Area, but included in this catchall total were not merely the detonation of land mines but the discovery of them as well. That year, forty-nine people died in land-mine explosions, all of them unlucky civilians. (The military had high-bodied, armor-plated personnel carriers, which are relatively safe unless they tip over.) In January, 1979, with a ceasefire supposedly imminent, the pace quickened: that month, land mines accounted for twelve deaths. And things have got much worse since. In May, up north near Tsumeb, a copper-mining center, two young children and their grandmother were savagely murdered when unknown assailants invaded their farm—a Rhodesia-like crime thitherto not especially prevalent in Namibia. But statistics do not mean much in this kind of combat. As Gerson Veii, the president of SWANU, put it to me, "When you are waging a guerrilla war, whether you have one hundred guns or one gun, you have more than people who aren't fighting at all."

Few South Africans, border boys notably aside, have ever visited northern Namibia, which consists, from west to east, of Kaokoland, Ovamboland, Kavango, Bushmanland (south of Kavango), and the Caprivi Strip—this last a fingerlike stretch (named after the




ESTATE JEWELRY

Platinum,
Sapphires
and Diamonds.

Shown in
Actual Size.

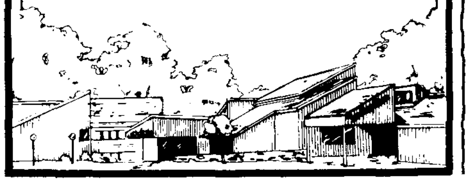
$5500
$3400
$3850

FIRESTONE
AND PARSON
Ritz Carlton Hotel
Boston, Mass. 02117 (617) 266-1858

The Toftrees
Experience...
revel in it

Unwind with a round of golf. Rev up with a racket on the courts. Splash around in the heated pool. Delight in fine food at the Coffee Grinder Tavern or Country French LePapillon. Take care of business or take a walk in our woods. Toftrees . . . experience it soon.

Toftrees
country club and lodge
One Country Club Lane, State College, PA 16801
814-237-5311 – Adjoining Penn State



German count who succeeded Bismarck as Chancellor) that reaches out to touch Zambia and Rhodesia, and that was originally given by Great Britain to Germany so that that nation could have something of a territorial bridge between its West and East African colonies. In return, Germany gave Britain Zanzibar. Most of the border clashes have occurred in Ovamboland, a flat and relatively fertile region, which is separated from Angola by an eight-and-a-half-foot-high cattle fence, construction of which was begun in the spring of 1976. Animals can readily breach the barrier, and so can human beings. A large number of Ovambo live in Angola; many families have members on both sides. Some two-footed crossings have been social. In addition, though, SWAPO patrols scale the fence just about every night and continue south across a kilometre-wide strip that the South Africans have declared to be a "no go" zone—a designation that has vexed, among others, the Anglican hierarchy, inasmuch as seventeen churches of theirs happened to be in the proscribed area and had to be evacuated. (The United States has offered—should a ceasefire ever come to pass—a million dollars' worth of electronic equipment to monitor the far-flung border.) Most Ovambo live in kraals—clusters of thatched round huts, with a couple of dozen residents in each settlement. The kraals look primitive, but quite a few of them have a pickup truck parked inside. A black-owned filling station there sells more petrol than any other outlet in Namibia. The town of Oshakati, where the South Africans have one of their main military headquarters in the Operational Area—the briefing room features a sign that reads "Hopeless Situations Don't Exist, Only People Without Hope"—is so conventionally urban that it has two automobile junk yards. South African Army intelligence officers have charts showing the position of every kraal, and of every church, school, and Cuca shop (Cuca was a popular Portuguese brand of beer), but they have no way of knowing exactly who might be where at any given moment. (SWAPO at one point claimed to have five secret encampments inside Namibia.) The Soviet-made ground-to-air shoulder-borne missiles with which SWAPO's soldiers are said to be equipped are ineffective at altitudes of less than a hundred and fifty feet; accordingly, when one flies north one's pilot hugs the ground. Cruising at a hundred-foot height, one can easily make out kraal residents waving hello or, as sometimes happens, raising a fist in a SWAPO salute. I did not see any rocket launchers, but at Oshakati a South African ordnance major did display some captured SWAPO matériel that was notably international in origin: East German hand grenades, Russian machine guns, Czechoslovakian land mines, Dutch rations (chopped ham and pork), South African anti-flu tablets, and an American M-1 rifle.

SWAPO's military objectives have appeared to be comparatively modest—sabotage, harassment, and political indoctrination, for the most part. And also, the South Africans opposing PLAN contend, intimidation: after one Ovambo headman who had been coöperating with the South Africans was killed, his body was draped across the border fence. Sometimes guerrillas, slipping over from Angola in the night, betake themselves to a hospitable kraal and change into martial dress, to impress their hosts with their status as full-fledged freedom fighters. "We can shoot them only in uniform," one South African officer told me, disappointedly. "Otherwise, we can't distinguish them from the local population." He added that a couple of guerrillas who had been killed were found to be wearing civilian clothes beneath their uniforms—presumably so that they could make a quick change if they had to or wanted to. (Among guerrillas whom the South Africans did not get a chance to examine closely were a few English-speaking, light-skinned infiltrators, who were assumed to be either East German or Cuban.) Any resident of Ovamboland who—from May, 1976, on—has not reported the presence of a guerrilla in his neighborhood is liable to arrest and indefinite imprisonment for his remissness. Suspicion is the order of the day. Black church leaders complain that perfectly innocent civilians are being detained simply because they have chafe marks on their shoulders. The South Africans rejoin that they know of no logical explanation for such lesions other than the carrying, for ten pedestrian kilometres or more, of two fifteen-pound land mines—one in front, one in back. They are especially distrustful of anybody who not only bears such chafe marks but can't produce a receipt showing that he has paid his annual dues to his regional tribal fund. On any given day, according to South African intelligence estimates, there are probably between eighty and a hundred "terrorists" somewhere in Namibia and close enough to their weapons to constitute a threat to law and order. The South Africans have misgivings, too, about local residents who are supposed to be more or less on their side—a body of parapolice called the Ovambo Home Guard. The guardsmen are expected to handle routine criminal investigations, protect visiting V.I.P.s, and attend to other nonmilitary chores. Instead, the South Africans grumble, they often take unfair advantage of their position. "When they get that gun in the hand," one Army captain told me, "it occurs to them that they no longer have to pay for their beer."

•

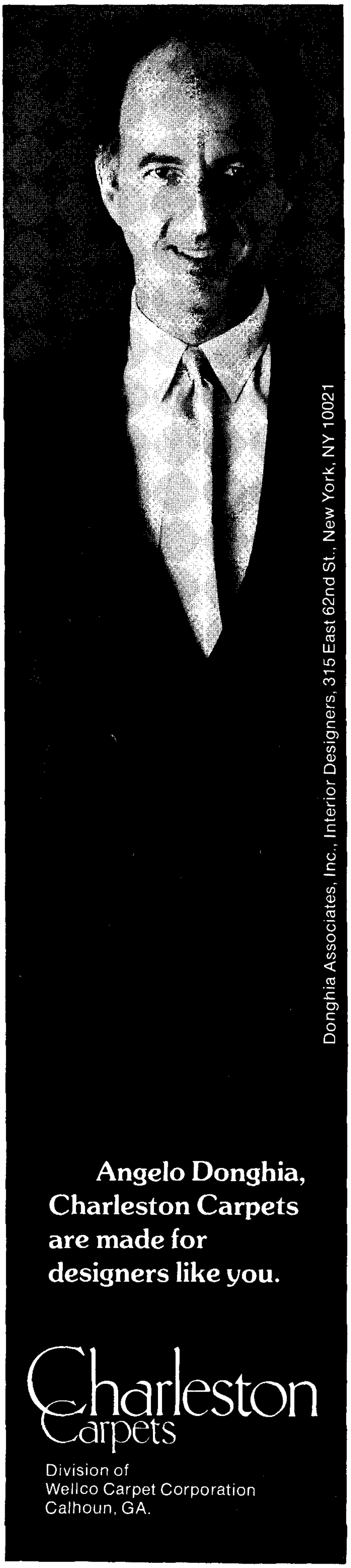
"I've been involved in mining all over the world—in Australia, in South America, in South Africa, here. Uranium, cobalt, copper, you name it. But I've never seen any bloody operation to compare with the bloody diamond mines at Oranjemund. They don't mine down there. They farm."

THE speaker, who said he spent more of his life at airports than at home, headed toward a plane for Zurich. Namibia has another no-go zone, and Oranjemund, just north of the Atlantic terminus of the Orange River, is its hub. Since 1908, when the German administrators of the region proclaimed a stretch of desert three hundred and fifty kilometres long and a hundred kilometres wide to be a *Sperrgebiet*—forbidden territory—nobody has been allowed inside it without the express permission of the incumbent proprietors of the diamond fields that lie there. The proprietor since 1921 has been the Consolidated Diamond Mines (its name was recently shortened to plain CDM), a subsidiary of the De Beers branch of the far-flung economic empire established by the late Sir Ernest Oppenheimer. Administrator-General Steyn has greater authority than anyone has ever enjoyed in the history of South-West, but even he may not set foot in the mining area without CDM's consent.

Aside from Libya, with its rich deposits of oil, Namibia probably has the most valuable natural resources, on a per-capita basis, of any part of Africa. More than half of the territory's annual gross national product of a billion and a half dollars is attributable to minerals—copper, lead, zinc, vanadium, cadmium, wolframite, cassiterite, uranium. A sixth of all the uranium mined in the non-Communist world comes from Namibia. (Some South Africans believe that the support SWAPO has received from the Soviet Union and East Germany stems in part from their hope of adding Namibian uranium to the Communist-bloc total.) Mineral rights in Namibia have never belonged to the owners of the land beneath which they rest but, rather, to the state, which leases such rights to prospectors. The happiest lessees by far, over the years, have been diamond prospectors. Significantly, a coat of arms for South-West Africa bears three diamonds, along with a number of wild and domestic animals and a German black eagle.

Diamonds were discovered in Namibia in 1908, by a railroad worker cleaning sand off tracks. Carried toward the ocean millions of years before by the Orange River and then flung up on shore, the stones were in some instances lying on top of the ground. Their discovery produced a diamond rush. The prospectors who got there early could fill a jam jar with diamonds in a day. To preserve order, the German administration established the *Sperrgebiet*, which takes in about four per cent of the entire territory. In due course, virtually all the mineral rights within its boundaries were allocated among nine German companies, all of which were acquired and merged after the First World War by Oppenheimer. Over the years, the *Sperrgebiet* has proved to be rich in more than gems. A German scientist hired by CDM to ascertain the age of earth strata, Dr. Gudrun Corvinus, has uncovered animal fossils she believes to be fourteen to eighteen million years old. Inasmuch as few other people are allowed into the arid expanses where she digs, she can leave her bones where she finds them without fear of paleontological poachers. She took me out in her Land-Rover one day to the site of her most precious cache—a desolate desert place called Arrisdrift. "Hold this elephant rib for a moment while I look for the rhino's shoulder blade," she said. "Oh, there it is, where that crocodile jaw is sticking out. I was hoping to find something of early man here. Even a monkey would have been nice, but I haven't yet come across so much as a monkey's tooth. Perhaps there's one under the spot where your foot is now." I asked Dr. Corvinus if she ever had any qualms about working alone in so bleak and dismal an environment. "Only when I kneel on a puff adder," she replied.

Like Dr. Corvinus's fossils, the diamonds now found in the *Sperrgebiet* are all buried. Some of the stones, tucked into bedrock, are covered by a seventy-foot-thick blanket of sand. Huge earthmovers—among them one



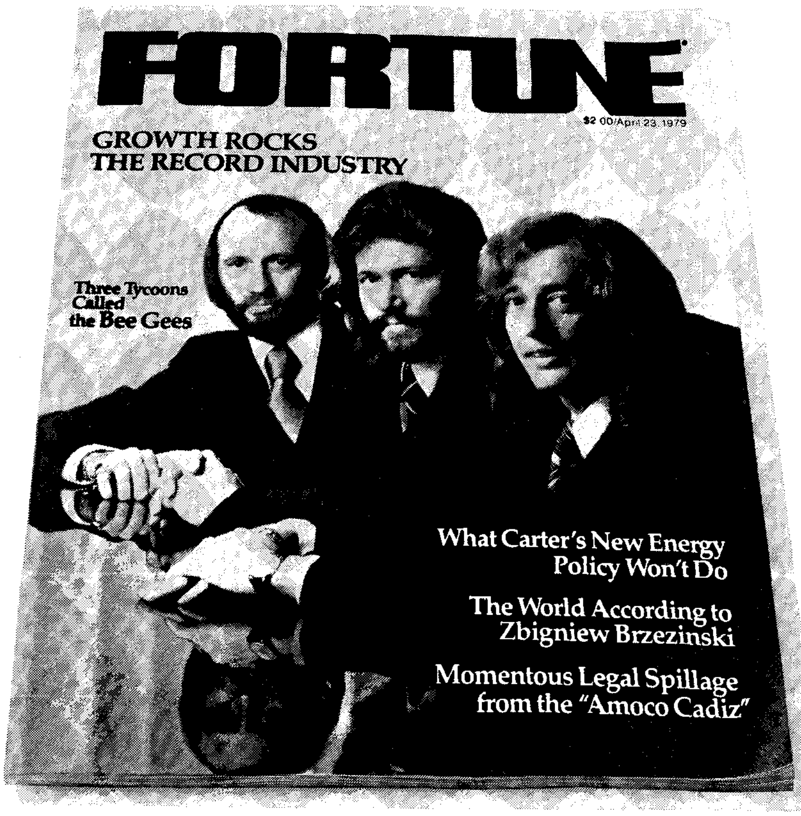
Donghia Associates, Inc., Interior Designers, 315 East 62nd St., New York, NY 10021

**Angelo Donghia,
Charleston Carpets
are made for
designers like you.**

Charleston
Carpets

Division of
Wellco Carpet Corporation
Calhoun, GA.

MIND


FORTUNE
$2.00/April 23, 1979
GROWTH ROCKS THE RECORD INDUSTRY
Three Tycoons Called the Bee Gees
What Carter's New Energy Policy Won't Do
The World According to Zbigniew Brzezinski
Momentous Legal Spillage from the "Amoco Cadiz"

Suddenly, the big news is business.

The price of oil. The shrinking dollar. New technology. The wins and woes on Wall Street. Who's taking over whom. What's happening in Europe and Asia. What's coming out of Washington.

It's hard enough keeping up with it. Making sense out of it is something else.

That's where the biweekly Fortune comes in. Because Fortune goes way beyond the news to bring you timely insights, valuable intelligence, and reliable information that you won't find anywhere else.

It's the thinking that goes into Fortune that makes it different. Makes it the one magazine that slices through the important action in the world of business. Tells you what it means, what's going to happen, and what to do about it.

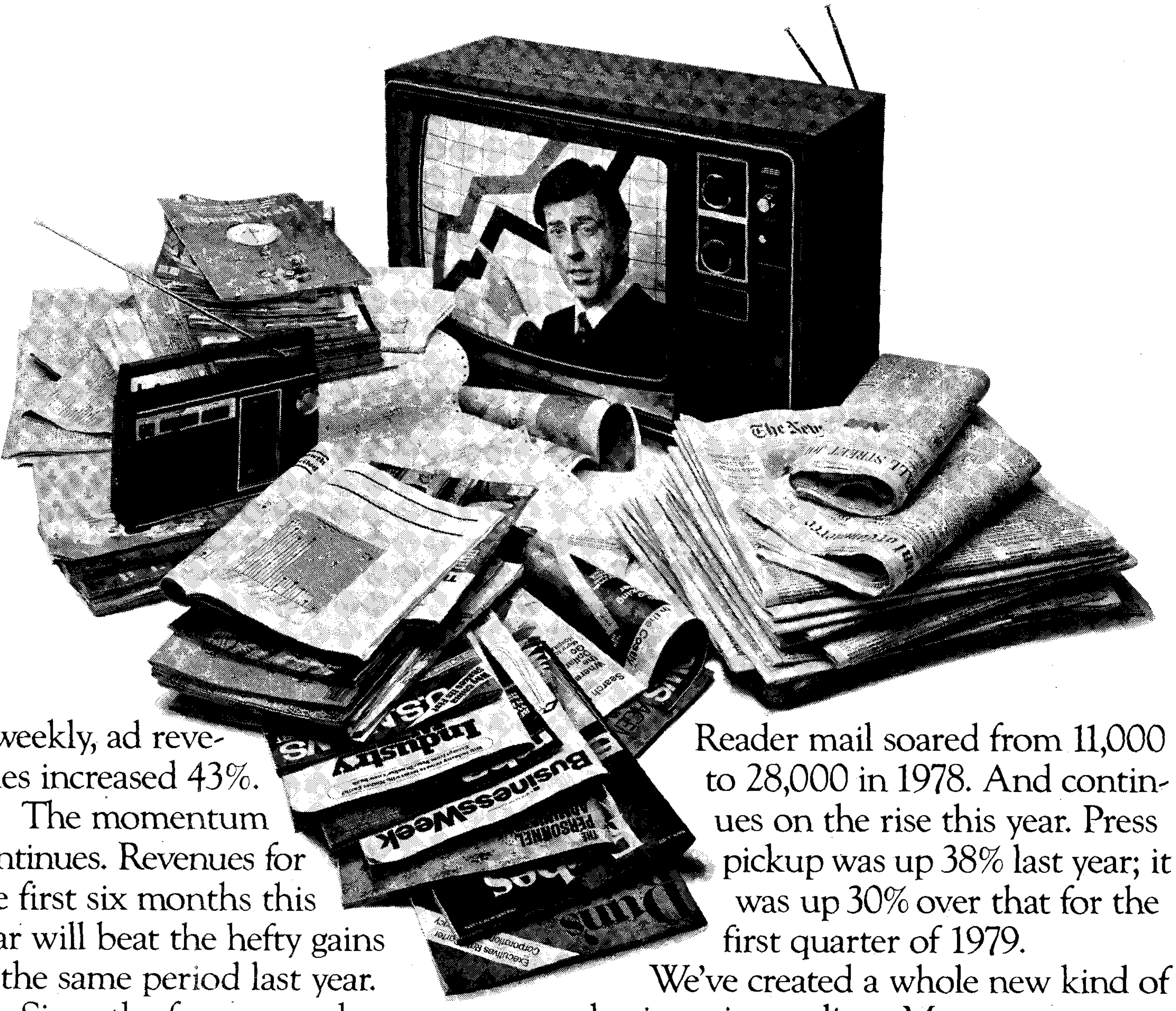
What's at work are the minds of the finest journalists anywhere.

That's why Fortune's performance is getting great recognition from both readers and advertisers.

In 1978, Fortune's first year as a

© Time Inc. 1979. All rights reserved.

OVER MATTER.



biweekly, ad revenues increased 43%.

The momentum continues. Revenues for the first six months this year will beat the hefty gains of the same period last year.

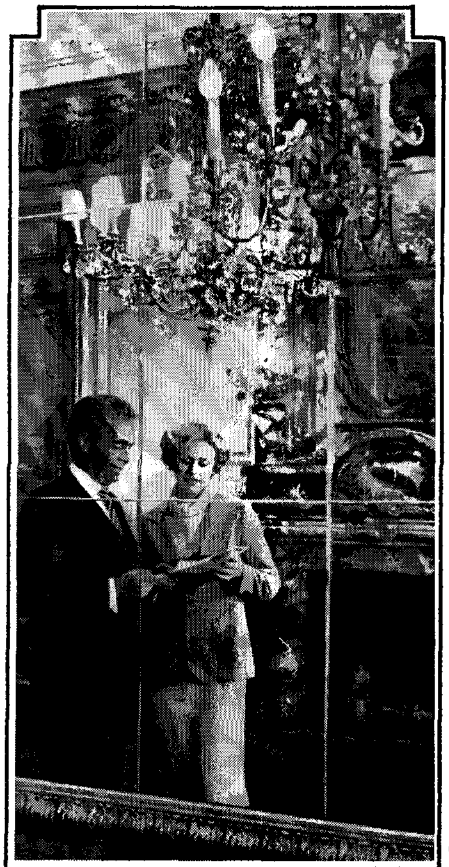
Since the frequency change, our rate base has grown from 625,000 to 660,000, while the yearly subscription rate increased from $18 to $24. Ninety percent of Fortune's subscriptions are currently being sold at terms of one year or longer. This healthy circulation response continues. And there's more.

Reader mail soared from 11,000 to 28,000 in 1978. And continues on the rise this year. Press pickup was up 38% last year; it was up 30% over that for the first quarter of 1979.

We've created a whole new kind of business journalism. More scope, more perspective, more judgment, more fast and fascinating reading. We think we're the best in the business. Once you put your mind to it, you'll agree.

FORTUNE

ESSENTIAL BUSINESS EQUIPMENT



RSVP, the St. Regis.

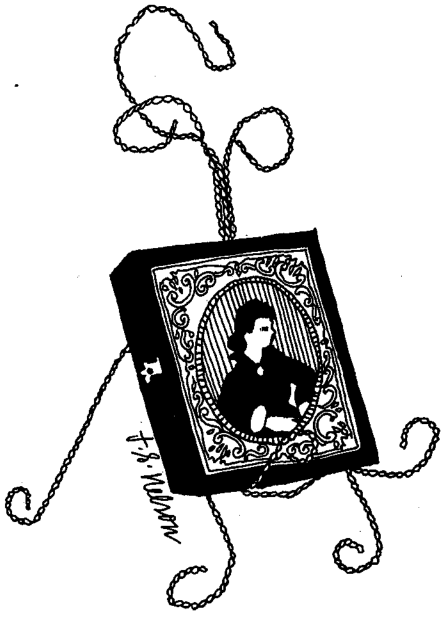
There's just no place in all New York like the St. Regis for your party, wedding, bar mitzvah, banquet, or that important executive meeting. The St. Regis is urbane, civilized, traditional yet very much today. And beautifully located. It is, in fact, New York the way you want it. So, before you send out those RSVP cards, call our Banquet Manager at (212) PL 3-4500.

St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel
SHERATON HOTELS AND INNS, WORLDWIDE
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
(212) 753-4500

machine that cost four million dollars and can dig up a thousand cubic metres of overburden an hour—work around the clock chewing away at the dirt. CDM dislodges fifty-nine million tons of soil a year—more of it than any other enterprise anywhere; its fleet of earthmoving vehicles is believed to be exceeded in size and splendor solely by that of the United States Army. Every bit of dirt larger than a grain of sand is sifted and sorted in one of four massive plants, and the annual end product may be as much as two million carats of diamonds. Not all the outdoor work is done by machines. After the bedrock has been exposed, twenty-eight-man crews go over it with shovels and brooms, poking and peering into every crevice. The diamonds that CDM harvests are as a rule not spectacularly large, but a high percentage of them are of gemstone quality. CDM earns about two hundred and fifty million dollars a year, and over a hundred and sixty million dollars of this eventually lands, through one tax or another, in the coffers of the local administration. Namibia is a prize worth contending for.

Most of the black workers in the diamond zone—about five thousand of them at any one time—come from Ovamboland. They sign contracts up there and are flown down, usually for a stay of eight months. They have the right now to change their minds and return home on a month's notice. Their pay is low—an unskilled laborer gets about a hundred and seventy-five dollars a month—but accommodation is free and food is cheap. Also, the company sends a plane up north sometimes and brings down the Ovambokavango bishop to minister to their spiritual needs and listen to their complaints. Bishop Auala, who was a contract worker there himself as a teen-ager, was on the scene during my visit, and he told me that he had thus far received no complaints. (There must have been *some;* not long afterward, the Ovambo workers at CDM went on a two-day strike.) Until a couple of years ago, all the blacks working in the *Sperrgebiet* were single men. Now some of them—mainly those in white-collar jobs—bring their families along. Fifty-five houses for married blacks are under construction. The furnishings for these quarters will be provided, in accordance with long-standing custom, by the company. To deter smuggling, it used to be the rule that no employee, however elevated his status, could take a stick of furniture or an automobile into the residential area—not if he hoped to take them out. Everybody leaving the *Sperrgebiet* had to be X-rayed. Nowadays, tight security prevails merely in the three-hundred-square-kilometre stretch where diamonds are actually mined and processed, and even there people are X-rayed on a random basis. Still, the area is anything but open. Not only may no one go into the forbidden territory at any time without authorization but it also takes authorization to enter or leave Oranjemund between the hours of 10 P.M. and 6 A.M.

The metropolis of Oranjemund was established in 1936. (Earlier prospectors' settlements have become ghost towns.) This citadel of capitalism is one of the most Socialistic communities in the world. Not only are housing and furniture and transportation free to all but the company provides, at no charge, schooling and medical care. "Dying here is the cheapest death on earth," a C.D.M. executive told me. Funerals are on the house, but there are not many of them; when permanent employees reach retirement age, they must find some other place to live. (One man I met, now in his early sixties and approaching retirement, said that for the first time in more than twenty years he guessed he would have to buy a bed.) Because births are also free, Oranjemund boasts an astonishing number of pregnancies and prams. (Oranjemund's first black baby was born on June 24, 1978.) Residents don't even need their own alarm clocks. A siren wails every morning at six, six-thirty, and seven. Among the other amenities furnished by the company are a swimming pool (like the local schools, it is integrated), a library, a yacht club, a riding club, a squash-racquets club, a rifle club, bowling and cricket grounds, a model-car society,



and a branch of Alcoholics Anonymous. The company owns a twelve-hundred-acre farm not far away which provides the employees, at rock-bottom prices, with poultry, vegetables, fruits, and fluoridated milk; meat comes from other CDM farms. The company runs the post office, the movie theatre, the department store, and the restaurant; outside interests are represented merely by a ladies' hairdresser, a bank, a tearoom, a dry cleaner, a bookmaker, the local magistrate and his staff, and a four-man force of the South African police—who do not have to worry about smuggling, because CDM's own security force looks after that. One of the few recent investigations the police engaged in resulted from a housewife's complaint that her husband had attended a showing of a pornographic film that somebody had smuggled *in*. One of Oranjemund's big annual social affairs is a Diamond Queen Ball.

CDM is so independent a governing entity that when the January Day of Prayer was proclaimed for South Africa and South-West, the company didn't even bother to announce that it was taking place. "Praying for rain here would be pointless," an official told me, "because it never rains." That was a slight exaggeration. Oranjemund averages three inches of rain a year. Notwithstanding, it is one of the most verdant oases in Namibia. (One of the most English-speaking, too. Of its thirty-five hundred white inhabitants, a good half have English as their mother tongue; the company guest house serves kippers at breakfast.) Because of Oranjemund's proximity to the river, water is abundant. There is a golf course—with bright green fairways—which is watered nearly around the clock. The sprinklers that enable lush flower beds to bloom are hardly ever shut off. At night, gemsbok stroll in saucily from the surrounding desert and nibble at the residents' roses, for which the animals have developed a taste. The whole security area is a game reserve, in the sense that hunting is taboo. The gemsbok share the outlying environs, while not in town, with baboons, ostriches, hyenas, jackals, pelicans, flamingos, wild donkeys, and an occasional leopard or cheetah. Leopards and cheetahs, fortunately, do not fancy rose gardens. The company shies away from politics. About as close as the CDM monthly journal, the *Oranjemund Newsletter*, ever gets to tackling current events was an item in one of its horticultural columns: "Despite the uproar in the councils of the world, the revolution and the pride taken by some in destruction and violence, the seasons quietly come and go. Apricots are being gathered once again by the ton."

•

"Since only one and one-tenth per cent of our land is arable, our big potential is in tourism. Our rainfall is, to say the least, erratic. The only thing we're ever sure of here is drought. Well, you must take what God gave you. We have no tropical diseases, and a superabundance of sunshine. Our fishing industry is teetering. Cattle get sick. Diamonds have another twenty-five years at best. Uranium, too, is a nonrenewable resource. We have no coal, so no industry to speak of. But that also means we have no air pollution. We do have, however, the world's loftiest sand dunes, and a canyon second only to the Grand, and all this helps tourism. More than anything else, we have lots of what most tourists most need—elbowroom."

SO spoke the director of Nature Conservation and Tourism. Namibia has game parks with unrestricted admissions policies, but two-thirds of all its wild animals dwell on grazing lands. For the last few years, many foreigners have been leery of making substantial investments in a territory with a future so seemingly uncertain. ("It must be borne in mind," one South-West business-oriented brochure asserts, "that risk capital required to finance the exploration and establishment of a mine will only be forthcoming if political stability and a responsible government emerge in the new dispensation.") Nonetheless, some outsiders have been willing to take risks. A Frenchman not long ago invested almost half a million dollars in a Namibian game farm, hoping to raise venison—gemsbok, springbok, kudu—for the European meat market. In Namibia, one is never far removed from wildlife. Visiting a home one day in Klein Windhoek, one of the capital's preferred residential locations, I was waved by my host to a chair with a leopard skin thrown over it. "Shot it at my farm, fifty-seven kilometres from here," he said. "It had been preying on my cattle." I expressed surprise that leopards hung around farms. "My next-door neighbor killed twenty of them on his farm," he said. "Then one of them got him."

A newspaper advertisement for a job opening in the Department of Nature Conservation and Tourism specified as one of the perks that assistant tourist officers posted to the Etosha National Park would receive thirty-five free cubic metres of water a month. In many Namibian locations—Oranjemund strikingly aside—water is as

BRITEX BELIEVES PINK IS FOR WOMEN!

Pink. Not precious, just pretty. Tracing soft stripes and petit-fleur on silky polyester crepe de Chine from one of Seventh Avenue's favorite designers. BRITEX-BY-MAIL puts together a special summer package to get you thinking pink: 2½ yards each of the 45" floral stripe and plain stripe, or all 5 yards of either pattern, $25.00. Order from BRITEX-BY-MAIL (NY-625). Be sure to specify your choice of patterns. Please include $3.50 handling and postage; California residents please add sales tax. Use your VISA, Master Charge, or American Express (please include acct. # and exp. date). Offer good through July 31. Ask about our BRITEX-BY-MAIL personalized swatch service.

BRITEX FABRICS

Britex Fabrics/146 Geary St.
San Francisco 94108

If you choose your nursery carefully, choosing your spring-flowering bulbs is easy.

White Flower Farm has been importing bulbs from Holland for over 30 years and has dealt continuously with what we believe to be the finest family-owned grower in that nation of bulb experts. Since 1947 a great many strains and varieties of bulbs have bloomed in the borders at the nursery (over 4,000 Tulips were tested in 1977 alone) and we visit the growing fields in Holland to view new introductions. None is chosen for novelty in the absence of true garden value, and it is occasionally necessary to discontinue an old favorite when the strain shows evidence of deterioration. These are decisions that few home gardeners are in the position to make.

Bulbs offered in the fall edition of The White Flower Farm Garden Book are the largest size available in Holland. They are slightly more expensive than lesser grades, but top-sized bulbs give larger, better-formed flowers with few misses and are a better buy for that reason. Ours are stored in a refrigerated warehouse to keep them firm and fresh and are packed in accordance with traditional English techniques which are costly, but superb.

Fall is, as you may know, an excellent time for planting shrubs and perennials as well, and *The Garden Book* includes a wide selection, all grown in our fields in Connecticut to the ideal size for transplanting. Gardeners who are tempted to expand on their bulb purchase risk no disappointment for the same standards of quality apply. Fact is, you are dealing with plantsmen, not importers, and we would not consider selling you a plant we would not proudly own ourselves.

If White Flower Farm sounds like your kind of nursery, the next step is to subscribe to our Gardening Publications Service. This includes the Fall and Spring Editions of *The Garden Book* plus three interim publications we call NOTES. The subscription fee is $5 which includes a $5 credit good on any order in excess of $20. You can hardly sample a nursery for less. We do hope you subscribe. Sincerely, Amos Pettingill

White Flower Farm
Plantsmen
Litchfield 9003, Connecticut 06759

scarce as diamonds. In 1964, South Africa and Portugal—which then, of course, owned Angola—tentatively agreed on a big power-and-irrigation project that spanned the border between Angola and South-West but was to be financed entirely by South Africa. The agreement was completed in 1969. The idea was to dam the Cunene River fifteen kilometres inside Angola and to regulate the southwesterly flow of its waters by means of sluice gates on the Angolan side. Some of the water that was subsequently let loose through controlled channels would be used for irrigation in Ovamboland, and some would rush through a vertical tunnel to activate giant turbines in a hydroelectric power station at Ruacana, just across the Cunene on the South-West African side—an installation so close to Angola that, standing on the site today, one can hear baboons screaming on the far bank. South Africa constructed a generating plant four hundred feet underground, which was finished last summer, at a cost of two hundred and thirty million dollars. But upon attaining their independence and establishing an entente cordiale with SWAPO the Angolans were disinclined to regulate the flow for South Africa's benefit or convenience. Most of the Cunene's water, accordingly, has simply run on through unchecked and out westward toward the Atlantic. Only twice, after excessively heavy rains, has there been enough water for some of it to find its way into the tunnel that serves the turbines. An engineer showing me around the upper reaches of the installation pointed toward Angola and said, "If the blighters over there would just allow me into that little gray building, I could turn a little handle and we would get all the water we need. I've been over there plenty of times, and I know how to do it, but I can't do it with a bullet in my rear." The place seemed serene and safe enough when he was showing me around, but not long afterward a land mine killed three people there, and guerrillas blew up a high-tension-line tower and plunged much of Namibia temporarily into darkness. When the South African authorities came around looking for clues, they discovered that some of the local citizenry had driven their cattle back and forth over the guerrillas' camp, effectively obliterating whatever traces they might have left behind.

•

"I've been to your United States, but I didn't like it. Too much racial discrimination and too many Kaffirs for a German South-West African like me. Also, another big difference between your country and mine is that in America you have to wear your sidearms outside your clothing."

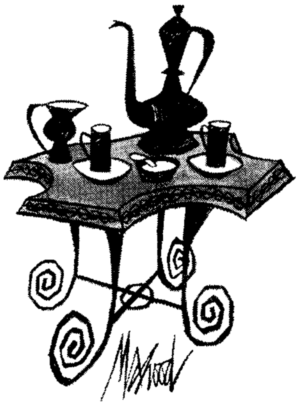
THE farmer standing at my left at the hotel bar, who said that his name was Fritz and that the ugly scar on his cheek was an authentic Heidelberg one, unbuttoned his bush jacket to disclose a revolver at his belt. When I asked him what he used it for, he said, "For Kaffirs."

"Negroes," interjected the bartender, tactfully.

Fritz went on to say that he came into Windhoek three times a year, "for fun." His fun seemed to consist principally in downing gin-and-tonic, which he explained to me was a colonial drink—though hardly, I should think, a German colonial one. His barroom chatter was clearly embarrassing to a South African standing at my right. "I hope you won't write anything unseemly about us," he muttered.

Firearms are commonplace in Namibia—at any rate, among whites. In the show window of a gun store at the French Bank Centre was a poster depicting two attractive blond women handling semiautomatic carbines. White Namibians are edgy, and not without cause. Rhodesia has been much on their minds. Since the December bomb blasts in downtown Windhoek, most department stores have had sentries at their portals who frisk customers before they may enter. (When I stopped in at Army headquarters one day, however, a soldier performing the search function there didn't lay a hand on me but simply asked "Got any firearms on you, sir?") Most of the explosions that have frayed Namibian nerves in recent months have occurred up north, but there was one in a Swakopmund bakery, on December 30th, that injured thirty-seven people and somewhat curbed the gaiety at the height of that resort's holiday season. (Still, there was only one cancellation for the Hansa Hotel's traditional New Year's Eve party, and that was understandable; some of the people at that table had been injured by the bomb the day before.) Many Swakopmund stores soon put up signs that said, in six languages, "For your own protection, and safeguard of our community, parcels and bags of any description may be searched for dangerous weapons at any time." Despite such deterrents, back in Windhoek people who hoped to rent inexpensive beach cottages at Swakopmund eleven or twelve months later waited in line all night outside a government tourist office, as if competing for World

Series tickets. Swakopmund being redoubtably German and conservative in character, the local paper that serves it—the weekly *Namib Times*, published in Walvis Bay, just to its south—is partial to news from Germany. West Germany, naturally. In a single issue this winter, for instance, there was only one brief item from the United States ("Dominica recently became the 151st member of the United Nations," it read, in toto), but there were eleven dispatches from Germany, including a report from Munich that patients on anti-clotting drugs may begin to have dental troubles and one from Bonn to the effect that a child's best friend is its mother.



The ultimate disposition of Walvis Bay, a four-hundred-and-thirty-four-square-mile enclave that has been formally a part of South Africa since 1910, though it happens to be in Namibia, is so prickly an issue that in the negotiations about the future of the territory all parties concerned have agreed to put off resolving it until after independence. (Residents of Walvis Bay, unless born elsewhere in Namibia, couldn't vote in the December election.) Walvis Bay, which was never part of German Southwest Africa, because the British had established themselves there in 1878, six years before the German colony came into being, is the only port along the Namibian coast that can accommodate ships of any substantial size. If South Africa eventually has to yield it up, as even the D.T.A. seems to feel that it should, that nation will lose a base of much maritime, commercial, and strategic value—one that, indeed, South Africans occasionally liken to Gibraltar. As if to suggest that it is in no particular hurry to dispense with Walvis Bay, the South African government has just built a new police station there. (Concurrently, the South African Defence Force has announced that it is going to put up a new sports complex in Windhoek next year; the S.A.D.F. may believe that it is going to be in Windhoek in 1980 no matter what the rest of the world may decide or decree.) Walvis Bay is also the center of the southeastern-Atlantic fishing industry. Its depths are so rich in nutrients that they have been described as plankton soup. Pilchards—a variety of sardine—thrive on the broth, along with kabeljou, steenbras, and galjoen. Of Walvis Bay's resident population of twenty-seven thousand, nearly a fourth are connected in one way or another with fishing. Their ranks have been swelled for the last fifteen or twenty years by foreigners, many of them aboard Communist ships, but that hasn't much augmented the local economy. Some of the crews of the alien vessels do come ashore from time to time, but, aside from the Spanish and the Japanese, they are not big spenders.

Swakopmund has a Kaiser Wilhelm Street, and, next door to the Administrator-General's summer fortress, a monument to soldiers who died for the Kaiser in 1904 fighting against unruly natives. Although Windhoek's principal thoroughfare is a mere Kaiser Street, the capital also has streets named after Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Strauss, and, as a cultural sop to the non-Teutonic world, Shakespeare. In Namibia, thirty per cent of the white population is of German origin. (Ninety per cent of the year-round Swakopmunders are.) The Germans in the territory have had their ups and downs. During the Second World War, when quite a few of them would have been happy to see Hermann Göring strut triumphantly down Göring Street, they were deprived of their local voting rights and were subjected to various confinements—internment in camps, house internment, district internment. "I was lucky," one German businessman told me. "I was merely restricted to Windhoek, though I could go to Swakopmund for a holiday with a doctor's certificate." The National Party took over the governing of South Africa in 1948 and the following year restored the South-West Germans' voting privileges—a gesture that understandably brought many of the Germans into the National fold. (Windhoek's central park bears the name of Hendrik Verwoerd, who led the Party as Prime Minister from 1958 to 1966.) In 1958, German was declared to be, along with Afrikaans and English, a national language for South-West—though, unlike the other two, not an *official* language. (South Africans are notoriously fond of petty ethnic differentiations.) Until very recently, South-West could count on a steady annual influx of immigrants from Germany, some of these specialists, like brewmasters or sausage salesmen. Germans have traditionally

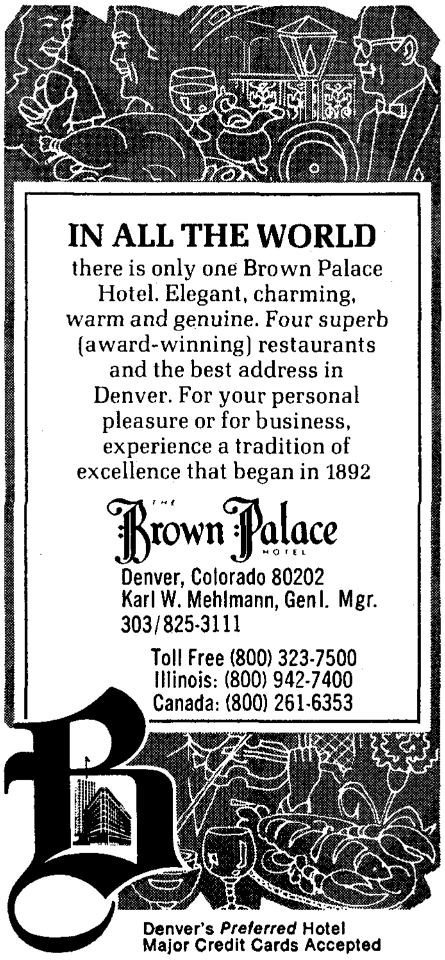
Robert Arthur

Robert Arthur. The name, the look, the finest there is. Sizes 6 to 18. From about $42 to about $114.

A division of Dalton.

Featured at fine stores everywhere. Prices slightly higher in the West. Also makers of James Kenrob and Hadley Active Sportswear. Dalton Industries, Willoughby, Ohio and New York City.

We recommend Woolite cold water wash

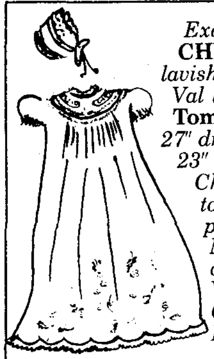


IN ALL THE WORLD
there is only one Brown Palace Hotel. Elegant, charming, warm and genuine. Four superb (award-winning) restaurants and the best address in Denver. For your personal pleasure or for business, experience a tradition of excellence that began in 1892

The Brown Palace Hotel
Denver, Colorado 80202
Karl W. Mehlmann, Genl. Mgr.
303/825-3111
Toll Free (800) 323-7500
Illinois: (800) 942-7400
Canada: (800) 261-6353

Denver's *Preferred* Hotel
Major Credit Cards Accepted

BALLOON RANCH
an outdoor adventure
After the thrill of flying, enjoy our many outdoor activities — tennis, swimming, horseback riding, rock climbing school and 4-wheel drive tours. Then top it off with sauna, hot tub and gourmet dining.
America's only ballooning resort
THE BALLOON RANCH
Del Norte, CO 81132 303/754-2533 or 3474



Exquisite hand finished
CHRISTENING GOWN
lavishly trimmed in French Val lace.
Tomorrow's heirloom
27" dress $55.00
23" dress $25.00
Christening Cap to match $6.50
plus $2.50 m/h
N.Y. St. add tax.
ck. or m.o.
Visa/Master Charge
Card# ______
Expiration Date ______
Swan Creek
8 Chandler Square Port Jefferson, N.Y. 11777

played prominent roles in South-West's commercial and cultural affairs. "Has anyone a German uniform from the Second World War?" a theatrical producer inquired not long ago through a newspaper column. Germany was for many years the only foreign nation with a consulate in Windhoek. (One-third of all German Namibians have German passports.) But once West Germany became one of the five U.N. powers trying to bring about peaceful independence, it was decided in Bonn that it would be prudent, in the interest of neutrality, not to have too visible a presence on the scene. So its consulate was closed (East Germany had never had one), and its business has since been carried on by a Windhoek law firm, which has added two former consulate officers to its staff. A few private schools in Namibia in which German is the principal language of instruction are subsidized by West Germany. If SWAPO, with its strong East German backing, ever comes into power, Namibia will undoubtedly retain some of its Teutonic flavor—albeit with new ideological spice. One black politician who is less enthusiastic than most of his contemporaries about the name "Namibia" pointed out to me dryly that should many of the European advisers and associates of the new nation come from the northern sector of the German Democratic Republic, a not inappropriate post-independence appellation could be North East German South West Africa.

●

"Why does the rest of the world lean on us all the time, when it knows nothing of us? If only we could be left alone to solve our problems! I came here from Frankfurt thirteen years ago, and I've seen big changes, I can tell you. Why, when I arrived, there was no paved road all the way between Windhoek and the Republic. I've been back to Germany twice on holiday, but life is much better here. Our only trouble is that our blacks are lazy and shiftless, and will only work long enough to get money for their drink or to buy a car. Go out to Katutura. You'll see more cars there than in Windhoek."

THE speaker was a barber, whose fee for a haircut—a decent, workmanlike one—was only two dollars and fifty cents. There are bargains left on earth if only one travels far enough to seek them out. Following the barber's suggestion, I rented a car and drove out to Katutura, the area, three miles north of town, where Windhoek's blacks are supposed to live. I had some trouble finding Katutura. More people live there than in any other quarter of the capital and its environs, but the maps that Hertz gives its customers do not recognize Katutura's existence. On finally arriving, I did not find a superfluity of cars, but I did see a lot of unpaved roads. Maybe in another thirteen years they will all be tarred. Maybe by then, too, the ninety-nine per cent of Katutura homes that don't have running water or electricity will be thus endowed. More probably, there will be no Katuturas in an independent Namibia. The temperature was over a hundred degrees Fahrenheit the day of my excursion, and a lot of the residents—older women and younger children, mainly; the men must have been at work—were sitting outside their cramped, tin-roofed homes. One reason for that, I was told later, is that the midday sun beating against those unshaded roofs converts the space under them into ovens. Katutura mothers who do not wish to move their infants out-of-doors at such broiling moments slide them beneath their beds.

Windhoek enjoyed a building boom in the early and middle seventies. Then, owing to political uncertainties, just about all construction ceased. Not only is office space now at a premium but residential space as well; a real-estate agent told me that of a thousand flats he handles every one is rented. The possibility that the city may soon have to accommodate embassies from dozens of nations has further complicated the situation. Great Britain has already bought a large home suitable for an ambassador, and the United States has been making inquiries. Most homes in white residential areas have restrictive convenants in their deeds. They may not be sold or rented—assuming they are available—to nonwhites. A few blacks have nonetheless lately been buying houses in these confines, acting through third parties—white parties. "I had to borrow somebody's skin to find a proper place to live," one black told me. Other blacks have managed to take up residence in areas like Klein Windhoek by occupying premises as "guests" and bestowing on their landlords monthly "gifts" that happen to coincide with what the going rent would be. Andreas Shipanga, of SWAPO-D, is one such "guest." He and his wife—a matron of nurses—lived in London just before their return to Namibia, and the notion of taking up residence in the squalor of Katutura struck him as ludicrous. "I simply couldn't imagine my wife going out with a bucket on her head to draw water," he told me. The government knows about these deceptions but hasn't taken steps, as it could, to prevent them, especially when the blacks dwelling in white areas are well-known politicians. They are deemed less likely to be assaulted or assassinated by rival factions in a white neighborhood than they would be in Katutura.

•

"You keep wondering what the future will bring. For five years now, we've been planning to renovate, and each time we pause and say 'Next year.' You try to push the question of what will happen out of your mind, but that's what you think about when you wake up in the middle of the night."

THE speaker was a Windhoek woman whose family owns a luxury retail store—karakul furs, crocodile purses, the like. (Karakul fur has been one of the more lucrative exports—the pelts of the lambs that are bred for their baby-soft skin.) One reason the proprietors of the store have been loath to renovate is its site. It is only a few yards from the downtown terminal of South African Airways. They fear that if there is ever a concerted exodus of whites, that place will be mobbed, and, they conclude further, where there are crowds there might be bombs. The woman told me this coolly and matter-of-factly; should she and her family have to pull up stakes, she said, they would not leave by plane but would load up a station wagon with as much of their elegant inventory as they could fit into it, drive to South Africa, and proceed from there, though they are of German stock, to the United States. While she and I were chatting, a police van roared by, siren shrieking, lights flashing; the cage at its back was loaded with black men. There was no way of telling whether this roundup had political significance or was related to a routine misdemeanor, but that is the sort of thing one thinks about in Windhoek in the middle of the day.

In Rhodesia, there has been something called "the chicken run." It relates to whites' evacuating that country. In Namibia, there are people who, in sharp contrast, go out of their way to describe themselves as "stayers." They mean by this that they have no intention—for the present, at any rate—of pulling up stakes. Some whites have already left, but in trickles, not streams. Many of these have been German. While total school enrollments in Walvis Bay and Swakopmund rose between 1976 and 1979 from five thousand two hundred and twenty-five to six thousand four hundred and ninety-six, enrollment in the German school at Walvis Bay fell during that same period from eighty-six to fifty-six, and in the German school at Swakopmund from four hundred and fifty to three hundred and thirty-one. A German lawyer in Windhoek—German by ancestry only; his parents migrated to South-West in 1908, the year diamonds were discovered—told me, though, that the idea of leaving had never crossed his mind. "This is my country," he said. "This country needs every single human being who has its interests at heart. I do believe it will be possible for all of us—blacks and whites—to work together."

A. H. du Plessis, the AKTUR man, feels no less strongly that the country is his country, but he has concluded that if it becomes SWAPO's country the majority of Afrikaners, himself included, will decamp. "I can't visualize staying here under SWAPO," he told me. "If I have to go back to South Africa, that would be an unfortunate day, but we have seen too much of what happened in other parts of Africa when the blacks took over." On the other hand, some South-Westers who left for Germany a year ago, ostensibly for good, have returned. It was too cold for them up there, and they have resolved to be counted henceforth as stayers.

•

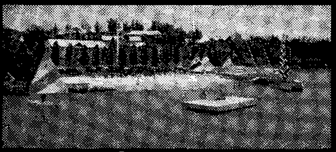
"How do you find the situation here?"

A YOUNG clerk in the SWAPO office—while it was still functioning—asked me that, flatteringly. My reply may have disappointed him. It was "Unsettled." Should the task of dispelling many of the grim unsettled problems that prevail devolve ultimately upon the United Nations, one can visualize all sorts of complications in a region where the nearest thing to a lingua franca is Afrikaans—the major language not only of sixty-five per cent of the whites but also of more nonwhites than either German or English. (In my Windhoek hotel room, there were two Gideon Bibles: a complete one in German, and the New Testament in both Afrikaans and English.) At political rallies, SWAPO orators inveighing against South Africa have sometimes had to resort to the language of the oppressor to make themselves understood by the oppressed. If UNTAG soldiers ever arrive, and if one of them from, say, Paraguay should try to communicate with, say, a Kuanyama herdsman, it might require a minimum of three interpreters. Some Namibians believe they will never acquire a genuine national spirit that binds them together unless they first acquire a national language. Under Mudge, of the D.T.A., and his associ-

incomparable
ALL 3 are YOUNG RESORTS.

SUGARBUSH INN
WARREN, VERMONT
A resort for all seasons. John Gardiner Tennis Clinics. 16 tennis courts. Robert Trent Jones 18-hole championship course. Sauna, heated outdoor pool, riding, skiing, cross country skiing. Inclusive Plans for all sports and family. Tel. 802-583-2301.

Plantation Inn
OCHO RIOS JAMAICA, W.I.
A luxurious way to escape. True colonial atmosphere. Impeccable Jamaican service: 120 dedicated staff for 130 guests. Cuisine to exacting standards. Two beaches, tennis, golf and all water sports.



Pompano
COLONY CLUB
AT SOMERSET BRIDGE • BERMUDA
The charm and elegance of an unique Bermudian cottage colony. Golf and tennis at their very best. Exquisite cuisine and memorable service to round out the finest Bermuda has to offer.
See your travel agent or
David B. Mitchell, 777 Third Ave., N.Y. 10017
(212) 371-1323

Visit our gallery and find the artist of your choice
PORTRAITS, INC.
We represent 200 of today's leading portrait painters and sculptors
41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK 10022

ates, the present language pattern is likely to persist. SWAPO has indicated that when, or if, it takes over, it will designate English as Namibia's universal tongue. While thus conceding the usefulness of a basically white language, Nujoma and his associates have been less assertive about the potential usefulness to them of white people, though they have suggested that it might be helpful to have some around for a couple of transitional years. Those Afrikaners who, unlike du Plessis, expect to stay no matter what remind visitors that there are plenty of precedents for a continuing white presence, even a white South African presence, in black Africa. Do not South Africans, they ask, still run the railroads and harbors in Marxist Mozambique? Has not De Beers demonstrated its capacity to do business with, among other nations, Tanzania, Zambia, and Angola? And does not South Africa, for all the rhetoric that has echoed across the giant continent, trade with many of the other nations on it, either openly or secretly? In the long run, the South African government may not particularly care who or what governs Namibia, provided that the regime is acceptable to the rest of the world and appears to have what South Africans regard as stability. One thing that many South Africans profess to worry about, though, is that in Africa democratic processes have sometimes evolved rapidly into dictatorial practices. The Afrikaners have a wry illustrative joke about elections in other parts of Africa: "One man, one vote, one time." Meanwhile, many Namibians remain frankly bewildered. "If you could tell me what's going to happen, I could tell you how I feel about it," a white businessman said when I asked him how *he* found the situation. "This whole thing now is purely and simply an exercise in wait-and-see. All I know is that I have lived and worked here all my life and I hope that in the long run some consideration will be given to people like me."

Mr. Justice Steyn, who anticipates returning to the bench in the Orange Free State the day after independence is declared, told me that—whatever happens at the U.N. or anywhere else beyond Namibia's borders—he is highly optimistic about the imminent dawning of that day. "It has to come soon, because most of us want it to come soon," he said. "There's a lot of truth, you know, in the old saying 'Where there's a will there's a way.'" Granted. But whose will? And which way?

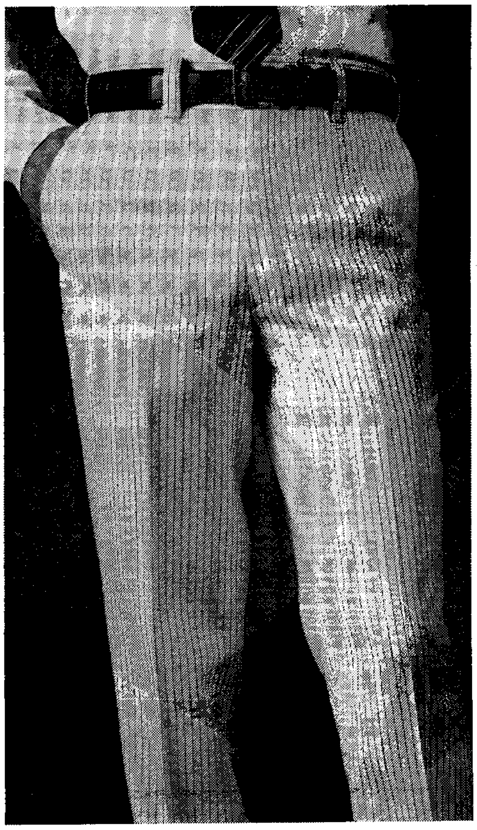
—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

AUCTION
Nineteenth-Century French Furniture, Tiffany Lamps, Paintings, Bronzes, and other Accessories
Wednesday, June 27 at 10 a.m.

EXHIBITION
Saturday, June 23: 10 a.m.-5 p.m.
Sunday, June 24: Noon-5 p.m.
Monday, June 25: 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, June 26: 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

William Doyle Galleries' standard charge to the Seller wil be a commission of 10% in addition to the 10% premium paid by the buyer as part of the purchase price.

William Doyle Galleries
175 East 87th Street, New York, NY 10028
Telephone (212) 427-2730



Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

Pencil Stripe Flannel Tennis Trousers $35

The revival of a 1920's classic, the neat, crisp look of the traditional pencil stripe tennis slack. Fashioned from a soft, comfortable blend of Orlon®, Avril® and polyester flannel. Tailored on our full cut, plain front belt loop model with proportioned room at seat, thigh and knees for a more comfortable, better fitting trouser. Classic straight legs, convenient watch pocket. Ideal for travel, tennis or leisure. Cream ground with a blue pencil stripe. Waist sizes 29 to 46, including 35, specify inseam desired. ☐ Please send catalogue.

Telephone (415) 397-7733

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robert Kirk, Ltd.
No. 150, Post St., S.F. Calif. 94108
Slacks (85101): Size ______
Inseam ______ Colour(s) ______
☐ Check ☐ M/O ☐ Cable Car Charge
Charge: ☐ M/C ☐ VISA Expir. ______
Card # ______
Name ______
Address ______
______ Zip ______

Add $2.50 Shipping and Handling; California delivery add sales tax.

A1F259

ESTD. 1770
LONDON, ENGLAND
SIR ROBERT
BURNETT'S
WHITE SATIN
ESTD. 1770
DISTILLED
LONDON
DRY GIN
This Celebrated Gin is Distilled according to the Original Formula of
SIR ROBERT BURNETT & CO. LTD.
LONDON W.1. ENGLAND
Since 1770
Distilled and Bottled by the
SIR ROBERT BURNETT CO.
BALTIMORE, MD. · 80 PROOF
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

British taste American price: The two sides of Burnett's White Satin Gin

Of all the gins distilled in America, only Burnett's uses an imported Coffey still. The same kind of still that's used in Britain. That's how we keep our taste so British, and our price so American.

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. · DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN · DISTILLED FROM GRAIN · THE SIR ROBERT BURNETT CO., BALTIMORE, MD · 80 & 86 PROOF

Our strength is our strength.

Temper-ware by Lenox.

Stronger than any ironstone, stoneware or earthenware.

Some people think Temper-ware's strength is in its beauty. But Temper-ware's real beauty is in its strength.

It stands the test of time

Years of testing and scientific research in our laboratories went into developing Temper-ware. Until we found that special formula. The perfect balance of materials that gives Temper-ware its amazing strength.

During breaking tests, Temper-ware stands firm. Temper-ware is constantly tested to see how it stands up to the traumas of daily use.

And the tests never stop. Numerous Modulus of Rupture tests* prove Temper-ware to be stronger than the strongest ironstone, stoneware or earthenware.

Not just another pretty face

Another cold fact is that you can take Temper-ware cook and serve pieces right from an icy freezer and put them in a hot oven or a microwave oven without defrosting. And from there, they can be placed right on the table. Then right into the dishwasher.

Warranted Durability

What's more, every piece of Temper-ware comes with a warranty against breaking, chipping, cracking and crazing for up to two years of normal home use.

The icing on the plate

And Temper-ware is given the ultimate Lenox test. It's placed on the table. One look at Temper-ware's beautifully designed patterns and you'll see that Temper-ware is worthy of the name Lenox.

Temper-ware
BY LENOX®

Send for our free color brochure. Lenox, Lawrenceville, N.J. 08648.

*Strength as measured by Modulus of Rupture test—the most reliable test for material strength in the ceramic industry.

JAZZ

In the Kitchen

HEARING the Duke Ellington band live during its last ten years was like attending a sporting event. For the most part, the contestants were not the leader versus the orchestra (though that was sometimes the case) or members of the orchestra versus members of the orchestra (also occasionally true) but the leader and his orchestra versus the audience. The object of the game for the performers was to distract the audience so that it wouldn't notice how weary they were of much that they had to play or how badly they might play it, and the object for the audience was to get past the massed personalities onstage to the unique, exultant Ellington timbres and textures. Ellington had all kinds of weapons—his elegant verbiage, his celestial poise, his put-ons (the "I love you madly"s, the finger-popping exercise). So did the band. Johnny Hodges feigned sleep or stony boredom. Cootie Williams strutted. Lawrence Brown oozed hauteur. Ray Nance clowned. Paul Gonsalves looked subaqueous. And there were hypnotic rituals, like the trumpet-clarinet-trombone trios that assembled solemnly at midstage to play "Mood Indigo" and "Black and Tan Fantasy." Eventually, we got through these divertissements, only to realize that when Ellington and the band were gone, the jig would be up—without them we would be reduced to memory, and to recordings. But recordings, like good portrait photographs, take on their own life: sheer availability gives them bulk and vigor, and in time they come close to supplanting their originals. Nor did we know that Ellington recorded constantly, and that a great deal of what he set down was unreleased. So the flood of new Ellington recordings that have appeared during the past few years has been surprising and welcome—in particular, three small-band sessions done in New York and Hollywood in 1959 and 1960, and released as "The Smooth One: Johnny Hodges" (Verve) and "Duke Ellington: Unknown Session" (Columbia).

Hodges is the star of three tracks on the Columbia recording and of all on the Verve. It's increasingly clear that he was at the center of the Ellington firmament. His sound, style, and steadfastness (he missed only four years between 1928, when he joined the band, and 1970, when he died) were essential to Ellington's thinking and music, and so were his unique compositional gifts. Hodges' balance of emotion and coolness, intensity and ease, poetry and matter-of-factness became the badge of the band. He was also a key to its curious origins. (Mercer Ellington ponders them in his book about his father.) The Ellington band was always considered a New York creation, but for a long time it was a New Orleans band in disguise. During the twenties and thirties, it used such New Orleans musicians as Wellman Braud (bass), Lonnie Johnson (guitar), and Sidney Bechet and Barney Bigard. It used muted techniques brought forward by King Oliver, and many of its brass players reflected Louis Armstrong. Harry Carney admired Coleman Hawkins, who, in turn, admired Armstrong. The drummer Tommy Benford remembers Hodges in Harlem in the twenties:

> One Monday, at the Hoofer's Club, a kid named Johnny Hodges sat in, and Willie the Lion Smith, who had the band, hired him on the spot. He didn't sound like anybody. But later Sidney Bechet put together a band and it had Hodges and me, and we went into Herman's Inn. The first night, Hodges, who had been playing clarinet and alto, picked up Bechet's soprano and played it, and Bechet about went crazy. After that, Sidney encouraged Hodges on the soprano, and he even gave him one, which Hodges still had when he died.

Hodges transposed Bechet's methods to the alto saxophone and streamlined them. He eliminated Bechet's operatic vibrato and his tendency to run the scales. He bottled Bechet's urgency and served it in cool, choice doses. He skirted Bechet's funky tendencies—his growls and squeaks and odd, bubbling sounds. But he kept Bechet's pouring country tone, his impeccable sense of time, and his rhapsodic approach to slow materials. The result was two Hodges styles—one fast and one slow. The fast style, used largely on the blues, consisted of adroit embellishments suspended from a supply of rifflike four- or five-note phrases that Hodges stockpiled through the years. He would issue two or three of these figures in each solo (his solos rarely lasted more than three choruses) and connect them with silences, quick backstairs runs, blue notes, and chugging single notes. He had a strong sense of dynamics, and would play his first chorus in gossiping whispers. Then, using a loud three-note proclamation, he

"Gentlemen, the king would like a laugh."

L.L.Bean®
Outdoor Sporting Specialties

Hiking Britches
(For Men and Women)

Sturdy, comfortable gabardine twill (75% cotton, 25% polyester) in Alpine style. Hard wearing for hiking, camping, bicycling or boating. Deep, roomy front pockets with outer flap pockets and two button-flap rear pockets. Adjustable ring self belt (Women's has belt loops). Washable. Three colors: Natural, Pewter Green, Navy. Women's sizes 8 to 18. Men's sizes 30 to 42 (Even only).

☐ **SEND FREE CATALOG**
Please Ship Postpaid
_____Men's Hiking Britches @ $14.25
Size_____, Color_____
_____Women's Hiking Britches @ $13.75
Size_____, Color_____
☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Master Charge
☐ VISA ☐ American Express
Card Number_____
Exp. Date _____
Name _____
Address_____
City _____
State_____ Zip_____

L. L. Bean, Inc.
834 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

NEW quartz-crystal ship's bell clock.

This unique clock, made by Wempe in Germany, runs for more than a year on a single C battery. With 4" dial, handsome brass case and traditional ship's bell that sounds the hours of the watch, this is the perfect timepiece for yacht, home or office. Send Visa or Master Charge number and card expiration date, or check for immediate delivery.

$249

Imported by **Weems & Plath**
222 Severn Ave., Annapolis, MD 21403 • 301 263-6700

BASIN HARBOR CLUB

The Change of Pace Place

Spend a happy vacation on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain. Golf, tennis, water sports, supervised children's program, dancing and excellent dining. A special place for friendly people. It's time well spent.

Write or call today for details.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB
Box 8A, Vergennes, Vermont 05491 802-475-2311

would start his next chorus, drop back to a whisper for two bars, and go up to a shout again and finish the solo. His blues solos (like the novels of Ivy Compton-Burnett) came to sound almost exactly alike. But this was deceptive, for he arranged his materials with ingenuity and imagination (as Compton-Burnett did). He also had a bottomless well of blues emotion, and was a legato player who unfailingly swung. His blues solos were simple, elegant, rocking chants, but his slow ballad numbers seemed to be the work of a different musician. Around 1940, Ellington and/or Billy Strayhorn began writing a series of ballads for Hodges (“Warm Valley,” “Day Dream,” “Passion Flower,” “Mood to Be Wooed”), and Hodges made them into a new kind of music. It was unashamedly romantic, but it was played with such intensity and perfection that it transcended sentimentality. Hodges moved through a set of curves in these solos. He would slide into almost every note, and use curving ascending or descending glisses, each of them delivered with on-pitch precision. These sliding, sorrowing bent notes are among the wonders of improvisational music. Hodges did not play nearly enough medium-tempo standard songs. The ones he did play were often classic (his “Sunny Side of the Street,” done with Lionel Hampton), and gave the impression that he was lobbing the melody back and forth from hand to hand. He was a master of paraphrase. When he played a melody “straight,” he would alter a note here and a note there, subtract or add beats, and fashion a sashaying alter-melody that praised and complemented the original. He was a mysterious, shrewd, monosyllabic man, short and oval. In the autobiography “Music Is My Mistress,” Ellington says of Hodges, “His tonal charisma is difficult to describe, but he always referred to it as ‘the kitchen.’ If someone else played something in his style, he would say: ‘All right, come out of the kitchen.’ ”

“DUKE ELLINGTON: UNKNOWN SESSION” is something of a jumble. On hand are the leader, Ray Nance, Hodges, Lawrence Brown, Harry Carney, Aaron Bell, and Sam Woodyard. Some of the numbers are afterthoughts (“Mood Indigo” and “Creole Blues,” in which Brown and Ellington play long duets); one is tight and jumping in the manner of the peerless early Ellington small-band sides (“Everything But You”); and the rest pedal pleasantly along. Among these are a Hodges rhapsody (“To-

Room service, valet, courtesy car, heated whirlpool, elegant dining, indoor pool . . .

For an exciting time, and a time to relax, come up to the Radisson. In Burlington, by the lake.

Walk, climb, fish and sail in Vermont's wilderness. Then swim in an indoor pool, swirl in a heated whirlpool, swing in a fine restaurant and relax with room service.

Is this any way to run a hotel in Vermont?

Come for a week or a weekend.
From $19.95 per person
(double occupancy)
For reservations, call collect:
(802) 658-6500

RADISSON® BURLINGTON HOTEL
Burlington, VT. 05401

The Island of Martha's Vineyard

Send $1 for Full Vacation Kit
Maps, Pictorial Guide, All Details on
Accommodations, Services & Reservations
MARTHA'S VINEYARD INFORMATION
Vineyard Haven 105, Mass. 02568

Handmade Comfort.
This Belgian Casual.
Always of unvarying quality.

FOR MEN
MR. CASUAL
From $75.00
(HAND TURNED)

FREE COLOR BROCHURES AVAILABLE
BELGIAN SHOES
60 EAST 56TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
(212) 755-7372
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

night I Shall Sleep") and two blues ("Dual Highway" and "Blues"). The first is credited to Hodges and is still another demonstration of his ability to write irresistible blues melodies. His head seems to have brimmed with them, and certainly he must have had a hand in most of the blues that Ellington recorded. (He would sometimes stare malignantly at Ellington from the saxophone section—an indication, it has been said, that he was thinking about all the blues he had written for Ellington and not been paid for.) Carney is in notable lyric shape throughout and can be heard to excellent effect on "A Flower Is a Lovesome Thing" and "Mighty Like the Blues." Brown, front and center on the first side of the album, is in superb form, too. In his way, he was Hodges' counterpart in the brass sections, even though he sometimes huffed and puffed rather than swung.

Ten numbers in the Verve album (which was made without Ellington) were recorded in 1959, and have Harold Baker (trumpet), John Sanders and Quentin Jackson (trombones), Hodges, Ben Webster, Jimmy Hamilton, Jimmy Jones (piano), Les Spann (guitar), Ray Brown, and Jo Jones; nine were done a year later, and have Baker and Ray Nance, Lawrence Brown and Bootie Wood (trombones), Hodges, Harold Ashby (tenor saxophone), Hamilton, and a rhythm section of Jones, Bell, and Woodyard. Thirteen of the numbers are blues, twelve of them by Hodges. Each is ingenious, and so are his solos, which float and carom and sing. Ben Webster, who rounded off his corners under Hodges' tutelage when he was with the Ellington band, contributes four fine statements (particularly on "Lotus Blossom"), and Shorty Baker is lissome and spare. Hodges' "I Told You So" is not a blues but a medium-slow ballad with a descending melody and a turnaround ascending bridge, and it is beautiful. Hodges plays the first chorus with the rhythm section, and the trombones intone the melody in the second while he marks melodic variations on its surface. It is the sort of tune Ellington might have made a hit of. Hodges would have glared, and all would have been right with their world.

—Whitney Balliett

•

The spokesman said the litigation "seems a little frivoloolllus. We're doing everything that we can to keep gasoline flowing to our customers."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Spokesmen shouldn't drink.

Leon Edel's Bloomsbury is "another admirable work from our great literary biographer." —PAUL HORGAN

"A perfect gem of style and precision." —LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS

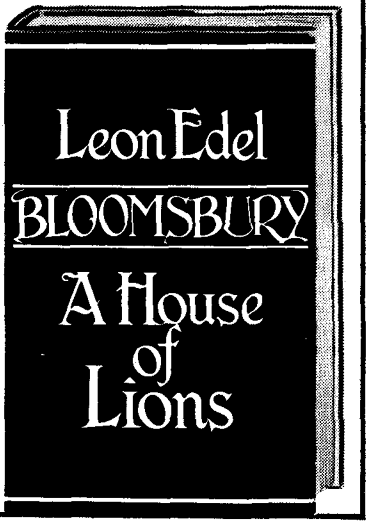
"No reticence, no sensationalism; always an accomplished style and a grasp of character. Edel himself must be the Tenth Lion."—MALCOLM COWLEY

"Wonderful. A highly original book—an artist of the first rank dealing with artists of the first rank. It is the reincarnation of Bloomsbury."—NIGEL NICOLSON

"All of Edel's great biographical skill has gone into this rich compendium." —FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

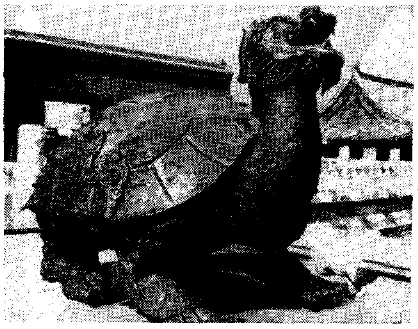
A Book-of-the-Month Club Alternate $12.95

Lippincott
J.B. Lippincott Company



Lindblad Travel now offers you a personal Visa to China this year

We have obtained a number of new 1979 visas and will be able to explore newly opened areas of this vast country. We have added 3 important archaeological sites to our list; Taiyuan, Tatung and Xian. Space is available on "Historical China" departures this year starting July 13 and 20, August 17, 24 and 31, September 14, 21 and 28. We still have limited space on classical "Gourmet" departures September 9 and 16. Here you will enjoy exquisite Chinese cuisine and visit some of the most famous Chinese gardens. Aboard the M/S Lindblad Explorer we have a few staterooms available for departures July 21 and August 9. New and exciting ports have been added such as Yantai which has never been visited by a cruise ship before. Please call your travel agent or our offices at (212) 751-2300.* *Panamanian registry



LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
8 Wright Street
Westport, Conn. 06880 (203) 226-8506

Please send your brochure on:
☐ CHINA CRUISES
☐ HISTORICAL/GOURMET

Name ____
Address ____
City ____
State ____ NY6-25

THE CURRENT CINEMA

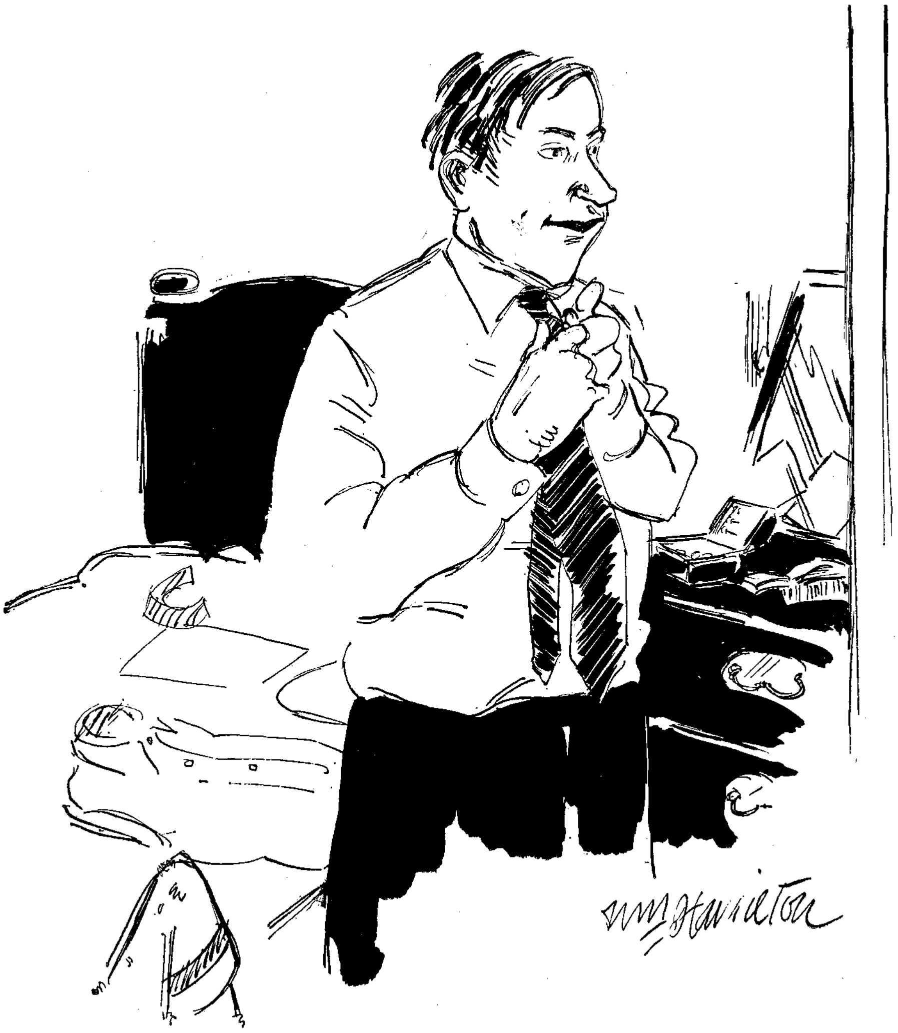
Two Poverties

BY a welcome coincidence, two Italian movies of the highest possible interest are playing here simultaneously. From a summary of their plots, one might be tempted to assume that they had nothing in common except the uninvitingness of their titles—"The Tree of Wooden Clogs" and "Down and Dirty"—but it turns out that, though wholly unlike in respect to content, point of view, and aesthetic technique, they complement each other to an almost uncanny degree. Go first to see Ermanno Olmi's "The Tree of Wooden Clogs" and then see Ettore Scola's "Down and Dirty," and you will discover that they *amount to a single precious coin with* radically diverse faces. Olmi, about whom I wrote in some detail last week, gives us a touching account of the life passed by peasants in a certain district in Italy during the last years of the nineteenth century. Impoverished and resigned, they dwell in amicable closeness to the land and to their fellow-creatures. They accepted without question the need to labor hard for their daily bread, and whatever befell them of good or ill was a manifestation of God's will; to survive into old age was a form of happiness—lovemaking aside, perhaps the only happiness. In Scola's movie, the time is the present and the setting is a squalid shantytown on the outskirts of Rome. We are still among peasants, but they are peasants who have left the land; *they are not resigned to their poverty,* and at the same time they have no intention of laboring hard to earn their daily bread. Though we catch glimpses of the great dome of St. Peter's in the background, God and His divine will have been expunged from their lives. Deracinated, covetous, at war with each other and with the world, they have become ardent champions of the consumer society; as they loaf about, prostituting themselves and committing their petty crimes and follies, they fantasize acquiring the benefits of that society, made vivid to them from moment to moment by newspapers, magazines, radio, and TV. Olmi's harsh pastoral becomes, in Scola, a vicious urban nightmare.

The leading figure in "Down and Dirty" is a drunken, slovenly, foul-mouthed old man, the head of a large and brutish family. An insurance company long ago gave him a considerable sum of money in recompense for losing the sight of an eye, and the money is hidden somewhere in the ramshackle house that he and his family inhabit. The traditional tyranny of the patriarch has lost much of its force; the tyranny of money remains. To his drunkenness the old man adds the worse offense of taking up with a grotesquely fat young whore and bringing her home to his bed, which, so he assures his wife, has plenty of room for three. The family conspires to murder the old man by feeding him, at a christening party, a lethal dose of rat poison; suspecting a plot, the old man throws up his meal and later attempts to avenge himself on his family by setting fire to the house in the middle of the night. To his disappointment, the family bestirs itself and proves every bit as durable as he is. Indeed, if Scola's story may be said to have a moral, it is that mankind is certainly base and probably indestructible.

Where Olmi's movie is grand and slow, Scola's is small-scaled and rapid; the camera is nervously everywhere, and Scola has evidently encouraged his actors to play as broadly as they please. The effect is calculatedly slapdash and exhilarating. As the old man, Nino Manfredi is superb; one sides with him against his family even in the midst of his innumerable transgressions. The screenplay of "Down and Dirty" is by Scola and Ruggero Maccari, and the photography is by Dario Di Palma.

—B.G.



"What do you do?"

"I'm a lawyer."
"The law."
"I do law."
"I practice law."
"I'm an attorney."
"Something legal."

●

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

JCPENNEY LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

DEAR MR. H——:

Are you prepared to face the facts—about yourself? If you're not, don't read any further.

THE TURNER

Roughness is pared
in my trade. I know the profit
of cylinders. The arrow,
the spindle, the leg of a chair—
they are the signs of my region,
the fence posts of a land.
Edges of my tools
render them; my sharp edge
reduces theirs. Think of

woods in snow, men marching;
think of bridges to be crossed; consider
a road where soldiers will fall.

Then think of my trade, how it
hones the heart of a board or stick,
how the balusters of stairwells
disappear above you in the dark
before you rise to bed,
each spoke ascending, step by step,
the pools of its shadow.

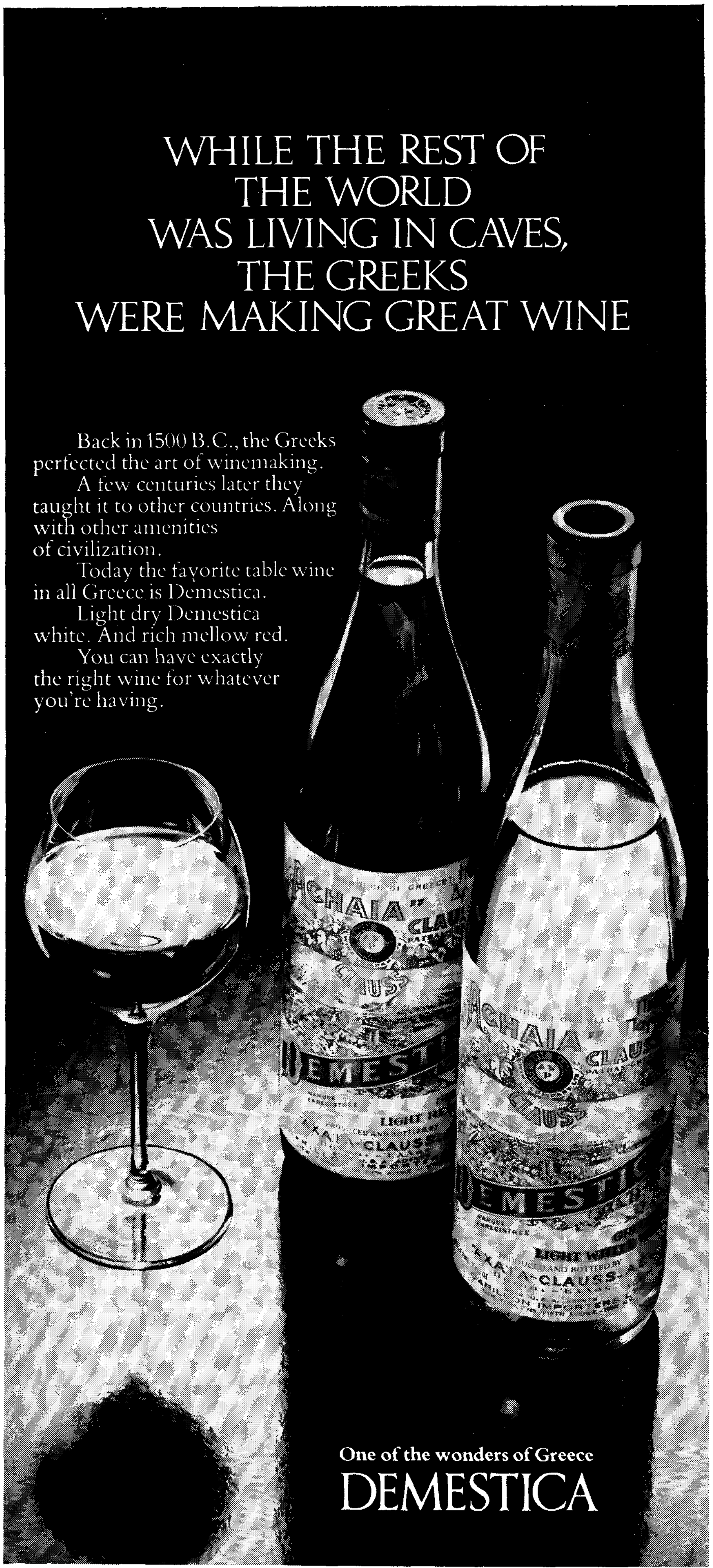
Once I spoke
to the feller of trees. He chose
the thick: rough oak,
smooth maple; he bade me imagine
the memory of their rings.
It is growth added, distilled
year by year, the burn of seasons
making the wood hard, growth lean;
the damp of plenty, the spongy grain.
My making
renders the best grain.

Heartwood, or the hart
in the wood? Men have unslung
crossbows and discharged my emblem,
bolts that prophesy
where the other emblem lies.
Feller and felled, we wait
for the last leap, or report
of what is, shall be, or was
impending. You who wait

at the bridge, a thousand strong,
by the mouth of the watched road,
hidden or marked by snow,

remember: my hand
wrought the quarrel, its turning
mine, my shaft
the one you loose. You will think of me
in the cradle; I am somewhere
past your barred world.
I made the rounded corners
of your son's or daughter's making.
Your last bed will contain
my posts, and as you struggle
for the summing word, your breath gone
or soon to be another's,
you will feel it nock the tongue;
it will fly from you, a perfect syllable.

—Alex Stevens



Back in 1500 B.C., the Greeks perfected the art of winemaking.

A few centuries later they taught it to other countries. Along with other amenities of civilization.

Today the favorite table wine in all Greece is Demestica.

Light dry Demestica white. And rich mellow red.

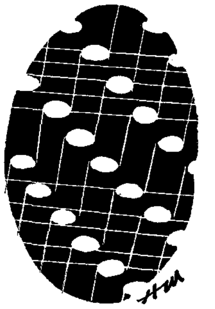
You can have exactly the right wine for whatever you're having.

A product of Achaia-Clauss Wine Co., Ltd., Patras, Greece. Imported by Carillon Importers, Ltd., N.Y. 10022

MUSICAL EVENTS

Prima Donna

STEPHEN PAULUS is a New Jersey-born, Minneapolis-based composer who will be thirty in August. Richard Gaddes, the general director of the Opera Theatre of St. Louis, heard a tape of his "North Shore," a work for soloists, chorus, and orchestra; liked the way Paulus wrote for voices; thought he detected in him a born opera composer; and straightway commissioned a one-act piece for St. Louis. The result, "The Village Singer," had its première this month and proved bright testimony to Mr. Gaddes's flair, Paulus's ability, and the prowess of the admirable St. Louis company. Accounts of a successful first opera are usually qualified by the remark that its promising young composer still has a lot to learn. (By the time they were Paulus's age, Mozart was embarking on "Figaro" and Bellini on "Norma," and Rossini had written all except the last of his thirty-three Italian operas; but today composers can be called "young" till they are thirty.) What was striking about "The Village Singer" is how *little* its composer still has to learn about dramatic timing, balancing musical forms and theatrical discourse, creating melodic curves that reveal character or convey emotion, and the other specifically operatic skills. His score is at once fresh and masterly.



The libretto, by the poet Michael Dennis Browne, who also lives in Minneapolis, is drawn from Mary Wilkins Freeman's short story "A Village Singer" (1891). For forty years, Miss Candace Whitcomb has been the leading soprano of the church choir in a New England village. Her upper notes have become unreliable. The other members of the choir give her a surprise party and an album of photographs, and she, suspecting nothing, is touched by their tribute. But when they have gone, she finds in the album a letter telling her that her services are no longer needed; a younger soprano, Miss Alma Way, has been engaged. Next Sunday morning, Alma embarks on a solo:

> Her voice rang out piercingly sweet; the people nodded admiringly at each other; but suddenly there was a stir; all the faces turned toward the windows on the south side of the church. Above the din of the wind and the birds, above Alma Way's sweetly straining tones, arose another female voice, singing another hymn to another tune. . . . Candace Whitcomb's cottage stood close to the south side of the church. She was playing on her parlor organ, and singing, to drown out the voice of her rival.

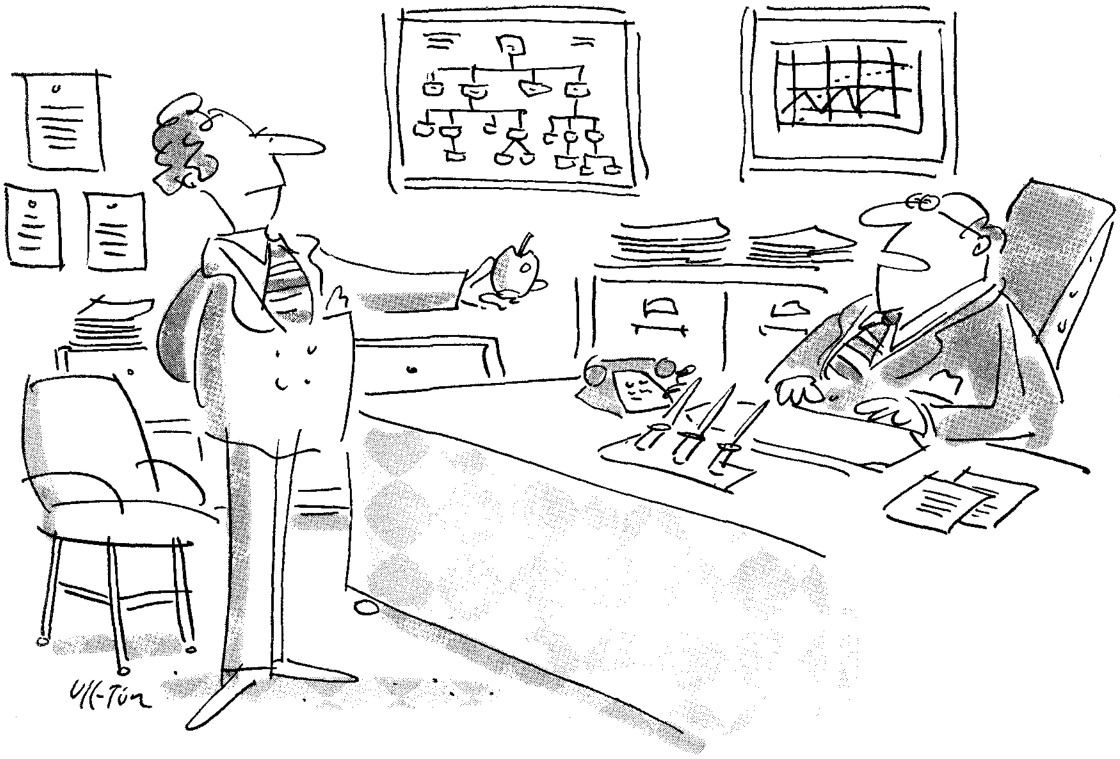
The minister comes to remonstrate with her, but in vain. "I'm goin' to let folks see that I ain't trod down quite flat, that there's a little rise left in me." During the afternoon service, the same antiphonal battle is fought. Now Candace's nephew Wilson Ford, who is engaged to Alma, comes to remonstrate with her, and also in vain. But the fires of ambition and resolution that suddenly blazed in Candace destroy her. Fevered, she takes to her bed. The next Sunday (in the opera, three Sundays later), she asks for Alma to come to sing to her after the service.

> Candace lay and listened. Her face had a holy and radiant expression. When Alma stopped singing it did not disappear, but she looked up and spoke, and it was like a secondary glimpse of the old shape of a forest tree through the smoke and flame of the transfiguring fire the instant before it falls. "You flatted a little on—soul," said Candace.

That is all, but it is more than a tragicomic anecdote. Both the story and the opera trace a delicate, touching portrait of "this obscure woman, kept relentlessly by circumstances in a narrow track, [to whom] singing in the village choir had been as much as Italy was to Napoleon." Her tender feeling for William Emmons, the elderly leader of the choir, who was wont to walk home with her after rehearsals and sing duets with her to the parlor organ, and who has now acquiesced, even taken a leading role, in her dismissal, adds poignancy to the tale. Thoughts of Prospero, of Verdi's Falstaff, of Isak Dinesen's Pellegrina Leoni, of Strauss's Marschallin, of aging masters in whatever art who find it not easy to hand over leadership to the young deepen a reader's or a listener's apprehension of the story or the opera. It is a good subject for musical treatment, since it can be vividly realized in musical terms, and a fine subject for an American opera with a universal theme and particularity of setting and local color.

The scenes move between Candace's parlor and the church, visible side by side on the stage, and finally to Candace's bedroom. The score starts as the story does: "The trees were in full leaf, a heavy south wind was blowing, and there was a loud murmur among the new leaves." For "this soft sylvan music—the tender harmony of the leaves and the south wind, and the sweet, desultory whistles of birds," Paulus has borrowed, developed, and built upon the murmuring figuration that begins the "Così Fan Tutte" trio "Soave sia il vento." The hymn tunes and their words are traditional: Isaac Watts, Thomas Moore, and Sabine Baring-Gould have contributed to the libretto, and Samuel Webbe, Sir Joseph Barnby, and John Bacchus Dykes to the score. At her surprise party, Candace, asked to sing, obliges with J. S. Fearis's hymn "Beautiful Isle" ("Somewhere the sun is shining"), with words by Jessie B. Pounds. It was copyrighted in 1897, and so when Candace says "I always did like that song" there is a slight chronological awkwardness: since the opera is set "at the turn of the century," the piece cannot have been in her repertory very long. But the sentimental tune (William, at Candace's request, joins in the refrain) fits the occasion well, and the other hymn texts are carefully chosen to point the situations. Alma's first solo is Watts' "In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise," sung to Dykes' "St. Agnes," in G; the supporting harmonies go terribly awry under the onslaught of Candace's "Gracious spirit, dwell with me," sung to Richard Redhead's "Rock of Ages" tune first in E-flat and then soaring up into B-flat. Likewise, the choir's and Alma's "Come, ye disconsolate" (words by Moore, tune by Webbe), in C, quails before Candace's ringing "To God my earnest voice I raise," proclaimed to the "When I survey" tune in A-flat. In each case, one hymn is in 4/4 and the other in 3/4, but the quarter-notes march at the same tempo, and the result is a carefully controlled, not a chance, cacophony. All Paulus's score is marked by a similar command of harmonic tension that defines the dramatic tensions. The opera is not exactly "in" any key, but the beginning and the end, where the leafy murmur grows slower and dies at last on the sound of a bell, suggest D major or G major poised above an uneasy tritone alternation of E and B-flat.

THE title role was composed for Pauline Tinsley, a soprano who made her début as Rossini's Desdemona, in 1961, and now sings Lady



"That's a nice shiny apple, Wilcox. But did you do your homework?"

• •

Macbeth, Elektra, and Turandot. I have heard her in a wider range of roles—Rossini's and Verdi's Desdemona, Mozart's and Verdi's Elvira, the Queen of Night, Tosca, Wagner's Irene (in "Rienzi"), Weber's Clarissa (in "The Three Pintos")—than any other soprano, and feel that Candace Whitcomb is her finest achievement yet. Not a note, not a word, not a glance or a gesture was out of place. She was funny, spirited, potent, and profoundly moving—a whole character, and never a caricature. Elizabeth Pruett's gentle, attractive Alma was precisely and sensitively played and sung. The other principals—David Hillman as Wilson, Melvin Lowery as the minister, Marc Embree as William—were pretty good, but not so exact in every detail. Although Colin Graham, who directed, got the big things and most of the little things right, he admitted (both in "The Village Singer" and in "La Traviata," another production of the St. Louis season) some awkward, stagy behavior with hats, hands-in-pockets, etc. In such a piece, everything must ring true. The denomination of the church is left vague, even distractingly contradictory, by all concerned. In the story, the services are called meetings, and Candace refers to the church as a "meetin' house." The choir's three hymns in the opera (the third is an offstage "Now the day is over," accompanying Candace's last monologue) appear, words and music, in the Episcopalian hymnal. Candace's words, however, are taken, no doubt with intent, from Dissenting hymnals. The choir is unsurpliced, informal, but the minister chants the Grace with a positively Tractarian flourish. It is a nice touch that in his fluster at Candace's interventions he leaves out the words "and the love of God." There are several such little subtleties, verbal and musical, in the piece. Candace's triumphant last note, on "soul," is a long, steady G above the staff, *mp-f-pp*. But Alma's note for "soul" had been the A above it.

"The Village Singer" has a cast of ten. In St. Louis, the five smaller parts (with Alma, Wilson, and William they make up the eight-voice choir) were neatly characterized and well sung. There is an orchestra of twenty-two—six woodwinds, horn, two percussions, harp, keyboard (organ and piano), and eleven strings—which Paulus handles with uncommon skill and variety. The conductor was C. William Harwood, who ever since his Yale "Idomeneo," in 1975, has seemed to me the best of America's young opera conductors, for he has an instinctive command of dramatic pace, vocal phrasing, and telling instrumental commentary. Maxine Willi Klein's scenery elegantly outlined the structure of the buildings, beneath a leafy sky border. Her furniture and John Carver Sullivan's costumes looked both attractive and authentic. Arden Fingerhut's supple, imaginative lighting unobtrusively seconded the drama. The stage turntable was discreetly used.

An operatic treatment of "A Village Singer" could easily have gone wrong—become broad, larky, or mawkishly sentimental. Paulus's opera is none of these. It shows an uncommon niceness of taste, and delicacy and depth of feeling. The challenge posed to his skills is perfectly met. The piece makes a sure start to an operatic career. Now one would like to see him venture more boldly, into matter still more challenging to his musical invention. Preceded by some New England melodrama or tragedy, and followed by a high-spirited comedy, "The Village Singer" could well become the central panel of an American "Trittico." In St. Louis, the opera was given on a double bill with "Gianni Schicchi," the comic panel of Puccini's "Trittico," conducted by Victor De Renzi. This was a revival and refinement, in new décor (by the same scenery-costume-lighting team as in the Paulus), of Lou Galterio's brilliant 1977 production. The action is shifted from the Middle Ages to the nineteen-thirties; provided one accepts the slight legal anachronisms that result, everything is real, true to character, mercurial, and irresistible. Spiro Malas was the new Schicchi, and first-rate. Erie Mills was a pretty Lauretta. Vinson Cole, the Rinuccio, is a tenor who has suddenly taken the step from high promise to high accomplishment. His tone was free and beautiful, all his words were alive, and his acting was ardent. Rinuccio's *stornello* can seldom have sounded more charming or more stirringly romantic.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

We are the oldest investment company of our kind in America—recommended by leading financial periodicals—and have been providing an investment that has been doing better than 25% a year for the past 10 years. It has gone down in value for 41 consecutive years.—*Adv. in the Columbus (Ohio) Citizen-Journal.*

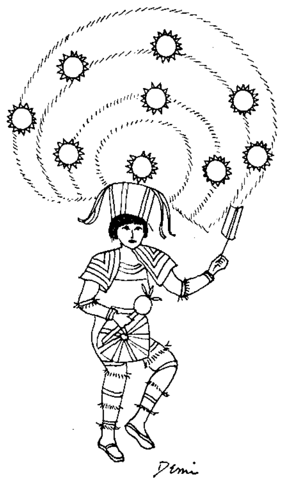
Thanks to a dedicated crew and plenty of hard work.

DANCING

Ballet Alert

I TALKED last week to Carmel Capehart, the founder and chief operator of Ballet Alert, a new telephone service that supplies up-to-the-minute information on the local performance schedules of all the major companies. "It's a real godsend during the peak of the dance season, when it's hard to keep up with who's doing what," said Miss Capehart, a vigorous-looking gray-haired woman in a dirndl and a National Dance Week T-shirt. "Before Ballet Alert got going, last winter, those of us who attend lots of performances would have to depend on the grapevine for last-minute cancellations and cast changes. We'd spread the word like a chain letter—only, of course, by phone. Once, I remember, three ballet companies were playing side by side and a festival of major moderns had just opened in Brooklyn when an epidemic of Asian flu hit. Trying to monitor that situation took seventeen of us, between Staten Island and New Rochelle, and we'd be on the horn all day long. Add that to the cost of tickets, taxis, and drinks après-ski and you're getting into some heavy expenses." Miss Capehart and some of her friends found themselves cutting back on their floral tributes to ballerinas. They even sold the program-shredder they'd used to make confetti for Cynthia Gregory ovations. But it was not economy that drove them to start Ballet Alert so much as sheer frustration. "There was the time Kyra Nichols was out of 'The Four Seasons,' then in, then out again, all in one day," said Miss Capehart, with a sigh. "Sometimes who'll dance isn't decided until the performance is about to begin. Of course, we can't even now keep up with things like that, so we're always careful to give the time along with our information, just like the weather report."

Miss Capehart, who received this year's Adidas Award in public relations for her down-to-the-wire bulletins, maintains her contacts with balletomane inner circles. "Without their input," she told me, "I couldn't keep up. There are people who knew when Mikhail Baryshnikov was going to do 'Tarantella' even before he knew himself. On the other hand, everybody thought Stephanie Saland would do 'Swan Lake' this season, and that didn't pan out. Of course, I release nothing without the confirmation of company managements, even though it's sometimes hard to get it in time. When there are cast substitutions, the management people are often the last to know. The waiters in O'Neals' and Dazzels have known for hours. I try not to make a habit of calling up the dancers themselves—especially the ones who've been taken sick or who've been injured. I did call Patricia McBride to see if she was dancing 'La Source' with Helgi Tomasson and was told that she'd gone to the theatre to rehearse. Well, in the meantime Merrill Ashley and Peter Martins were announced, and we put that on our tape. In the event, Ashley did it, but with Adam Lüders, not Peter Martins, so we were half right. We did catch Kevin McKenzie, though, going in for Patrick Bissell in the third act of 'The Sleeping Beauty.' Bissell had pulled a leg muscle the night before and suspected he might not get through the whole performance—which was a pity, because it was his New York début in the role. But we didn't call him, he called *us*. And when Gelsey cancelled the rest of her season at American Ballet Theatre recently, she put a message for us on her answering machine before she left town."



I asked Miss Capehart what her biggest scoop had been.

"No doubt about that," she said. "Baryshnikov's début in the Costermonger pas de deux in 'Union Jack.' He did it twice in one day without telling anybody. If we hadn't caught wind of it, nobody would have been there but the audience."

We settled down over steaming glasses of Russian tea, and Miss Capehart talked a bit about Ballet Alert's early days. "We had to overcome a credibility gap," she said. "Ballet Alert retains, I think, the pizzazz of good old word-of-mouth, but in the beginning that was a liability. Some people weren't sure our information could be trusted. The breakthrough came this spring when we found out Jolinda Menendez was going to do the lead in 'La Bayadère' instead of Martine van Hamel. Nobody believed us. They went anyway. Menendez did do it, and they believe us now, all right. Most of our reports have to do with cast changes. So far, we haven't had too many changes of program this season. New York City Ballet actually got 'Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2' and 'Divertimento No. 15' on, I'm glad to say, though not always with the scheduled casts. And there were only two major program disruptions at Ballet Theatre, both because of an injury to the same dancer. God knows, a ballet dancer's life is fraught with hazard. But few people realize the hazards that ballet*goers* have to face. For example, there're those one-shot performances that sometimes crop up out of emergencies; balletomanes learn to look for them. One man, a fan of Yoko Morishita, dialled us from his office in Boston, learned that Morishita was substituting for Kirkland in 'La Bayadère' that night, and flew in on the shuttle. Just as his cab reached Columbus Circle, there was one of those cloudbursts we've been having a lot of recently, and the motor stalled. When he got to the Met, it was one minute past eight, the performance had started, and the ushers wouldn't let him take his seat. He had to watch 'La Bayadère' on television in the viewing room, and the reception was so poor he couldn't tell Yoko Morishita from Janet Shibata. That's not as bad, though, as the story I heard about the lady who came to the New York première of 'Désir,' John Neumeier's pas de deux for Natalia Makarova and Anthony Dowell, and got Peter Gennaro's soft-shoe duet for Dowell and John Curry instead. Of course, the change was announced, but it somehow failed to register. She thought she was seeing Makarova in a top hat. Well, we exist to forestall that sort of confusion. And I may say that, with the current season as chaotic as it is, we're rapidly becoming indispensable to the city's ballet life."

—ARLENE CROCE

•

International Paper Co. says it will sell its General Crude Oil Co. subsidiary to Tenneco Oil Co. and Southland Royalty Co. for $705 million rather than to Gulf Oil Corp. for $650 million (OGJ, Mar. 12, p. 36).

No reason for the change was given.
—*The Oil & Gas Journal.*

Just one of those mysteries.

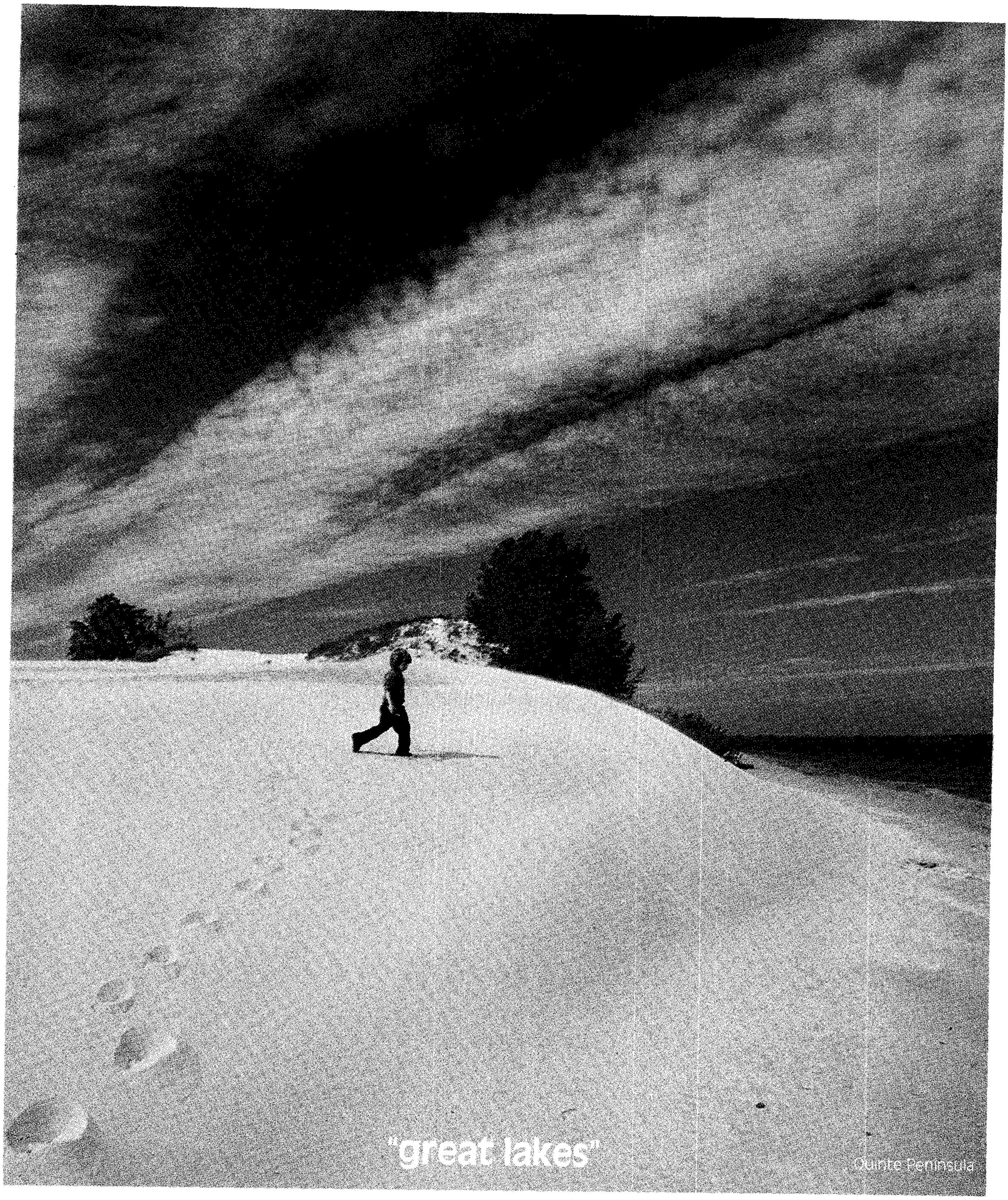
Service for sixteen.

1. Elegant Daiquiris
2. Sterling Martinis
3. Dazzling Tonics
4. Gorgeous Screwdrivers
5. Classic Bacardi Cocktails
6. Magnificent Grasshoppers
7. Grand Bloody Marys
8. Shimmering Rocks
9. Superb Black Russians
10. Traditional Colas
11. Brilliant Piña Coladas
12. Exquisite Margaritas
13. Beautiful Gimlets
14. Extraordinary Lemonade
15. Sublime Rickeys
16. Sparkling Collins

Bacardi
LIGHT-DRY
Ron
BACARDI
Superior
DISTILLED & PREPARED BY
BACARDI CORP.
SAN JUAN, P.R.
80 PROOF
BY SPECIAL AUTHORITY AND UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF BACARDI & COMPANY

BACARDI® rum. The mixable one. Made in Puerto Rico.

BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED.
SEND FOR FREE DELUXE RECIPE BOOKLET. © 1978 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., BACARDI BLDG., MIAMI, FL 33137. RUM 80 PROOF.
GRANDE BAROQUE STERLING BY WALLACE SILVERSMITHS.



And 400,000 more in all shapes and sizes – we've dunes, lagoons, island cruises, white-water raft rides, regattas, bathtub and kayak races, and some top-notch berthing at dockside. Join the wet set. To plan your vacation, call us COLLECT (416) 965-4008, or write:
Ontario Travel, Dept. G.L., Queen's Park, Toronto, M7A 2E5.

Ontario Canada

We treat you royally

BOOKS

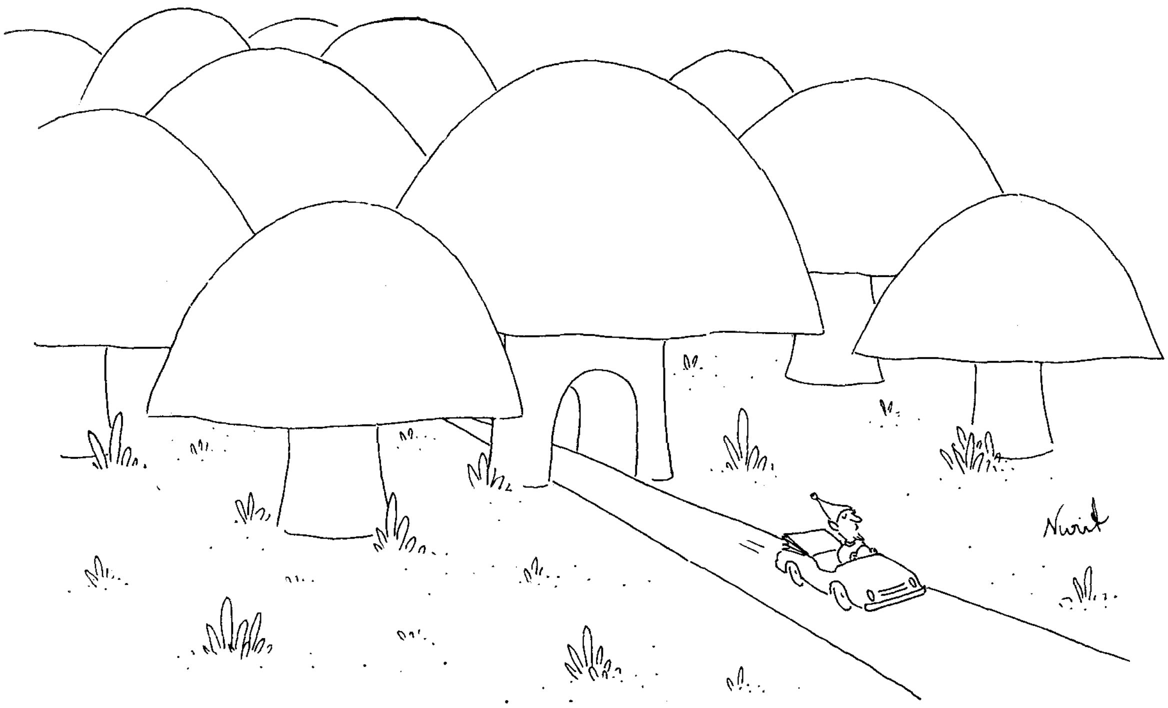
Wien, Wien, Nur Du Allein

THERE is a great book to be written. It would show that the twentieth century as we have lived it in the West is, in essential ways, an Austro-Hungarian product and export. We conduct our inward lives in or in conflict with a landscape mapped by Freud and his disciples and dissenters. Our philosophy and the central place we assign to language in the study of human thought derive from Wittgenstein and the Vienna school of logical positivism. The novel after Joyce is, in the main, divided between the two poles of introspective narration and lyric experiment defined by Musil and by Broch. Our music follows two great currents: that of Bruckner, Mahler, and Bartók on the one hand; that of Schoenberg, Alban Berg, and Anton Webern on the other. Though the role of Paris was, of course, vital, it is now increasingly clear that certain sources of aesthetic modernism, from Art Deco to Action painting, can be found in the Viennese *Jugendstil* and in Austrian Expressionism. The functionalist, antiseptic ideals so prominent in today's architecture were predicted in the work of Adolf Loos. Political-social satire in London and New York, the sick joke, the conviction that the language of those who govern us is a poisonous smoke screen echo the genius of Karl Kraus. Ernst Mach had a profound influence on the development of Einstein's thinking. The logic and sociology of the natural sciences cannot be formulated without reference to Karl Popper. And where shall we place the manifold effects of Schumpeter, Hayek, von Neumann? One could prolong the roll call.

The conflagration of artistic, scientific, social, and philosophical energies in Central Europe came of fundamental instabilities. It was, as the physicists say, "implosive," a compaction of conflicting forces in a violently shrinking space. Imperial decay and ethnic emancipation, anti-Semitism and Jewish success, an archaic familial order and a pervasive sexuality—such were the antinomies between which passed great flashes and arcs of creative voltage. These, in turn, precipitated the ambience of social crisis, the nervous style, the eroticism of general sensibility which to this day characterize the Western city, the atelier of Western arts, the dishevelled conventions of Western intellectual life. Between the 1880s and 1914, between 1919 and 1938, Vienna, along with Prague and Budapest, raced through, externalized, and found hectic but poignant expression for the larger crises of European and, later, of American orders of value. In this implosion, the Jewish component—Freud, Mahler, Kafka, Schoenberg, Kraus, and so many others—was almost dominant. Thus, there is a fatal logic and finality in the fact that the person of Hitler and so much of Nazi ideology sprang from Austrian ground. (Historians have traced the key term *Judenrein*, "untainted by Jews," to the membership rules of an Austrian bicycle club at the turn of the century.) It was in Vienna that the young Hitler concocted his inspired venom. As the waltz tune has it, *Wien, Wien, nur du allein*. Vienna was the capital of the age of anxiety, the hub of Jewish genius, and the city from which the Holocaust would seep. The book I have in mind would have to be a large one.

Perhaps this thought reconciles one to the scale of Hans and Rosaleen Moldenhauer's "Anton von Webern" (Knopf, $25). Some of Webern's finest works—three studies for cello and piano, for example—run to under a minute. Even his full-length pieces tend to extreme concision. The man himself was sparse. Yet this biography exceeds eight hundred pages. Of course, it is more than merely an account of Webern's life. The Moldenhauers, who have devoted much of their own lives to the greater glory of Webern, have produced a biography, a mildly technical commentary on much of Webern's music, and a portrayal of the culture in which he lived and composed. Webern was born in 1883 and died, absurdly and tragically, in September, 1945. These are the decades of the Viennese implosion. The patient reader—even the reader whose interests are not primarily musical—will find fascinating material leading toward an understanding of the spirit of the age. The paradox is this: Webern is a figure apart, who found fulfillment in a nearly esoteric ideal of musical purity and in the solitude of the Austrian Alps. He is, at the same time, a profoundly representative phenomenon of the psychological and social conditions of modern art. As Boulez has proclaimed, there are pieces by Webern, only a few bars long, that seem to crystallize modernity. Yet there has been no musician closer to Bach.

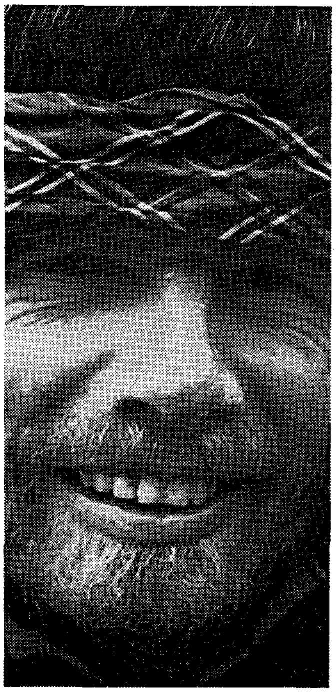
When it came to his craft, Anton Webern—he dropped the "von," though he remained proud of his faintly aristocratic lineage—was abrasively independent. Despite lifelong economic stress, which compelled him to earn his



living as an arranger, teacher, and part-time virtuoso conductor (the finest since Mahler, said many experts), Webern would not compromise. No amount of criticism, public ridicule, or scandal—the performance of his "Six Pieces" in March, 1913, occasioned a tumult fully comparable to that unleashed two months later by Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps"—deflected Webern from his resolve to pack with emotional strength and formal inevitability even the smallest unit of tone, of pitch, of rhythm. There has not been a tougher musical intelligence. Yet in personal and political terms Webern's history painfully illustrates just that ache for authority, for simplistic explanations, which led to naïve pietistic grandiloquence in a Bruckner and a Mahler, and which was to be instrumental in the development and triumph of Nazism. As in many mountaineers, so in Webern, aloneness and servitude, asceticism and rapture were inextricably meshed.

Webern's relationship to Arnold Schoenberg represents almost a parody of Freud's model of man's quest for an omnipotent father figure. "I believe that the disciples of Jesus Christ could not have felt more deeply for their Lord than we for you," Webern assured the Master. Schoenberg was the "guardian angel" without whom Webern's existence would have had no purpose. "*I can really not exist* in the thought that you could not feel friendly towards me," pleaded Webern on the occasion of a minor misunderstanding, adding, "I indeed deserve punishment!" "With terrible anxiety I have thought only of you," Webern wrote to his god at the moment of political crisis in 1933. Webern's precarious psychological and material resources were totally at Schoenberg's demanding service. The case is the more interesting because much in Webern's music, while reflecting Schoenberg's teachings and Schoenberg's adoption of a twelve-tone system, was markedly different and, as musicians and musicologists today emphasize, even signalled a break with the conservative elements in Schoenberg's work. Adlerian psychoanalysis, to which Webern had successful recourse at a stage of acute depression and creative arrest, did nothing to weaken his fixation on authority.

The political consequences were predictable. Though Webern had overcome the ready, conventional anti-Semitism in which he was brought up (and which may have given to his later worship of Schoenberg its edge of over-



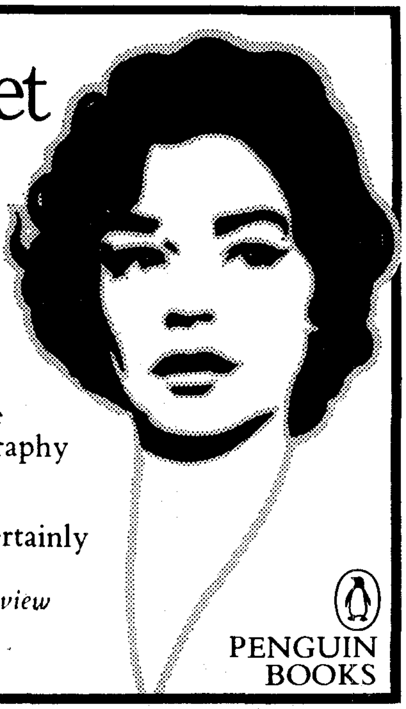
The "impossible" climb.

In May 1978, Reinhold Messner became the first man to reach the world's highest peak (29,028 feet) "by fair means"—without bottled oxygen or other artificial aids. Now this brilliant Alpinist tells, in his own compelling words and spectacular photographs, the story of the exhausting and exhilarating feat that changed the face of mountain-climbing.

EVEREST
Expedition to the Ultimate
Reinhold Messner

With 66 photographs, 38 in full color, $16.95

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10016
SINCE 1478



Simone Signoret
Nostalgia Isn't What It Used to Be

The award winner, the actress, the activist, the author—the autobiography of a real woman.

"A wise and intelligent memoir, certainly not the usual star autobiography."
—*N.Y. Times Book Review*

Now a Penguin Paperback
At your bookstore. $2.95

PENGUIN BOOKS

Intoxicating, robust.
Boston's favorite watering hole.
Copley's
AT THE COPLEY PLAZA BOSTON

clayworks pottery
332 E. 9th STREET, NYC. 677-8311
"...WORTH A TRIP...WORK ON A HIGH PROFESSIONAL LEVEL."
THE NEW YORKER
HOURS: 12 to 6, MON. thru SAT.

compensation), his chauvinism never faltered. The Hitler regime seemed to embody an awesome renascence of the German and Central European genius. Such a regime must, assuredly, side with the art of the future. One must simply "attempt to convince the Hitler regime of the rightness of the twelve-tone system." Two days before the Nazi troops stomped into Vienna, Webern informed a friend, "I am totally immersed in my work and cannot, cannot be disturbed." Webern's youngest daughter enlisted in the female counterpart of the Hitler Youth. Soon, and under the flag of the Third Reich, Webern gave her in marriage to a uniformed Storm Trooper. He had promptly furnished all requisite proof of the Webern family's Aryan purity.

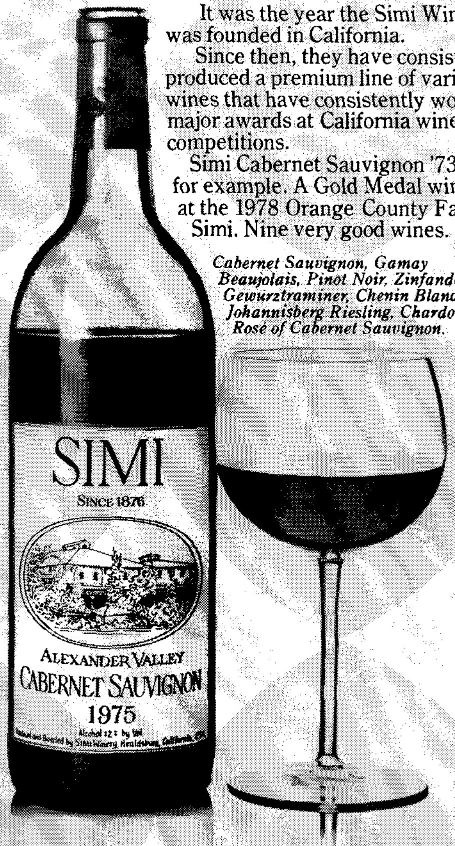
His confidence in Teutonic might and victory long remained firm. In June, 1942, he reported, "Sometimes such a feeling overcomes me, such hope!" A trifling courtesy shown to Webern by a German consul in Switzerland in early 1943 evoked ecstasies of patriotic gratitude: "Never before had it happened to me that a representative of my fatherland had paid any attention to me!... I see it as a good omen and as a reward for my loyalty." An article by Goebbels, in the autumn after the German defeat at Stalingrad, in 1943, caused Webern to ask in a letter, "Do we face something totally unexpected?" In February, 1945, Allied bombardments of his beloved Vienna reached a peak, and his son was mortally wounded in action. But almost to the twelfth hour Webern would not believe that the Germanic spirit, whose achievements dominated the history of Western music, whose lyric poetry and idealist metaphysics had given to Webern's being its talismanic center, could succumb to barbarism and ruin. The conviction he had voiced in August, 1914—"An unshakable faith in the German spirit, which indeed has created, almost exclusively, the culture of mankind, is awakened in me"—continued to animate his heart and mind. The desperate flight he made from Vienna and his sudden end represent a plunge into an unforeseen abyss.

The Moldenhauers provide the evidence with absolute scrupulousness. Their discomforts in so doing are palpable. They ask themselves and the reader whether Schoenberg's exiled, Jewish presence came to haunt Webern at his daughter's wedding. The question ought, one fears, to be different: What would have happened if the Nazis had enlisted, instead of rejecting, the talents

1876. A very good year.

It was the year the Simi Winery was founded in California.
Since then, they have consistently produced a premium line of varietal wines that have consistently won major awards at California wine competitions.
Simi Cabernet Sauvignon '73, for example. A Gold Medal winner at the 1978 Orange County Fair.
Simi. Nine very good wines.

Cabernet Sauvignon, Gamay Beaujolais, Pinot Noir, Zinfandel, Gewürztraminer, Chenin Blanc, Johannisberg Riesling, Chardonnay, Rosé of Cabernet Sauvignon.



A Soul To Keep

Goebel

"Now I lay me down to sleep..." The simple beauty of a child in prayer. Captured in the second edition 1979 Annual Goebel Crystal Glass Plate and Bell series. Exquisitely handcrafted in West Germany, each is dated and etched with the renowned Goebel hallmark. A series to keep and treasure.

For the name of a dealer near you, a Goebel Crystal Glass brochure and price list, kindly send 25¢ to:
House of Goebel, P.O. Box 577, 350 Fellowship Rd., Moorestown, N.J. 08057
W. Goebel Porzellanfabrik Rodental, W. Germany. Sole manufacturer of the world famous "M.I. Hummel" figurines, plates and bells.

BE PREPARED
just don't get
caught without
hennisnips
just $1.99

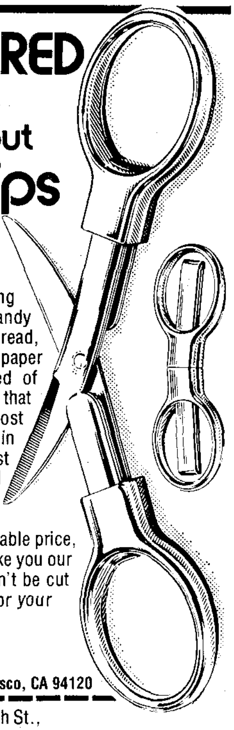
Here's neat little pair of folding scissors that will come in handy any time you need to snip thread, trim eyebrow, or cut out paper doll. **Hennisnips** are forged of outstanding stainless steel that will keep them sharp almost forever. Folded together, in their fitted pouch, they just measure three inches, and when you need them they snap apart in jiffy. **Hennisnips** are just $1.99, a laughable price, its only purpose being to make you our friend and customer. So don't be cut out of this good deal. Send for your **Hennisnips** today!

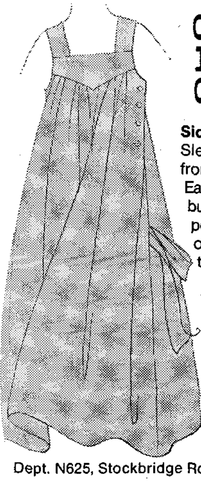
henniker's
779 Bush, Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120

Mail to: **Henniker's**, 779 Bush St.,
Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120 YN0625

Yes, I want to be prepared. Please send me:
___ **Hennisnips** @ $1.99 each, plus 50¢ postage for entire shipment (plus sales for California delivery).
☐ **One dozen** Hennisnips, for a total of $19.99, plus $1 postage for entire shipment (plus sales tax for California delivery).

My name is ________________
I live at ________________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________
M148-6





Carefree Trunk
Rumpled Pure
Cotton Comfort

Side-Buttoned Sun-Jumper. Sleek shoulder yoke is V'd in front, straight and narrow in back. Easy shirred body lines, teeny buttons on left side. Super side pockets, self tie. Choose peach or violet, 100% pure cotton. Gently machine wash, no iron.

Sizes S-M-L .... $34.95 ppd.
Size XL .... $37.95 ppd.

Write for new color catalog.

J. JILL LTD.

Dept. N625, Stockbridge Rd., Great Barrington, MA 01230

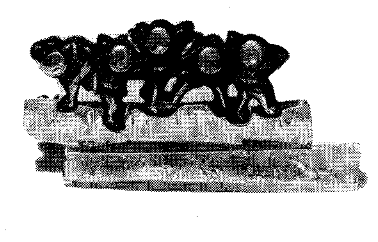
Nightly *(Except Sunday)*
Some of New York's best food and brightest conversation are going steady as ever. Attractive duo!
Dinner: 5:30-9:30.
Supper: 9:30 on
and on.

HOTEL Algonquin
Maitre d': Robert
59 W. 44th St., New York • 840-6800
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:00 p.m.-1 a.m.)

and the prestige of Dr. Anton Webern? How would he have responded if his music had been performed in the Reich instead of being banned as decadent trash fatally tainted by its association with Schoenberg and the degenerate eroticism of Berg? Time and again, Webern sought to break out of the circle of silence which the authorities had closed around him. And he did venture a few gestures of sympathy and support for hunted Jewish friends, when even the slightest such gesture took great courage. Nevertheless, the fact is that ostracism saved Webern's moral character and subsequent reputation. In the weeks before his death, Webern was being summoned to preside over the reconstruction of the pulverized musical life of Vienna. But the problem goes far beyond myopia in an individual, in an unworldly master of high art. The almost schizophrenic duality of authoritarian and radically rebellious strains in Webern's character, of rigid constraint and utter innovation in his music, is emblematic of the self-lacerating quality of Viennese culture. Our sensibility is direct heir to this creative stress.

Moreover, if there was much blindness and sorrow in Webern's career, there was also a steady conquest. By 1920, the years of neglect were ending. The famous "Passacaglia" and the early song cycles were beginning to make their way. The first all-Webern concert took place in April, 1931. The composer's fiftieth birthday became something of an occasion: a quartet was heard on the BBC, the symphony was broadcast in Prague, the saxophone quartet was played in Winterthur. In Vienna itself, so long and vociferously hostile, there was a small festivity at the house of an American patron, and a young foursome (Polish Jews, as Webern noted) performed.

Webern never doubted either the rightness of his musical doctrines or his ultimate acceptance. At a time when his pieces were regarded as absurd cacophony or as unperformable, Webern calmly assured a pupil, "Sometime in the future even the postman will whistle my melodies!" Given the ambience of our current postal services, this may not be quite the case. But recognition has been worldwide. Six International Webern Festivals took place between 1962 and 1978. Stravinsky came to see in Webern "the just man of music," the tuning fork against which contemporary composers must test their integrity. It is to Webern's ear that so much in the music of Stockhausen, of Boulez, of Elliott Carter,



Matchless.
A gulf of time separates the Edo period of Japanese history from our own day—a gulf that can never be closed. Yet Miyé Matsukata bridges that gap, with a sensitive artistry that translates inimitable antiquities into incomparable works to be worn by a connoisseur.
The selfless efforts of a nameless craftsman endowed this exquisite menuki with its importance as a symbol of power and grace. Now Miyé has given the menuki a new life in this pin, the perfect match for the person who truly appreciates the matchless. Available, along with other jewels—both old and new—at Atelier Janiyé.
Other one-of-a-kind pieces on view at Mikimoto, 608 Fifth Avenue
MIYÉ MATSUKATA/Atelier JANIYÉ,
551 Boylston Street,
Boston, Massachusetts 02116
(617) 536-8595
By appointment, please, Tuesday through Saturday

IN-BRIEF CLASSIC

Clean Classic styling with a Western flair, the IN-BRIEF reflects your unique taste. *Handcrafted, handrubbed quality leather* briefcase is legal size, comes in Chestnut Brown or Black. Add $6.00 extra for adjustable shoulder strap. Initials branded FREE! Prompt shipment. Satisfaction guaranteed. **$59.95** Ppd.

Chisolm Classics
Dept. 206-B Wheat Ridge, CO 80033

The Queen Anne Inn
in Chatham on Cape Cod
Fine dining and accommodations in a Victorian setting. All rooms with private bath. Golf, other activities and transfers from Hyannis or Boston gladly arranged.
70 Queen Anne Rd., Chatham, MA. 02633 (617) 945-0394

FRESH ATLANTIC CAVIAR
FRESH AMERICAN STURGEON CAVIAR IS AMONG THE RAREST OF DELICACIES; RICH BLACK, FINE-GRAIN, OF EXCELLENT FLAVOR. PRODUCTION IN OUR COASTAL FISHERY IS UNDER 10,000 POUNDS A YEAR AND THIS IS COMMITTED IN ADVANCE TO EXCLUSIVE RESTAURANTS AND A FEW PRIVATE TABLES. I HAVE 100 POUNDS OF THE MAY PRODUCTION WHICH I OFFER FOR $99 THE POUND, $55 THE HALF-POUND. AN UNUSUAL HOUSEGIFT. JANET MACADAM GATTO: CAVIAR. 235 W. 76TH STREET, NYC, NY 10023 (212) 874-3631. MAJOR CREDIT CARDS, YES.

of George Crumb seems to address itself.

Webern could not know of these confirmations as he lay dying, shot by a G.I. in an obscure imbroglio of trigger-happiness or mistaken identity in a village in the Austrian Alps. The episode, which remains very nearly unbearable in its aura of pure hazard and waste, was cleared up by Hans Moldenhauer's untiring research. But Webern's posthumous acclaim was precisely what he had anticipated. "I have never for a single moment lost heart." Doubters, detractors, philistines "have *always* appeared to me as 'ghosts.'" Thus, Webern would approve of the pious monumentality of this book. He would recognize its somewhat pedantic style and also its candor as typically Viennese. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

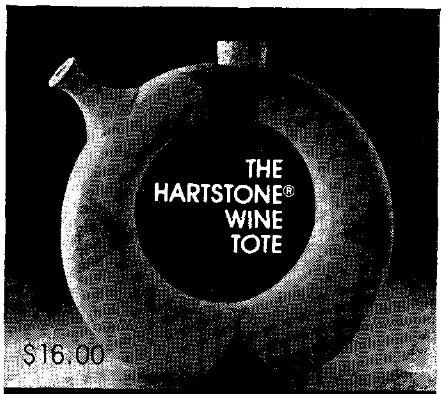
FICTION

THE LIVING END, by Stanley Elkin (Dutton; $7.95). "A triptych," as the subtitle says, of a universe beyond Dante's or Milton's wildest imaginings. Hell is overcrowded with small-time sinners (including Ellerbee, a kindly liquor-store owner gunned down in a holdup, who was first sent to Heaven and then demoted when God recalled that he had kept the store open on Sundays) and is equipped with every modern torment: "Everything was contagious, cancer as common as a cold, plague the quotidian. There was stomachache, headache, toothache, earache. There was angina and indigestion and painful third-degree burning itch. Nerves like a hideous body hair grew long enough to trip over and lay raw and exposed as live wires or shoelaces that had come undone." Heaven is like a theme park, Ellerbee thinks, its streets paved with gold, ambrosia on the breeze, Pearly Gates, Heavenly Choir, and a neurotic Holy Family, who bicker and brood about their performance ages ago down below. In the fallen world, problems are ambiguous; even God has no simple remedy when an immortal soul comes unstuck from its body. Hell is much easier to cope with. "Hi, I'm the Lord," God says, on a visit down there. "Where are My rebels and organizers, My hotshot bizarrerie, all you eggs in one basket curse-God-and-diers? Where are you? You—punks, Beelzebubs, My iambic angels in free fall, what's doing?" Mr. Elkin's gleeful, brazen, hundred-and-forty-six-page fantasy is a rare delight in this age of "good reads" sold by the pound.

THE BLOOD OF PARADISE, by Stephen Goodwin (Dutton; $8.95). A year in the life of a young family (husband, wife, and infant daughter) that is conventional (new home, new neighbors, newly distanced and curious relatives) only in outline: the husband is a promising writer and the wife a diffident artist; the home is a dilapidated farm in the mountains of Virginia; the neighbors consist of a few grizzled old-timers, a pack of rich kids on a commune, and a couple of college graduates trying to raise sheep; and the relatives include a cranky old man, once a peerless hunter and now admired by nobody but his grandson (the husband), and the wife's crazy twin sister, who comes to visit and does all she can to shatter the marriage. Stephen Goodwin assembles his materials with grace and precision, as if he were building a log mansion in a virgin forest, and he traces most subtly the shifting hopes and needs of the husband and wife, as four seasons give and take life around them (both wild and domestic) at a rate that seems wonderful and terrible by turns.

DESPERADOES, by Ron Hansen (Knopf; $8.95). A swaggering period piece in the currently fashionable manner that mingles fact and fiction, imagining the minds and inventing the conversations of actual people. The desperadoes of the title are the members of the notorious Dalton gang, which terrorized the railroads in Kansas and the Oklahoma Territory in the eighteen-nineties. It is told in the purported words of Emmett Dalton, who alone survived the bloody and abortive Coffeyville raid, did fifteen years in prison, and then settled down in California to become a movie scriptwriter, a real-estate agent, and a gawked-at celebrity. This is Mr. Hansen's first novel, and he is a writer of considerable talent. He makes his not so distant period and his squalid scene of hard-scrabble farms and muddy roads and one-horse towns and cowlicked, big-eared farm-boy badmen brilliantly alive. It is true that he tries too hard to dazzle us with the vivid phrase ("Grat slouched around, smelling like green cheese and fish heads" and "scoops of shovelled earth flopped black as Bibles on top of the coffins"), and he sometimes seems to

"A wonderfully suspenseful and comic thriller...
Ranges from hilarious to lyrical to sadly wise and is marvelous throughout." —CONNIE FLETCHER, *Chicago Sun-Times*
"A bright, blithe style, a pleasant way of turning a funny line and a genuine affection for small-town life—without sentimentalizing it." —THOMAS LASK, *N.Y. Times*
"An amiable first mystery. The amateur sleuths are Greenfield, editor of a small suburban weekly, and Maggie Rome, his part-time reporter, who serves as 'legman' for Greenfield's thought processes, much as Archie functions for Nero Wolfe." —JEAN M. WHITE, *Washington Post*
"An engaging duo...an auspicious debut...combines the tangled web of suspense with the best qualities of a novel: careful character delineation, fast-paced dialogue and stylish details. We look forward to the next book." —*Publishers Weekly*
"Witty and skillful...the characterization and dialogue are outstanding." —*Armchair Detective*
INTRODUCING C.B. GREENFIELD
a novel by LUCILLE KALLEN
$7.95, now at your bookstore
CROWN



Keeps wine at a constant temperature Great to TOTE to picnics
THE PLACESETTING EAST
INTERNATIONAL AWARD WINNING STORE
6109 E Broad St, Columbus OH 43213
(614) 866-0684
Mail and Phone Orders Promptly Handled
Mail Orders Add $1.50 •Ohio Residents Add Sales Tax
VISA and MASTER CHARGE Honoured

"Bloody good!"
THE PLAZA BAR
AT THE COPLEY PLAZA BOSTON

!

● New Subscription
● Giving A Gift
● Renewing

☐ I want a new subscription.
☐ I'd like to give a gift subscription.
☐ Please renew my subscription.
(attach mailing label)

Your Name

Address

City

State/Zip

☐ 1 Year (52 issues) $24
☐ 2 Years (104 issues) $40

Additional Postage:
Canada & Mexico $4.00 per year; other foreign $8.00 per year.

☐ My check for $ ______ is enclosed.
Or, ☐ American Express
☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa

Acc't # ______
Exp. Date

Signature ______

Gift to

Address

City

State/Zip
Gift card to read
"From ______"
☐ 1 Year ☐ 2 Years

Mail to:
THE NEW YORKER
Subscription Dept.
25 W. 43rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10036

Or, call: toll-free
800-223-0200
(212-840-3800 in N.Y. State)

4269

have an almost lip-licking fascination with violence, but there is real merit here, and satisfaction and pleasure.

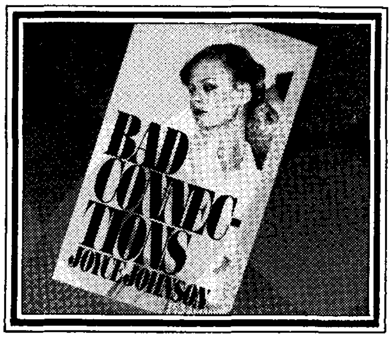
Note: "Testimony and Demeanor," four stories by John Casey (three of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*), has been published by Knopf ($8.95).

GENERAL

Aaron Burr: The Years from Princeton to Vice-President, 1756-1805, by Milton Lomask (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $17.50). The first installment of a projected two-volume biography of a man who has been regarded by his enemies as the American Catiline and by his friends as a Misunderstood Betsy. Mr. Lomask, a lucid writer, takes us through the mazy ways that Burr pursued and shows us an undeniably brilliant man whose feelings were never attached to causes, only to persons—himself, his wife, his daughter, his grandson, and, possibly, a few friends. Burr's ideological detachment in an epoch of political passion made him, on occasion, saner and juster than his countrymen, but his lack of vision also inspired distrust. That deficiency may also account for Burr's fitful performance in politics: Mr. Lomask shows Burr repeatedly failing to grasp the opportunities his opportunism opened for him. The author portrays the famous figures around Burr with an even hand, very nearly persuading us that his gallery of eminent American politicos is drawn from life, not research.

The Memoirs of Anne, Lady Halkett, and Ann, Lady Fanshawe, edited by John Loftis (Oxford; $32.50). The recollections of two seventeenth-century Englishwomen who, as Royalists, both suffered in the English Civil Wars. Anne, Lady Halkett (1623-99), had a difficult youth, partly because of her politics and partly because she was an attractive, spirited, educated gentlewoman with little money who fell in love with an intriguer, Colonel Bampfield. She helped him arrange the escape of the Duke of York (he later reigned as James II), and then waited and worried in suspense and distress until she learned that her lover was a cad—a married man and a double agent. She recovered from her heartbreak, married a sober, solvent Scot, and lived happily with him until he died. She is a romantic heroine, with sense, sensibility, and sincerity, and though buf-

Love: The way it is.



Molly's not really a loser. It's just that she keeps wandering into relationships with a lot of hurt and little fulfillment. *Bad Connections* is Joyce Johnson's sensitive and sensual novel of an Everywoman of the '70s: every woman who confronts the empty corners of her life and who gives more than she gets back.
"Memorable...a sad, beautiful casebook of unrequited love, unrequited humanity."
—*E. L. Doctorow*
"A fine novel of the alienated woman."
—*The New York Times Book Review*
Bad Connections is about love—and life—not the way we want it to be, but the way it is.
Wherever you buy paperbacks. POCKET BOOKS

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565

COPACABANA
"CATERING"
par excellence
for ALL occasions
Facilities 50 to 1,000 People
Call Peter Dorn-Mon. to Fri. 11 AM to 6PM
The Copacabana is more than a Showplace & a Discotheque..It is a Great Place to Give A Party!
10 East 60 St. NYC—PL 5-6010

Probably the most accessible and most attractive hotel in the New Boston.
THE COPLEY PLAZA
800-225-7654
OPERATED BY HOTELS OF DISTINCTION, INC.

feted by social turbulence, she retained enough alertness to chronicle the country-house life of Royalist gentry and nobility in England and Scotland during the Protectorate. Ann, Lady Fanshawe (1625-80) was richer and married younger and higher—her husband was a Royalist diplomat and literary man. (Lady Fanshawe's all-purpose Royalism saw her through what must have been boring times indeed, especially at the Court of Spain.) The Fanshawes had no amatory upheavals, but plenty of other kinds, including financial. Mr. Loftis has a soft spot for Lady Halkett, who writes better, but Lady Fanshawe is quite astute; she describes herself as having been "a hoyting girle"—i.e., a tomboy—but she became a very practical, coping sort of woman.

BEEN IN THE STORM SO LONG: THE AFTERMATH OF SLAVERY, by Leon F. Litwak (Knopf; $20). Taking all the time and space he needs—some six hundred pages—the author has composed an excellent historical study of an awesome revolution: the breakup of Southern slavery during the Civil War and in the years immediately following it. Mr. Litwak, who teaches at Berkeley, uses contemporary sources to provide a sense of immediacy as the great change approaches, affecting blacks and whites all over the Confederacy, and to persuade us of the complexity of his subject, about which no myth or generalization appears to hold good except that the slaves wanted freedom and their masters, out of such varied motives as greed, paternalism, and contempt, wanted to keep them in bondage. Mr. Litwak's tone is always controlled, whether he writes of achievements or of atrocities, and at the end the reader feels that he himself has lived through this storm and can understand at least some of the sources of America's continuing difficulties with race.

BOOKS ARE NOT LIFE BUT THEN WHAT IS?, by Marvin Mudrick (Oxford; $12.95). For Marvin Mudrick, literature divides itself between works that in their unpredictable, spontaneous-sounding, documentary texture are miraculously more like life than art and works that are clogged by what he disparagingly calls "meaning." In the essays collected here, the bulk of which appeared in *The Hudson Review*, he presents us with writers (including Pepys, Boswell, Kleist, and Pushkin) whose lives and

She may be the best political reporter we have — and her new book the most revealing one yet on Washington and how it really works.

Stanley Tretick

Elizabeth Drew
Senator

Ten days in the life of a U.S. Senator—the best picture yet of the crucial role politics plays in American life. "Elizabeth Drew is a journalist of rare and formidable talents...*Senator* is a sensitive, admirable piece of work." —*Jonathan Yardley, Washington Star*

2nd printing, $8.95
SIMON AND SCHUSTER

All of the material in this book originally appeared in *The New Yorker*

SINCE 1938
Co-op Buying Power To The People

R.E.I. offers the widest selection of camping, backpacking and climbing gear anywhere in the United States.

There are at least 2,200 items in the new Spring Catalog—a whole outdoor shopping center in one fat catalog. (Send the coupon.)

R.E.I. just paid its members a 10% dividend on individual purchases in 1978.

You get all the benefits of co-op buying power. Like low prices—the most competitive price possible while maintaining product quality and safety.

R.E.I.'s whole focus is on muscle-powered, non-motorized activity. Their people are outdoors people first and sales people second—from the person on the floor to the president, who just led the successful ascent of K2.

There are 800,000 of us all in this together.

REI co-op
Recreational Equipment Inc.
Seattle-Portland-Berkeley-Los Angeles-Anchorage-Minneapolis.
"The Original Outdoor Co-op—Est. 1938"
P.O. Box C88127, Seattle, WA 98188

105

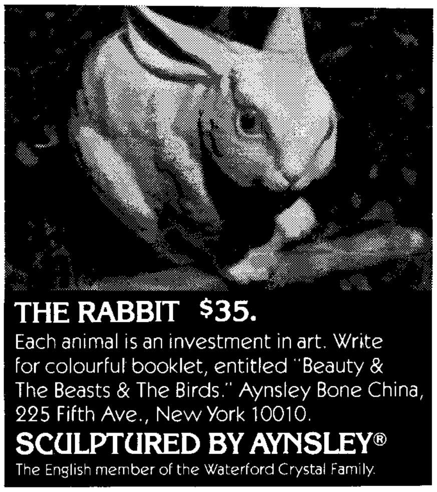
That's the R.E.I. Co-op story. If you'd like a free catalog ( ) send the coupon. If you'd like to become a member ( ), send 2 bucks.

Name
Address
City State Zip

Or call toll free. 1-800-426-4840. Alaska and Hawaii call 1-800-426-4770. Washington State call 1-800-562-4894.

"Fresh, vigorous, unabashedly sensual..."*

STEALING HEAVEN
The Love Story of Heloise and Abelard
MARION MEADE
From the author of the acclaimed biography, *Eleanor of Aquitaine,* a magnificent novel about the immortal lovers "written with a careful eye to historical fact."
—*Publishers Weekly**
A Literary Guild Alternate Selection
$10.95 at bookstores
William Morrow



THE RABBIT $35.
Each animal is an investment in art. Write for colourful booklet, entitled "Beauty & The Beasts & The Birds." Aynsley Bone China, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10010.
SCULPTURED BY AYNSLEY®
The English member of the Waterford Crystal Family.

7 miles at sea ... an island of pleasure
Martha's Vineyard
A delightful resort overlooking picturesque Edgartown Harbor. Sun and swim in our outdoor pool. Sail or fish in our fleet of pleasure boats. Golf and tennis nearby. Famous *Navigator Restaurant* and *Boathouse Bar.* Color TV in every room. Season May to October.
For Color Brochure or Reservations
Telephone (617) 627-4321

Harborside Inn
EDGARTOWN, MASS. 02539
Master Charge • Bank Americard
American Express

voices—comic, colloquial, unself-conscious, matter-of-fact—he wants to celebrate, and with others (including Tolstoy and Kafka) whom, because he sees them ruinously drawn to grandiose themes, he can admire only in part. Mr. Mudrick's vision of the beauty of almost artless prose and of the often quirky, resilient people who create it is an original one, yet the effect of these essays is of something arch, artificial. He seems afraid of being labelled bookish himself, and that may account for his own exaggeratedly hip style, and for the essays here (very funny) in which he goes after literary historians and structuralist critics.

NOTE: "Game, Set, and Match: The Tennis Boom of the 1960s and 70s," by Herbert Warren Wind, has been published by Dutton ($12.95). All the contents first appeared in these pages.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE EMPTY HOUSE, by Michael Gilbert (Harper & Row; $9.95). Mr. Gilbert's considerable gift for highly intelligent entertainment is on three-dimensional display in this examination of the circumstances surrounding the pitch of a dark-blue Vauxhall sedan over a cliff on the Devonshire coast and the disappearance of its owner—a geneticist in the employ of a British Biological Warfare Research station. The chief examiner is a young insurance-claims adjuster, but there are others—Israeli, Palestinian, and English of several varieties. Much of the action takes place on the Devon moors at night, in driving rain and in a mood that manages to combine the best of Geoffrey Household and Georges Simenon.

•

MOST FASCINATING SENTENCE OF THE WEEK

[*From Newsweek*]

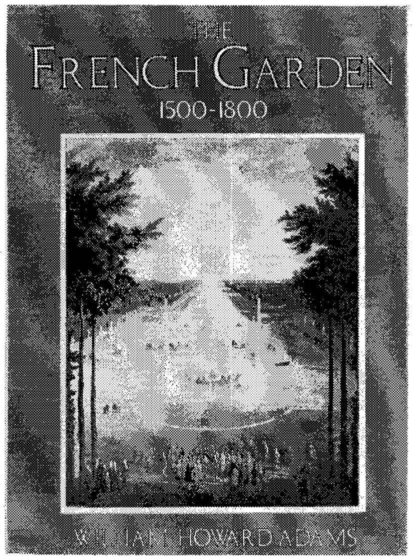
The cast that sang and pranced across the 144-foot stage numbered 90, put on a thousand costumes through twenty spectacular scene changes and included 36 Rockettes high-kicking in gaudy new outfits designed by Bob Mackie, a pair of ice skaters and a horse.

•

ARLINGTON, Texas (UPI)—Veteran shortstop Bert Campaneris, a benchwarmer with the Texas Rangers since the emergence of rookie Nelson Norman, was traded yesterday to California Angels for futility infielder David Chalk.
—*Toronto Globe & Mail.*

Just give the sports news, please.

"An invaluable contribution to the history of landscape design."
—*Library Journal*



THE
FRENCH GARDEN
1500–1800
by William Howard Adams
168 black-and-white illus.
$19.95 cloth, **$9.95** paper
George Braziller, Inc.
Dept. NY625 1 Park Ave. N.Y., N.Y. 10016

HAZELNUT SPREAD!
Europe's favorite —a smooth rich confection of hazelnuts and cocoa. Nutella makes the perfect sandwich or snack for lunches or the beach. Available in jars, (13 oz., $3.95) attractive reusable glasses, (6.5 oz., $2.25) and 1-oz. cups (30¢). Please include $1.50 for shipping.
RAMEKIN, 11-B Empire Blvd.
S. Hackensack NJ 07606

CHOCOLATY NUT SPREAD
nutella

One of the two finest dining rooms in Boston.
Café Plaza
AT THE COPLEY PLAZA BOSTON

GOOD USED BOOKS
Wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, Literature, Fiction, Sports, Military, Science, Art, many other subjects. Send a dollar for classified listings of 20,000 titles and prices.
Editions, Desk Y, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412

PLANTATION

FABRIC AND WALLCOVERING COLLECTION

An historic sugar mill plantation at Caneel Bay in the Caribbean with its uniquely colorful floral environs was the inspiration for this opulent collection of printed fabrics. Each design is reproduced with a companion wallcovering, in the fine quality that is traditional of Schumacher—the source of fine fabrics, carpets and wallcoverings.

Available through interior designers and at
L. S. Ayres, Denver Dry Goods, Emporium (San Francisco),
Marshall Field, Woodward & Lothrop, Lord & Taylor,
J. W. Robinson, Sibley's, Wm. H. Block, Stewart's (Baltimore),
Stewart Dry Goods, Stix, Baer & Fuller and other fine stores

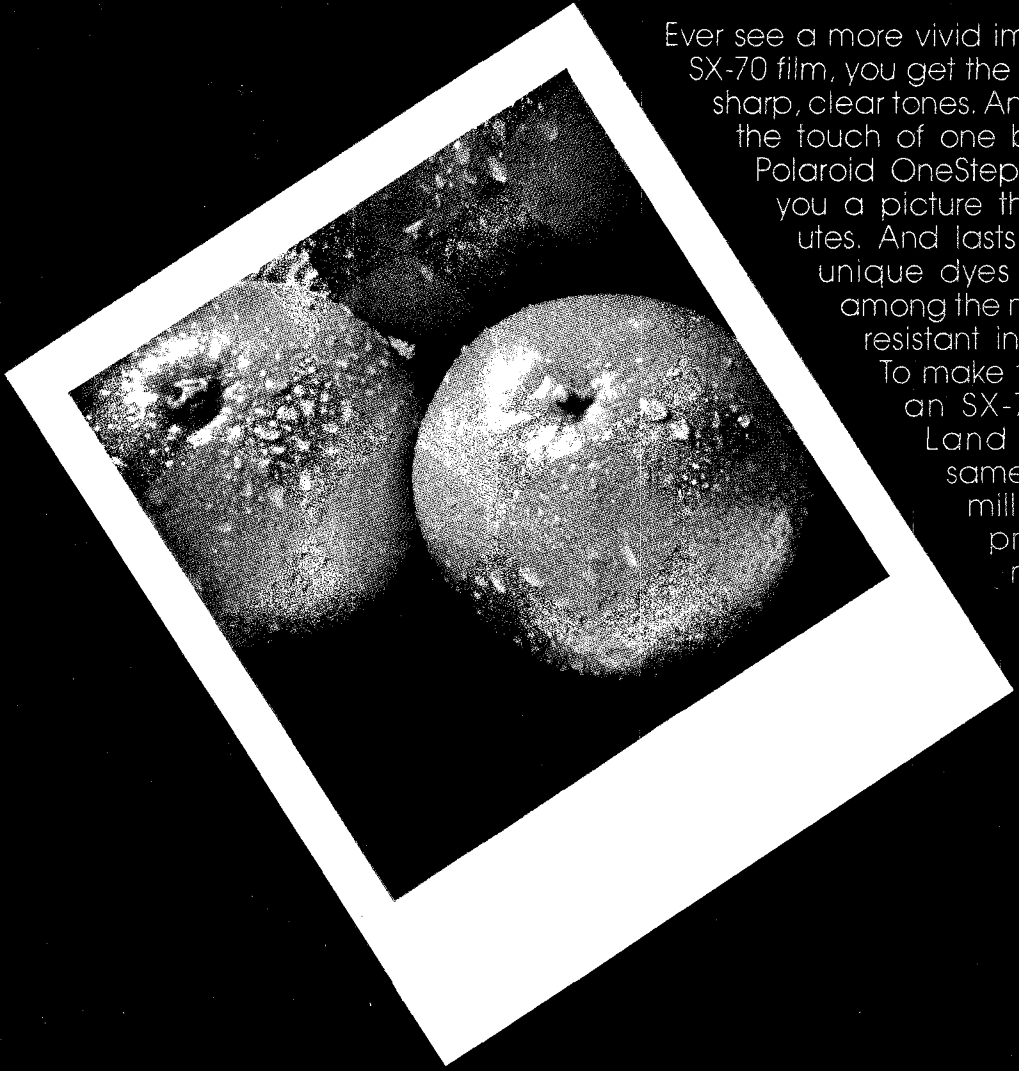
SCHUMACHER

939 THIRD AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

DUPONT ZEPEL SOIL / STAIN REPELLER

Reproduced from the original unretouched photograph.
Polaroid®, SX-70 and OneStep™
© 1979 Polaroid Corporation

SX-70 ORANGE



Ever see a more vivid image of orange? On SX-70 film, you get the full range of color. In sharp, clear tones. And you get it easily. At the touch of one button, any of three Polaroid OneStep cameras will hand you a picture that develops in minutes. And lasts for years. Polaroid's unique dyes make SX-70 colors among the most stable and fade resistant in all of photography. To make this picture, we used an SX-70 Sonar OneStep Land camera, and the same SX-70 film used by millions of amateur and professional photographers. Never has precision photography been easier.

POLAROID